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Dawn



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

JUNE, 1955





Our Cover . . .

This very charming young aboriginal lass is Clarice Newman, of Karuah.

She typifies the younger generation of aborigines, who appreciate the importance of sparkling good health, a better education and a wider interest in their fellow men and women.



"D A W N"

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

Editor : E. COLIN DAVIS, F.R.E.S.

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Murrin Bridge

NEWS FROM THE STATION

Congratulations to the following Murrin Bridge mothers, who have added bonny, bouncing babies to their families during the past few weeks .

Mrs. Bowden.

Mrs. Biggs.

Mrs. Kirby.

Mrs. Whitton.

Mrs. Cruse.

It was thought at first that the stork may have been late due to the floods and heavy rain, but we are pleased to say all arrived on time, in fact one arrived before time, much to everyone's surprise.

All the Murrin Bridge residents, and indeed the Manager and Matron too, were very pleased when the Station truck won first prize as a float, in the Lake Cargelligo competition and sports day. The slogan was "Assimilation Through Education." The truck was split up into three parts. First part as a baby health centre, second part as a school class room, and last but not least, an exhibition of a school cookery class.

The Square Dance lessons which are held in the Murrin Bridge Station Hall once a week, are well attended both by the children and the older residents; however, so far the adults are very slow in taking part and seem to leave all the dancing to the children. The Manager says thanks are due to the teacher Mr. Monday for his good effort in this matter.

A social club has been recently formed on Murrin Bridge station and it is hoped to raise funds through dances, etc., to enable the president to buy sporting gear and uniforms for the children.

The Matron hopes to start "Brownies" after she returns from her much needed holidays, and the girls are urged to start saving their money to help pay for their uniforms.

The Manager of Murrin Bridge would like to thank most of the residents for answering his appeal for a cleaner Station, also for the efforts of the few who have started to paint their houses.

A special congratulations goes to John O. Johnsons for his effort (good show John for fly screening your house), lets hope some of the others will follow his example before next summer. Remember a few shillings spent that way saves pounds in Doctor's bills; a good slogan should be "Keep the flies out, and off your food for better health."



This fine sketch was sent in by Carol Donovan, of Bowraville, one of our regular contributors.

WHERE IS GEORGE LOAF.

The Board is still anxious to locate ex-Kinchela boy, George Loaf, aged 27 years, in connection with payment of the balance of his trust money.

Would anyone knowing the whereabouts of this man please ask him to contact the Aborigines Welfare Board as soon as possible.



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.



Dennis Smith, of Rivertree, via Wilsons Downfall, adopts the orthodox stance, but brother Donald is a southpaw. The old dog doesn't seem to have any preference.



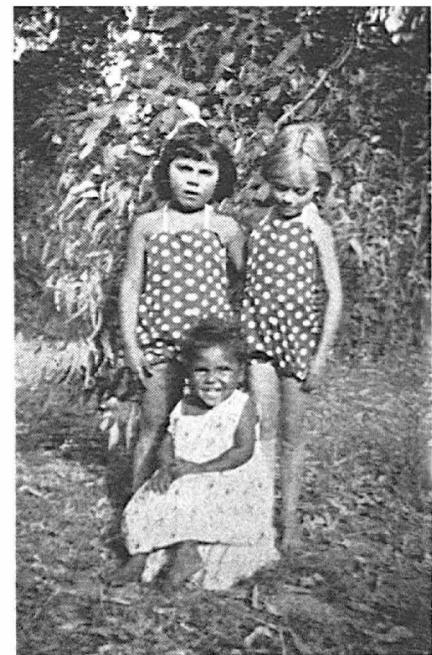
Wallaga Lake is gaining quite a reputation for the splendid parties it puts on for its residents at Xmas and other important occasions. This is how they decorate the Recreation Hall.



The "Terrible Three", Charles, Robert, and Ron Moran, of Greenhills. Can't you just see the mischief bubbling out of them.



This very charming young lady is Jessie Smith, of Rivertree, via Wilsons Downfall.



At least one of these three young ladies was not Camera shy. The three girls are Jean Williams, Trudy Williams and Janet Milera, all of Cobram.



Mrs. Moran and Mrs. Vale took advantage of a warm afternoon to take their families to the beach.



BRRR!!! This picture of Burnt Bridge school children holidaying at the beach was obviously taken in the warmer weather, don't you think ?



Some more holidaymakers. This time the Cameraman found Mrs. Ann Cochran and Mrs. Alice Donovan doing a bit of washing.



This is the way to go for a holiday. Jim Moran, of Green Hills, just puts the trailer on behind the car, packs the family in, and away they go !



Not a care in the world ! Young Mavis Lang, of Burnt Bridge, had a happy smile for the Cameraman when he found her at the beach.



Young Richard Murray, of Wallaga Lake, looked rather startled when the Cameraman took his photo. Perhaps he was worried about that glass of drink.

THE STORY OF THE BICYCLE

by
JOAN SPENCE.

An English writer who has lived in Africa and China, and has travelled by many forms of transport—mule, aircraft, litter, bicycle and motor car.

Every boy and girl loves a bicycle. They might prefer a motor car, an aeroplane, even a space ship, but as these are beyond the reach of children (and of many grown-ups, too), they long for a bicycle—either as a present or to buy out of their first earnings.

Nobody seems to know the number of bicycles in the world—there must be many millions. Britain, which sells abroad more cycles than any other country, has exported as many as three million in a year.

And what handsome, colourful machines they are, with their chromium-plated fittings, brightly-painted frames, white mudguards (so that other road-users can see you at night time), their variable speeds, carriers on the back or front for books or shopping. What a contrast to cycles made 50 and 60 years ago, which can be seen in a London museum.

Early Predecessors.

In fact, cycles were made in Britain more than 100 years ago, but they bore little resemblance to the cycle of today. They were given strange names—velocipede, bivector, hobbyhorse, dandyhorse. They had no pedals, and somewhat resembled drawings and engravings on stone dating back to the days of Egypt, Babylon and Pompeii—two wheels connected by a wooden pole or bar. On this the rider sat and propelled the machine by thrusting at the ground with his feet.

It is said that a young London "man-about-town" went on one of these machines to a reception, but fell off it, and was nearly run over by a horse and carriage. (This was, of course, before motor cars had been invented.) He was, the story says, Benjamin Disraeli, then a young novelist, who afterwards became Prime Minister of Britain and a favourite of Queen Victoria.

Pedals were known early in the 19th century, having been invented by a Scottish blacksmith, Kirkpatrick McMillan, in 1834. Nevertheless, progress was difficult, for the wheels were made of wood, they were seldom truly round, and the "tyres" were strips of metal nailed on to the wood. So cycling was both uncomfortable and noisy as one rattled and rocked over the rough roads of those days. Small wonder that the cycle of the mid-19th century was called the "boneshaker".

Pneumatic tyres were not invented for more than another half-century, but there were improvements even before then. Metal replaced wood for the frame, then for the wheels. Comparatively light metal rims with wire spokes were made in 1869; then frames were made of hollow metal tube instead of solid rods or bars of metal, resulting in a tremendous saving of weight. Solid rubber tyres were fitted at about the same time.

Towards the end of the 19th century there were big improvements. As metal workers and engineers became more skilful, cycles became still lighter and even women could ride them once pneumatic tyres were universal and the open frames had been invented which enabled women to mount and dismount easily and ride without needing special clothes.

For many years cycles had had no brakes at all: then the first brakes consisted of a small wooden block that pressed down on the front tyre. Later this was replaced by a solid rubber block, but of course it often jammed the wheel and threw the rider off. The stirrup brake which presses on the rim came much later, and made cycling far safer—at an important time, for motor cars were becoming numerous and it was doubly necessary for cyclists to be able to stop smoothly and quickly.

Some Speed Records.

Cycles became so light, so smooth-running and so fast, that cycle races became popular. In 1882 a man rode 20 miles in one hour—a speed which many could equal nowadays with a good cycle on a good road. In America, in 1900, a racing cyclist went to great trouble and expense to have a track laid along a railway line; then huge windshields were built on to the rear of a carriage so that suction was created when it was drawn by the locomotive. Thus, riding close behind the carriage, the cyclist was able to work up a tremendous speed, and covered one mile in one minute.

Another rider set out to ride 100 miles day after day and, in fact, after 313 days he had covered 32,496 miles.

The fastest cycle speeds recorded on the road in Britain are 50 miles in 1 hour 40 minutes, and 25 miles in just under an hour. Rather greater speeds have been reached on tracks.

When "paced"—that is, riding on a track behind a car or motor-cycle fitted with screens (like the train described above) to cause a partial vacuum—a rider has covered nearly 42 miles in one hour. There is also an unofficial and fantastic record of a paced cyclist who achieved by this means a speed of 108 miles an hour—but only, of course, for a very short distance.

What the ordinary cyclist is interested in is a strong, lightweight, long-wearing machine at a fair price, and that is where Britain excels. Some 3,000,000 cycles were made in Britain last year, and of these 2,250,000 were exported—nearly five times as many as the rate of export before the war. The Commonwealth countries are among the largest buyers; West Africa alone is buying at the rate of 250,000 a year.

TIMBER MILL PLANNED

Wreck Bay Venture

Robert Brown, first aboriginal appointed to manage an aboriginal station, is planning to set up a co-operative saw-mill.

The mill will be near his station at Wreck Bay, near Jervis Bay. He will run it with the help of fellow aborigines.

"I have made inquiries, and understand I will have no trouble getting a licence from the Commonwealth Government", Mr. Brown said.

"Capital may come from the Commonwealth or from a firm with Australia-wide milling interests.

"The matter is under discussion".

Mr. Brown said that each man would get out of the mill what he put into it.

Wages would be paid monthly with bonuses for good conduct at the end of the first year.

"I believe the mill will help my people become independent", he said.

The Aborigines' Welfare Board appointed Mr. Brown, a half-caste aboriginal, now 52, to manage Jervis Bay Station in April, 1954.

The N.S.W. Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare, Mr. H. Saxby, said: "He's done a fine year's work".

Mr. Brown is a tall, well set up man, with a confident manner. He said: "Of the 160 people on this station, 19 men hold fishermen's licences, and get a bare livelihood from it".

Without Pay.

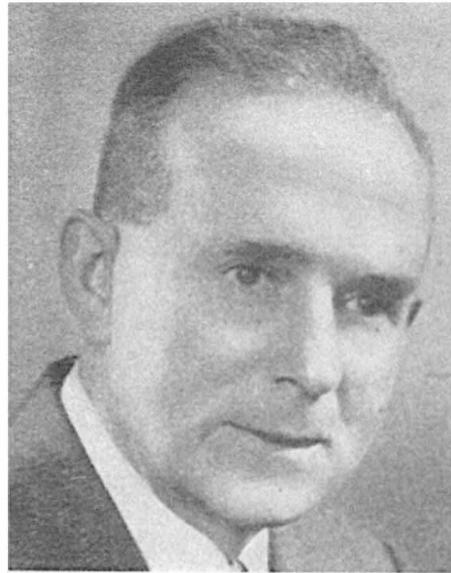
"Others are earning £7 to £8 a day on a Burragorang Valley project—but that is only temporary.

"The mill would provide steady employment for them".

Mr. Brown said that a private timber milling firm had offered him backing for the project on condition he managed the mill and there was "no other outside inte.est."

He would do the job without pay, he said.

"I love the work and wouldn't change it for anything".



Mr. Ainsworth.

Mr. T. H. Ainsworth, well known poet and essayist, is Curator of the City Museum in Vancouver.

Mr. Ainsworth, who takes a very keen interest in *Dawn*, and our aboriginal people, is well known to many readers for his stirring articles, which have appeared from time to time.

A LETTER FROM BEROWRA.

Dear Sir,

I would like to say how much I enjoy reading *Dawn*. I have been living in Berowra with my Mother and Father and five sisters and two brothers since 1943 and we are always interested in what is taking place on the Stations.

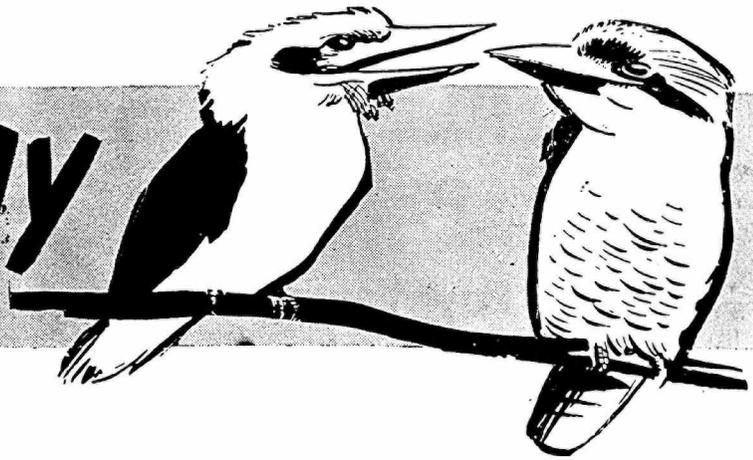
We have just moved into a very nice home of our own and I thought I would write and tell *Dawn*. We came from Groote Eylandt when Darwin was bombed during the war and have lived here ever since.

I was a leading Sydney Amateur Boxer and have since turned professional and I am now rated 13th in Australia. I am very interested in sport and play A Grade cricket with Berowra. I also play tennis and am a very keen fisherman and golfer. My sisters and myself go dancing and are always happy with the people of Berowra and Hornsby District. My Uncle and Auntie also from Groote, live at Warragamba Dam, where my uncle is working. I would like to know where to get in touch with Ruth Whaddy and James Stirling.

Yours sincerely,

Arnold Hamilton, (Sgd.),
Woodcourt Road,
Berowra.

THEY SAY



CONDOBOLIN.

Condobolin has been a very busy station lately, with perhaps the busiest period around Easter when there was a great influx of visitors from Gilgandra.

On Anzac Day all the children from the Aboriginal School took part in the Anzac march. Two of the pupils, Andrew Sloane and Jim Newman, laid a wreath at the Memorial Gates in remembrance of those who had fallen in the War. After the ceremony everyone joined in a Remembrance Service at the Park.

Last month Mrs. Margaret Johnson's small daughter was transferred to Sydney Hospital for treatment. It is hoped she will make a speedy recovery.

The employment situation in Condobolin at present is very good. Many of the young men have taken permanent jobs with the railway and are making good money.

Word has been received that the Education Department will shortly paint the Condobolin Station School. This should greatly improve the appearance of the building.



These three customers for the Caroona Tuck Shop, are Margaret Smith, Margaret Porter and Dorothy Taylor.

Co-operating with the Burnt Bridge Progress Association, the young women of the station volunteered to run a dance for the purchase of sporting equipment for the Recreation Club, and cleared £15 10s. 11d., after all expenses had been met. The introduction of a radiogram for the first time was so well received that the Progress Association is purchasing one for the residents.

Congratulations are extended to Misses G. and C. Waters, Miss Flanders, Miss E. Dotti, Miss M. Moyland, G. Pacey, G. Binge, M. and C. Davis, ably assisted by Miss J. Fairhurst and a host of volunteers for their fine efforts.

A set of boxing gloves, darts, quoits and two footballs, have been purchased for the children.



Congratulations to Keith Carberry, of Coff's Harbour, and Dawn Smith, of Burnt Bridge, on the recent celebration of their wedding.



The fat little fellow in the middle is Master Jackson, of Balranald, with his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jackson.

INTRODUCING BALRANALD

SOME OF ITS IDENTITIES

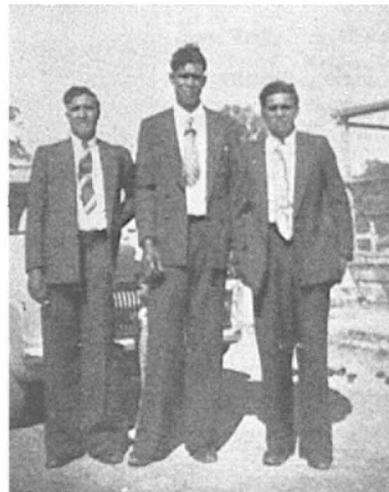
BALRANALD is a very progressive Station and its residents are proud of its progress. Let us introduce some of them.



A very well known identity,
Sam Kirby.



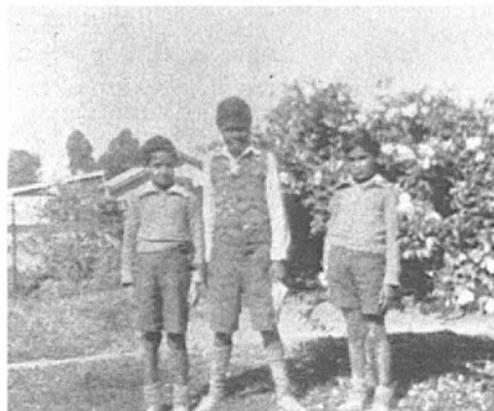
Pam Morgan, Lois Edwards and
Barbara Solomon.



Malcolm Morgan, Arthur Edwards
and Eddie Murray.



Lorna Farrant,
Tony Kirby and
Joan Farrant.



Noel Edwards,
and Arthur and
Henry Morgan.



Mrs. Clayton, her
granddaughter
Penny and
Mrs. Sylvia Murray.



Tony Kirby and
Doreen Murray

POT-POURRI AGAIN

The Fourth of a Series of Articles by L. N. BRIGGS, Manager of Taree Station.

(Copyright)

Hello, youngsters! And, if there are any oldsters peeping over your shoulders, Hello to them, too!

I think I told you I would take you to Ceylon and India this month, didn't I? Now, if you are anything like the people here on Taree Station, you won't be quite ready to go when I am; so while I am waiting for some of you to get ready, I'll just tell you how I came to be going there in the first place.

The winter of 1918 was bitterly cold and miserable. I was still going to school and I kept up my visits to the county gaol. I was also still having a good time with my negro friends. Some of our soldier boys were coming home from a nasty war in Europe. With them came a terrible sickness which doctors called "Spanish Influenza". There was none of the wonderful drugs which we now have to treat it. Many of my friends, both black and white, became very ill with it and some of them died very quickly.



My old doctor friend, with whom I boarded, was busy day and night, and I used to help him look after his many patients. At last I went down with the terrible sickness. My nose bled until I couldn't have had too much blood left. Everybody thought I was going to die. However, clean, hard living when I was a little boy had made me pretty tough, and, after many weeks, I became well enough to go home to the farm to get strong again. After a few weeks of hunting, fishing and riding, I felt pretty good again; but I had lost one thing—I had lost my will to go back to school and study to become a doctor. I didn't even want to become a horse doctor.

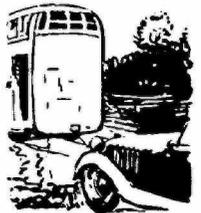
There was one thing, and one thing only, which I really wanted to do. I wanted to help people who were having trouble because they were not thinking right and not doing right. (Of course, if you don't think right, you can't possibly do right, can you?) So, off to New York City I went to attend a college for twelve months. At this college young men and young women were taught how to help people who were thinking wrongly and doing wrongly.

We studied from books and we listened to lectures. But this was not all. We went to the courts, to the jails, to child welfare homes, and we visited private homes of men, women, boys and girls who were having lots of trouble because they were not thinking right and not doing right. We helped quite a lot of them out of their troubles and showed them how to keep out of trouble by right thinking and right doing.

New York City is a very, very big city. It is about as big as ten Sydneys, but it doesn't cover as much ground. It is built on an island of solid rock which is such a good foundation that they can build buildings which have nearly a hundred floors, or storeys, as they are sometimes called.

Trains travel in deep tunnels under the ground for miles and miles, and one train line even goes right under the Hudson River. Even then there is not enough room for all the trains, so they build lines up over the streets and, in some places, over the tops of houses. They are held up in much the same way as your big bridges are in this country.

Everybody in New York City seems to be in a terrible hurry whether they are riding or walking. It is no wonder so many of them start doing the wrong things sometimes. They never stop to think whether a thing is right or wrong. It is a good thing to stop and think sometimes.



About a year after I finished at the college in New York City I read a book called "Other Sheep", by Harold Begbie. It wasn't about sheep at all. It was about India and the Indian people. It was a true story about the life of an Englishman who had been a court judge in India. He got tired of sending people to jail and to the hangman; so he went back to England and got a group of interested people together and took them back to India to teach the Indian people a better way of living because they were having lots of trouble and sickness because they didn't think the right things and because they did the wrong things.

(Continued on the next page.)

POT-POURRI AGAIN (continued).

There were millions and millions of brown Indian people in India, but only a few thousand English people, although India sort of belonged to England. India is a very old country and for thousands of years the Indian people had worked out a way of living which they thought was best for them, and when the English people came and tried to make them change their ideas about living, the Indian people didn't like it at all. They just couldn't see why they should change their ways and live like Englishmen who didn't look the same, dress the same, or think and act the same as they did.

Now, some of the ways of the Indian people were really quite bad. They had divided themselves into groups which they called "castes". If a boy was born into a family which was of the carpenter's caste, he just had to be a carpenter, no matter whether he liked it or not. And no matter how much he might want to be a farmer, he just couldn't ever think of being one. And, if a boy or girl was born into a family of very poor beggars who got their living by asking other people for food and money, they just had to be beggars all their lives. This was unfair to a lot of boys and girls, don't you think? It was even worse than I have told you, because the little beggar boys and girls couldn't even talk to the carpenter boys and girls, and the little carpenter boys and girls couldn't talk to the farmer boys and girls, and so on.

Well now, this English judge I was telling you about decided that he and his group of friends would go to the Indian people and be as nearly like them as possible. So they travelled about from village to village dressed in robes, turbans and bare-foot sandals just like the Indian people. They ate rice and curry from earthen bowls with their fingers. They talked to the common people of India in their own language and they taught them to think better thoughts and to do better deeds.

The famous English judge was a very, very old man when I went to India to follow up a wonderful work which he had established. I hope I am not as old when you are all ready to come with me for a trip.

Dear, oh dear! Some of you kids are slow. I've used up all the space "*Dawn*" has for me while I've been waiting for you to get ready to come with me to India. So we'll have to go next month.

I've sent the Editor a photo. of me which was taken at my home a little while after I had the 'flu. The animal I am holding is a woodchuck. It is something like a mixture of wombat, rabbit and 'possum. When we were kids we used to learn a little tongue-twister which went like this: "How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, if a woodchuck would chuck wood?" Would you like to try it?



Len Lake, of Gular-gambone, looks all set for a real wood-chopping effort, but where is the log?



A smile and a half from Eileen Button, of Crescent Head.



Well known to many of our readers, this is Ernie Duren, of Sydney.

THE YOU

IT has often been said that the boys and girls of Tomorrow. This is a particularly true statement for our aboriginal youngsters will have grown up by the time they grow older.

A better education, a better standard of living, a better social standing—all these will be theirs.

While our children enjoy those too good to lose, we should be planning for the future.



Healthy and Happy! Jean Williams and Janet Milera, of Cobram, Victoria.



Just look at that chest! The owner is Danny Vale, of Burnt Bridge.



Three of the Davis clan holidaying at Hat Head. They are Hazel, Wilma and baby brother, Cyril.



These two young women are Mary Kelly, of Balranald, and Penny Haradine, of Robinvale.



Charlie and Lennie Kirby and their pet possum.



This young man's look is Gary Simon.

ING FOLK

girls of Today are the men and women
portant thing for all of us to remember,
eat opportunities, if they seek them, as

living, better health and an improved
ort years of childhood the wise parent



A pretty Miss, a pup, and some lovely flowers! This is Shirley Simon, of East Waratah.



Here we have Raelene Pearce and Dianna Baxter, of Robinvale.



Some customers at the Caroon Station drink shop, Gloria Johnson and Caroline Smith.



With the startled of East Waratah.



What a haul! Alan Duggan and three yellow bellies that didn't get away.



These lucky young fellows, Brian Troutman and Gordon McIntosh, got new bikes for Xmas.

HOME



HINTS

REMOVABLE FENCE FITS DOORWAY TO KEEP BABY PENNED IN ROOM OR PORCH.

Ideal for keeping the baby out of the way while mother's doing the housework or for safely confining him on the back porch for his daily airing, this handy door fence can be slipped in and out in a jiffy. Any light, but well-constructed, fence is suitable for this purpose, and it is held in place by a metal or wooden track fastened permanently to each side of the door-jamb. The tracks are positioned so they will not interfere with closing the door. This type of gate is particularly safe because there is no latch to unfasten and it is sufficiently heavy to prevent a small child from lifting it out of its track. A fence high enough to keep the baby confined but low enough to permit adults to step over it is recommended. The tracks can be painted to match the woodwork, but the fence itself should be a bright colour to prevent someone from accidentally falling over it. Similar tracks can be fastened to several doorways, giving mother a choice of rooms in which the baby can be penned.



IMPROVED METHOD OF IRONING PLEATS.

The tedious job of ironing pleated skirts can be simplified by using strips of cellulose tape as shown below, instead of numerous pins, to hold the pleats in place. Press the portion of the skirt not covered by the tape, then remove the tape and complete the job. Do not bring the iron in contact with the tape as the heat will cause the adhesive to melt and soil the skirt.



LEMON RIND REMOVES MINERAL STAIN.

Instead of throwing away the skin after squeezing a lemon, use it with the adhering pulp to loosen mineral deposits from the insides of teapots or other kettles. Simply fill the utensil to be cleaned with lukewarm water, cut up and add the skin of one lemon to each pint of water and allow to soak for four or five hours. Then rinse the kettle with hot water.



Alva Williams and
Ruth Atkinson,
Swan Hill.

TREES THAT FIGHT FIRE

South African Idea

To fight fires with trees is an idea which will be new in most parts of the world. Yet this curious notion is being used with great success in the lonely parts of Natal in the Union of South Africa.

Here is sugar-cane country, and the sparks of railway engines once caused devastation in many plantations.

In many places, gradients are steep and it is natural that locomotives should sometimes puff and spark. But the danger so caused is now being overcome by this ingenious idea which may be described as the anti-spark process.

It is most interesting to watch work in progress in those parts which have been selected as parts in which fires are most likely to start. In the areas with steep climbs the train touches the canefields on either side and sparks are emitted; the fire starts thus and the owner of the plantation sues the railway company for heavy damages.

One day a gang of workmen alighted from one of the trains. They brought with them eucalyptus trees and small bushes, which were stacked beside the permanent way. Sometimes the plants are no more than seedlings growing in large boxes; sometimes they are as much as 2 feet or 3 feet high. The planting once begun, soon a stretch of line is flanked on both sides of the rail line.



Parallel with the steel of the rail line and about 50 feet from it, eucalyptus trees are set at intervals of 9 feet. Then 6 feet inside these outer lines, inner rows are planted. On each side of the track, the lines of trees are staggered, so that the saplings in the outer row stand opposite gaps in the inner row. The bushes, on the other hand, are set 38 feet away from the rail line. As is with the trees, they also stand 9 feet apart.

So this novel spark-trap presents a curious spectacle to the observer. The newest rows of trees are no more than 4 yards from the carriage windows. The eucalyptus grows fast. Ten feet a year is normal, and sometimes they leap up even more rapidly. Since early experiments in this unusual fire-prevention scheme began during the Second World War, to-day there are many places where trees are well over 80 feet high. In all such spots already thickly interlacing branches form serviceable barriers against flying sparks.

The plants used in this ingenious fire-fighting scheme are grown at a lonely nursery named Inghanga, near the Valley of the Thousand Hills, where many Africans live in tribal simplicity. Imagination is gripped by this place. A few huts stand beneath the trees growing close beside a little country railway platform. Nearby is a house, the home of the horticulturist in charge. On the platform, lie many boxes of seedlings, ready for transportation up-country. An average of 30,000 trees and 15,000 flowering plants are despatched each month from this little platform. The district horticulturist takes pride in showing visitors through his gardens and in explaining the principles in fire-fighting schemes.

Production is studied in minute detail. One interesting fact will serve to illustrate this point. Examining the boxes ranged on the platform, the visitor will notice that sand has been scattered over the soil. The reason for this is that, unless some protection is given, the sun will scorch the soil and so scorch the seed, especially the dust-like seed of the eucalyptus. The coarse sand surface protects the seed and soil from the direct rays of the sun, preserves moisture and yet is loose enough to admit the air.

The district horticulturist remarked that about 35,000 plants—trees and bushes—are used in treating one mile of railway track against the danger of flying fire. Thus a rough calculation reveals that over 740,000 plants will have been grown at Inghanga for this purpose alone by the time the anti-spark scheme process is complete.

The visitor to Inghanga leaves with regret. As I topped a nearby ridge, shadows from the western hills began to throw black patches across the gardens. A train puffed slowly through the valley and drew up at the little platform. At once, the staff were busy loading fresh trees and bushes for use for the scheme now so far advanced for the railside menace of the flying spark.

SOUTH COAST SNAPS . . . MORUYA

There are quite a few of our people in the Moruya district—Here are some of them.



Eric Brierley and his son, John.



Bob Davis and Noeline Cruse.



Agnes Davis and her nephew, Jim Squires.



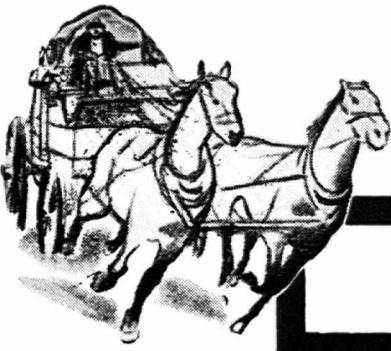
Its easy to see that Paulette and Yvonne Davis are sisters.



The beach girl is Beryl Ashly.



This looks like a complete family. Even the old dog got into the picture.



Along the Mail Route

Mr. and Mrs. Clive Cavanaugh, of Woodenbong (with Baby), have moved to a home over in Urbanville, Clive says it is a fine home, and Mrs. Cavanaugh states, that the furniture is "just lovely". Mr. Eric King's employer is building him a home in Woodenbong, so it appears that Woodenbong Station may soon lose another very good citizen.

A recent Convention, convened by Woodenbong's popular Lay Preacher, Brother Bundock, was unfortunately cancelled owing to bad weather, but it will be held at a later date.

The Woodenbong Boys' Club, has had a few nights work at physical culture, Ju-jitsu, and class boxing, but owing to lack of equipment the youngsters find it very difficult, they really want a tumbling mat, medicine balls, boxing gloves, etc.

Woodenbong has recently had more than its share of rain and in some cases the sawmills closed down, for lack of logs, and fencing was almost impossible.

Mr. Green, Area Welfare Officer at Walgett, has been transferred to Moree.

Rose Foster who came down to Sydney with a group of other youngsters during the war from Boorooloola in the Northern Territory, has really made a success of herself.

After getting her Intermediate Certificate at the Burwood Domestic Science School she spent some years training as a nurse at Mooroopna Hospital in Victoria and then on to Adelaide.

Today she is a double certificated obstetric nurse.

Congratulations to a very clever girl.

Boys from Kinchela Home were recently entertained at Wirth's Circus in Kempsey as the special guests of Miss Wirth.

Every one had a marvellous time and haven't stopped talking about the things they saw.

Thanks indeed to Miss Wirth for a very generous gesture.

ENTHUSIASM AT BOGGABILLA.

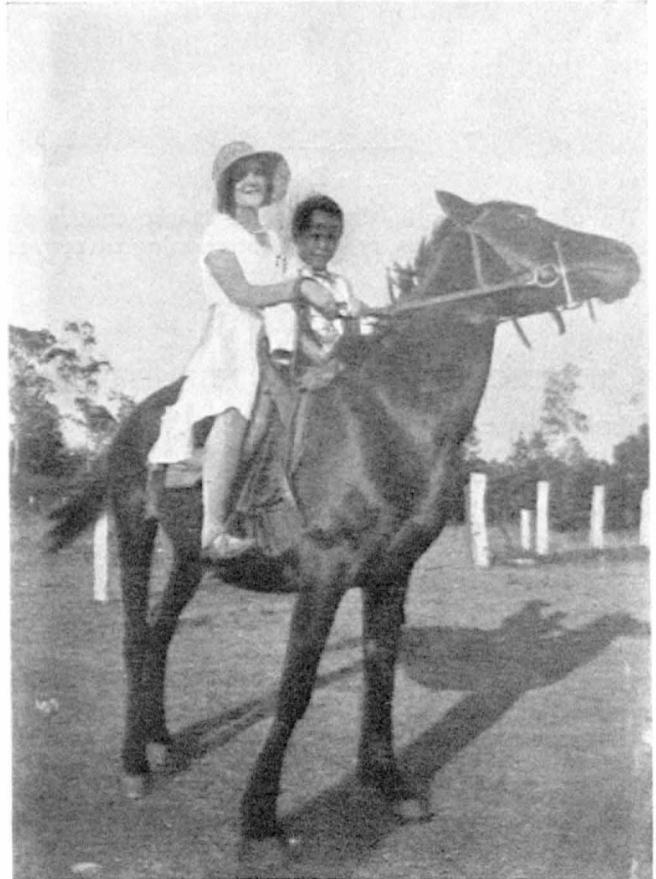
On a recent visit to Boggabilla, the Superintendent, Mr. Saxby, was pleased to see the work which has been undertaken by residents in painting their houses.

The paint was supplied by the Board, and all residents got to work and made an excellent job of the painting.

The houses are of varying colour, and present a very pleasing appearance. All who had a part in this work are deserving of the highest praise.

The effort of the Boggabilla people should be an example and incentive to residents on other Stations.

Mr. Saxby said if all were to display the same enthusiasm and energy, there is no reason why houses on all Stations could not be painted within the next few months.

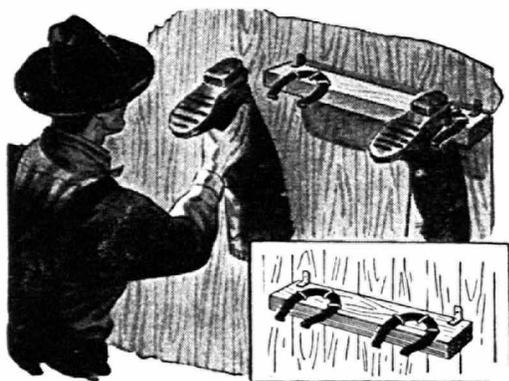


Guess who? None other than our very popular Mrs. Inspector English, with Mervyn Breckridge, aboard race horse, Bess. Believe it was a practice workout for the Melbourne Cup.

HELP YOURSELF

OLD HORSESHOES USED AS BOOT RACKS.

To hold rubber boots upside down for drying them out, one farmer nailed a pair of horseshoes to a 2 by 4-inch wood block and hinged this to a convenient wall. The open ends of the shoes extend outward so the ankles of the boots will slip between them. When not in use, the rack is swung out of the way.



An old toothbrush, dipped in a saucer containing moistened baking soda, is handy for cleaning silverware or costume jewellery.

RETOUCHING MARRED FURNITURE.

Here is an excellent way to touch up scuffed places and off-colour spots on your furniture. First, obtain a tube of ground-in-oil colour to match the finish. With the tip of the finger apply white shellac to the spot. Then, again with the finger, immediately daub a little of the colour on the shellac. The shellac binds the colour and both will dry together in a very short time. If there are many scratches, go over the entire surface with a coat of shellac, varnish or furniture polish. A good furniture polish can be made by mixing linseed oil, 2 parts, and turpentine, 1 part. Use a soft, lintless cloth to apply the polish to the surface.

When painting a small room where the odour of paint is objectionable, you can effectively kill the turpentine odour by adding a teaspoonful of vanilla extract to each gallon of paint. The vanilla will not discolour even white paint.

HOLE IN HAMMER TO START NAILS.

When it is necessary to hold both the stock and a nail in position somewhere overhead, or when starting a finishing nail in a spot that is hard to reach, the problem can be solved by using an old hammer that has a hole drilled in the head to hold the nail. Drill the hole near the edge of the face so it will not interfere with hammering, and make it large enough to accommodate a nail of the largest diameter commonly used. To use, merely insert the nail in the hole, tap it lightly until it grips the wood, and then finish hammering in the normal manner.



SHOP ASH TRAY FROM FLOWERPOT.

When smoking at your work-bench, where there is danger of a fire being started by smoldering butts or by matches dropped in sawdust or wood shavings, use this "snuffer" ash tray improvised from a flowerpot and saucer. Inverted and placed in the saucer, the flowerpot quickly smothers glowing cigarettes and matches.



BURNT BRIDGE STATION

WE often have letters and photos from Burnt Bridge and sometimes some excellent poems from one of its residents. The Cameraman paid the Station a special visit recently, in order to let our readers meet some of the residents.



This young lady hiding in the bushes is Helen Lang.



A quick change and Helen is in swimming with her brother Robert.



Les Lang is a railway employee.



Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waters.



This charming lass is Gloria Waters.



All set to go shopping, Mrs. Alice Marr.

GUARDIANS OF OUR BEACHES



LIFE SAVERS AT WORK



The sport of surfing may be traced back as far as man. There is little evidence to support the theory that it belongs to any one country or race. It is logical to assume that the moment man left the land and made for the sea in dugout canoes he was on the right track, which finally finished up with plastic surfboards.

As a sport, surfing found its roots in the South Seas and was not generally accepted in this country until as late as 1907.

Prior to this date local councils had frowned upon beach bathing all, except within strict limitations of time and dress, and it was not until the first years of the new century that these laws were relaxed and Mr. and Mrs. Australia and their families began to flock to the beaches at week-ends and holiday times. Surfing as a sport soon gained popularity; but many who tried it for the first time often found themselves in deep water and unable to get out.

The dangers of the sport necessitated the grouping of the stronger swimmers on the beach as a sort of emergency squad, standing by to rush into the surf and drag the lesser swimmers from danger before the unfortunates went down for the third time.

These groups formed the nucleus of the clubs and the clubs were the founders of the present voluntary organisation which carries the title, "The Life Saving Association of Australia".

The saving of lives was the motive which prompted the formation of the world's greatest surf rescue organisation.

The moulding of this organisation took many years. It demanded that a man who applied for the right to take his place as a voluntary life saver must achieve a certain standard of efficiency.

The newly formed association drew up a table of efficiency and all persons applying for admission were made to conform to a high standard.

The examination and subsequent diploma became known as the Bronze Medallion. This bronze medallion is the key to the work of the entire association.

The first bronze medallion was struck and issued on the 3rd of April, 1910. The first issue was made to 21 members of the North Steyne Surf Life Saving Club. Since that day 25,000 awards have been made in Australia.

To-day the association is voluntarily responsible for the safety of surf bathers in all beaches in Australia where surfing is carried out. As surfing has now become the most popular summer pastime the self-imposed public service of the life savers is regarded as one of the most important units of public welfare.

And lives are often saved from the savage surf of Australian beaches. Where lives have been lost the attempted rescues have shown in many instances great gallantry on the part of the rescuers.

Because the entire association is voluntary, no reward is ever asked for the saving of a life, and usually no reward is offered. The association itself issues a Meritorious Award when the circumstances permit. It is the highest award issued and only given when the rescue has been performed in the face of extreme difficulties.

THE REEL.

The surf reel is the most commonly used equipment. When the surf is breaking as expected on a warm summer's day there are many who get beyond the surf line and exhausted or unable to make the shoot into shore, just wait helplessly until the signal is caught from onshore and the unfortunate is dragged to safety.

The four hundred yards of line has a breaking strain of more than 600 lb. For correct operation of the reel and line it takes the entire team. One man does the swimming with the line attached by means of a canvas belt, another controls the reel and the remainder assist in removing the drag.

Considering the stamina needed to swim with a trailing line, the high peak of efficiency to which the association members are trained is absolutely necessary.

Many lives have been saved and most rescues have been affected by this method.

SURF BOATS.

The long cedar surf boats provide many a thrill for onlookers during demonstrations. They are typically Australian, 24 feet long with a 5 feet beam, the boats are propelled by four oarsmen and steered by a sweep-hand at the stern. In the bow of the craft there is a compartment, with some 200 yards of line for rescue work from the boat.

THE CARNIVALS.

During the season surf clubs throughout the country hold inter-club carnivals culminating in the association carnival, usually held in March of each year. These carnivals bring to light a keen competitive spirit between units and assist in maintaining the high standard of efficiency for which the association is noted.

Held on the beach, the carnival area is usually about 200 yards long and events conducted cover every phase of life saving activities. The Association Championship Carnival brings thousands of sightseers from all over the State.

Possibly the most colourful beach spectacle is the March Past. Teams of twenty men with a reel and standard parade the beach, forming a huge splash of colour at the water's edge.

Of all the competitions arranged by the association to keep the standard to a high pitch, the most important is the rescue and resuscitation competition. The winners of this event become the premier club of the association. The event, representing the rescue of a drowning man, is probably the most gruelling of all surf contests. Teams consisting of six men, who have drawn lots for the position they will occupy, have to bring in a drowning man from the surf. Each man must be proficient in every phase of the rescue.

The "patient" swims out to the buoy and signals. The beltman dons the belt and makes after the patient. When brought ashore points are awarded for the treatment of the "patient".

THE ASSOCIATION.

The financing of the Surf Life Saving Association is mainly done by the members of the clubs themselves. State Government and local municipal bodies assist, but the bulk of the finance is carried by the members themselves.

There have been many times during the short history of the Association when it looked as if it might end, but the work of men like A. H. Curlewis and many others who have contributed so much to this organisation have made its continuance possible.

It is a source of amazement to visitors from overseas that surf life saving is voluntary and the life saver goes unpaid—indeed the life savers pay for the privilege of being a member of this unique organisation.

And it only through this body that you are able to surf in safety on the best surf beaches in the world.

A Poem to remember!

"DONT QUIT."

When things go wrong as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit, Rest if you
must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns.
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won had he stuck it out.
Don't give up though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed with another blow.
Often the struggler has given up,
When he might have captured the Victor's Cup.
And he learned too late when the night slipped
down,
How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar.
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.

D. R. HERON,
Walgett.



Agnes and Doris Davis, of Moruya,
took a last dip before the weather
got too cold.

Pete's Page



A bevy of beauty!
Alice McKenzie,
Elva Lang,
Mary Cochrane,
Dot Donovan,
Janice Cochrane,
Gloria Moran.

Hullo Kids,

And how are we all this month. I'll bet you're all getting your winter woollies on now. I know I am now.

I have been away for a couple of weeks in the south-west, away up past Hillston. I saw a great number of our people about on my way, but did not have time to call in to any of the stations or reserves. While I was away I caught a small kangaroo and brought him back with me. He is a lovely little pet and we have lots of fun with him.

I had a nice long letter from Ellen Williams (17), of Cobar Street, Guyra, and she would like some pen friends about the same age interested in riding or reading. How about it kids?

I also had a nice letter and some drawings from Walter Webster (14), of Menindee. Walter told me all about the recent floods in his part of the country. His sister Betty (16), also wrote me a nice long letter. Betty said she would like to see some riddles published in *Dawn*, so next month we will see what we can do.

Irene Roberts, c/o. Tuncester Post Office, via Lismore, sent me a nice letter on some lovely floral notepaper. Irene suggested some more painting competitions. She also sent me some drawings.

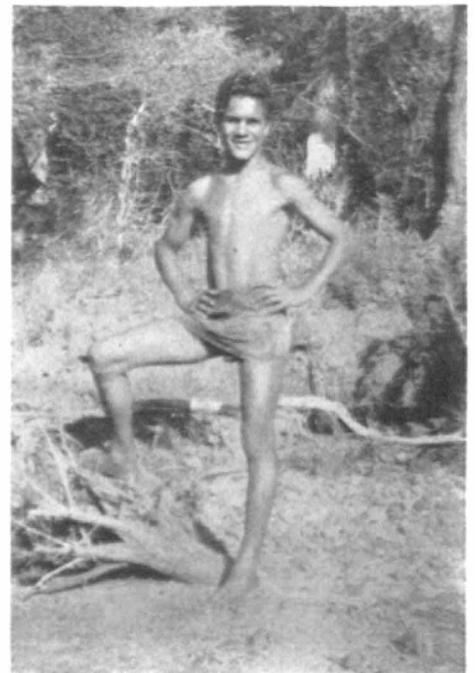
The poor old postman just staggered in with a big bag full of mail from Condobolin. It included some really excellent drawings from Joan Newman, Pauline Newman, Ima Carr, Tom Newman, Ray Carr, Ray Briar, Betty Woolfe, Les Powell, James Newman, Colin Smith and Robert Reid.

Thanks a lot kids. That's what I want. Lots and lots more letters and drawings from you all. You know, there must be hundreds of my young friends who haven't written me a single letter yet.

Well that's about all the news for this month, so until July, I'll say Cheerio.

Your sincere Pai,

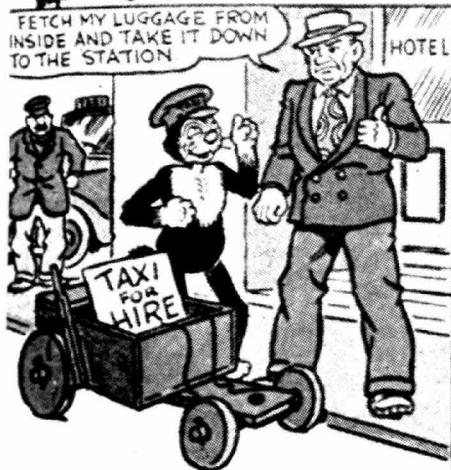
Pete.



This young fellow, showing off his muscles, is Harry Moran, of Greenhills.

KORKY THE CAT

KORKY CAT CAN TRADE NO MORE HIS RIVAL SAW TO THAT BUT ONE THING HE COULD NOT FORESEE— THE LUCK OF KORKY CAT.!



DAWN IS YOUR MAGAZINE!

If you know any aboriginal people who are not already receiving *Dawn*, ask them to send their names and addresses to the Editor, *Dawn* Magazine, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney, and they will then have the magazine posted directly to them every month.



IN THE GARDEN

FRUIT TREES.

There is room in every garden for at least one fruit tree—but if your home is near the coast in eastern Australia, keep the fruit fly in your mind, when selecting your trees.

It is virtually impossible, on the eastern coastline, to grow stone fruit (peaches, apricots, etc.), completely free of fruit fly, which fills ripening fruit with its grubs; and the only hope of success is to select early-maturing varieties, which ripen their crops before Xmas, when the fly becomes most active.

Make that your first concern; and seek the advice of your seedsman or nurseryman as to the varieties best suited to early ripening in your district.

Oranges and lemons are rarely affected, but grapefruit and mandarins may suffer.

Apart from the problem of fruit fly, every home garden should produce some fruit; and the following points might be of interest:—

Good rich loamy soil will require little preparation; but light, sandy stuff should be reinforced with old manure or compost, with a handful of complete fertiliser or blood and bone, dug in below and around the place of the young roots. The same treatment can be given, with advantage, in all soils. Avoid making a deep pot-hole in the subsoil.

A deep hole, in heavy ground, acts as a reservoir for water; and the roots of the tree will sicken and die, if they are left water-logged.

Most trees, in any case, come from the nursery with only shallow roots; and it should never be necessary to make a planting hole deeper than one foot, or at most fifteen inches; since it is important to set the young tree only as deep as it grew in the nursery.

Deciduous stone fruits (peaches, apricots, etc.), usually are planted in late autumn and winter, when the trees are dormant and leafless. Space fifteen feet apart.

The young trees, as they come from the nursery, normally carry long, unpruned branches; and the first job is to cut these stems back, to leave three or four strong buds—remembering always to cut to a bud pointing outwards.

This first pruning will shape the ultimate form of the tree; so do it carefully, selecting the buds above which to cut so that the resultant new branches will give a solid, symmetrical framework on which your tree will grow.

The second point of attention is the roots—spread them evenly on the ground, in a shady spot, and trim back the ends of any which appear bruised or broken.

July is the month to grow the following:—

FLOWERS

Ageratum, Alyssum, Arctotis, Asters, Blue Lace Flower, Boronia, Calliopsis, Canna, Candytuft, Capsicum, Carnations, Cliaanthus, Delphinium, Dianthus, Didiscus, Gaillardia, Gladiolus, Godetia, Marigold, Nepeta, Phlox, Poppy, Scabiosa, Verbena.

VEGETABLES

Beans, Beet, Cabbage, Carrot, Celery, Cucumber, Lettuce, Melons, Mustard, Pumpkin, Parsnip, Tomato, Vegetable Marrow.