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Dawn



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

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Our Cover . . .

Free from the anxieties of school life or the worries of the civilized world this young nomad of Northern Australia wanders blissfully among the undergrowth of the jungle looking for a succulent lizard or a young crocodile



"DAWN"

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

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DAWN IS CRITICISED!

WHILST we think *Dawn* is a rather good little magazine, and one that contributes a great deal to the instruction and pleasure of the Aboriginal people of this State, we are at all times prepared to accept the well intentioned criticism of our readers.

Writing to the Editor, Mrs. F. E. Plater, of R.M.B. 530, Brooms Head Road, Maclean, has this to say:—

“Dear Sir,

I was given a copy of *Dawn* by one of our coloured friends, at Yamba, recently. We have been seeing a lot of them the last couple of months, and I'd taken Sandy Cameron books, as he said he was interested in all kinds of reading. It was the February issue he gave us and I have found it peculiarly interesting—I couldn't help feeling it would have been ideal for issue among the white population instead of the dark people.

For such Aborigines as we know, at Yamba, to get that paper made me want to cry. Fully half of it was white folk buttering themselves with all the good that was being done by them for the coloured people, and how grateful those coloured people should be. And even Mr. Sawtell's article surely was meant for the white people more than the coloured.

And “Home Hints”, those poor creatures in their quagmire, how could they benefit from:—“Wrap gold and silver shoes”, etc. “To clean soiled and pastel coloured shoes”, etc. “When your trousseau linen starts wearing”, etc. (page 4). And “Help yourself” (page 8) such as under “Gloves”, “Hats”, “Dresses”, and “In the bathroom”. All this might be very handy for those living in such places as Armidale, or a few other progressively-thinking places, but there is still a tragic number of our No. 1 Australians who do *not* live in those progressive places. It is those people who need a great deal of bolstering up of their morale, if they are to retain a trace of their natural dignity, intelligence and nobility of character. There seems to be one thing that no white man has yet taken from them—their slim, upright figure and noble bearing.

If your *Dawn* could be circulated among the white population it could do a great deal of good—for it appears that it only needs to be pointed out to a number of white people that the coloured are a good people, intelligent, sensitive, simple and will respond to kindness. They have a wisdom and insight which we lost long ago. Indeed, did we ever have it? I doubt it, as it has been suggested theirs is the sensitive Eastern mind while ours is only the materialistic Western.

Our handful of Aborigines, at Yamba, are in great trouble. A lethargic white population has allowed them to be tossed out into a swampy marsh land, which has become quite uninhabitable during the 40 odd inches of rain we've had since Xmas. No water supply other than a pump situated in the midst of a bog-hollow,

evil-smelling brown stuff, as all ti-tree swamp water is. The heat, mosquitoes, sandflies, the place is too terrible to describe, but it is there.

A movement is afoot among a few of the local people to get a better deal for them. But it must be done quickly if these desperate people are to be put into decent houses before the winter. Given reasonable living quarters, I am sure they would be well able to cope with a civilized way of living—for it is evident now, amongst their squalor, they can keep the grounds and huts neat and tidy.

It is surprising just how many friends they have, when stirred. Business people speak well of them, as well as the sporting bodies and private people. They are good workers when given work to do, they keep themselves tidy and the children go to school looking as neat as any white child—goodness knows how they do that under those conditions.

There is land here worthy of them, bordering the Clarence River, which would give them a sandy beach where the children could play and swim, and high dry ground to build decent houses on. The whole place could be an asset to Yamba and make a happy home for this unhappy tribe.

They are rightly proud of being Aborigines, and when quietly talking to them prove to be wise, gentle, and as cultured as a number of white people we might know. They are not only able to speak very good English but many of their own dialects. They are distressed to think that so many visitors are taken to the show places, La Perouse, Cabbage Tree Island.

However, will “these lucky children who have so many advantages” (page 14 last para.) not be forced to “revert to their original background” if the white population doesn't stop buttering itself up, and come down to earth, as Armidale apparently has done, and accept them as human beings. God made them black, He made us white. He gave us both minds to think with, feelings similar to each other—only the coloured people are more deeply hurt than we are. There I think, is the root of the trouble, our lack of human compassion—we can fuss over animals and declare ourselves their champion, but when it comes to the dark races nothing apparently is bad enough for them.

What is it, are we afraid? Afraid of showing how inferior we are in reality?

There is another unsolved problem relating to the coloured people. Why, Why. Why. are they encouraged to live in lower than sub-standard houses while the white population must build to all the rules and regulations possible to think up ?

Recently, at Nambucca, this fight for human rights was won by the help of the white population. Without their help the coloured people are crushed down to the lowest depths—and it is NOT because they desire it.

Thank goodness for people like Professor Elkin who can write such books as "The Australian Aborigines" and people like Gavin Casey and Upfield, who can show the general public the coloured people in an unbiased setting. But added to that, we must ask God to make people realise it is not the coloured people's desire to be allowed to live in a lower state than our pigs.

I hope I haven't done them harm by this screed, but I do feel very strongly that the only thing that is going to help our Aborigines is a completely different outlook by our white people, and it is not much that the coloured people can do until we change first."

What do you, our readers, think of this criticism? Do you think it is justified? We would be pleased to have your comments.

* * * *



This young mother from one of the islands off the north coast of Australia busies herself making mats whilst another lubra looks after young junior

THE RETURN OF THE ALL BLACKS

By H. W. JEFFERY

Many people, black or white, will remember the renowned football team—the "All Blacks". They are back on the field again, not as players, but as "urgers" for their sons and grandsons who are on the field to carry on the football traditions they, in their young days, made. Age may have slowed these old footballers up, but it has not slowed them in their work to see their boys meet allcomers on that field, under the colours of black and white, and the name of La Perouse United.

Training nights you will see up to 100 men and boys under the critical eyes of G. Longbottom, Billy Longbottom, J. Simms, to name a few of the old All Blacks. By the ingenuity of Norm. Perry and Albert Stewart, floodlights have been rigged up. Later it is hoped to have proper floodlights for the training. All this is not without results, as La Perouse United have won their first two matches of the competition.

It is hardly fair to throw the lime-light on to any one player; they are all in the scrum together and doing their best, but comments must be made. Flying Johnny Jarrett, Blockbuster Norm. Perry, Bouncing Boly Russel, once they tuck that ball under their arm take catching. One opposing coach instructed his team to let "Larpa" do the running—that was the biggest mistake he made—from reports it cost him the match.

Thanks to the Aborigines Welfare Board, the club has a good club room, No. 2 Nissen hut, and it is put to very good use for lectures, meetings and social nights. Here the ladies come to the fore with their efforts; once again to name a few, Mrs. Hazel Amatto, Mrs. Marie Ritchie, and Mrs. Connie Stewart. There are lots more right in there putting in their best for the teams.

Vic. Smith, out local dry-cleaner, is a very keen supporter of the Club. He dry-cleans the football shirts and shorts free of charge, and as there are five teams in the Club that is no mean donation.

It is hoped that this Club will keep going and each year, win or lose, put a good sporting team in the field. Here's hoping and good luck.

EXEMPTION CERTIFICATES

Aborigines who desire to apply for Certificates of Exemption should forward their applications in the first instance to the Welfare Officer of their particular district, or to the Manager of the Station on which they may reside. This would speed up to a great degree the granting of Certificates and would avoid much correspondence and loss of time.



Help Yourself

IRONING

When covering an ironing-board, wet the cloth thoroughly before tacking it into place. When it dries it will be taut and smooth.

If iron is sticky with starch, rub iron over a towel which has been sprinkled with talcum powder.

Before ironing a man's tie, insert a piece of cardboard the same shape. This will prevent seam marks from showing.

Stand on a rubber mat or a soft floor rug when ironing. It keeps your feet happy.

To save time when ironing, place a sheet on the ironing-board and iron pillow-cases and other small items on top of it. Keep moving sheet with each different item. It will get ironed without extra effort.

To make embroidery patterns stand out, place the piece face down on soft towelling, iron dry on the wrong side.

* * * *

YOUR HANDS

Most vegetable stains can be removed from the hands by rubbing with a slice of raw potato.

Before working in the garden, scratch your fingertips over a moist cake of soap. This will keep soil from getting under your nails.

Fine oatmeal mixed with a little lemon juice in the palm of the hand, and then rubbed well in, makes an excellent remover of ingrained hand dirt.

Keep hand lotion or a tube of lanolin in the kitchen and remember to use it after washing up.

Train yourself to wear gloves for dirty household tasks. It's worth the trouble in the long run.

* * * *

To prevent potatoes turning soft before you're ready to use them, store by spreading them out in a shallow box so that air can circulate freely round them.

* * * *

Fresh bread will cut more easily if the bread knife is heated first by holding it under the hot-water tap for a few minutes.

Washing Up

If the sink pipe gets stopped try putting a generous handful of washing-soda down the drain, then pour in half a glassful of vinegar.

Give longer wear to rubber gloves by turning inside out and sticking pieces of adhesive plaster over each finger tip.

Laundry blue in the washing-up water will make glassware sparkle.

* * * *

When Unexpected Guests Call

An easy way to freshen scones is to place them on an oven tray on the top shelf of a moderate oven. Underneath, place a dish full of boiling water. The steam rising from the water will soften and freshen the scones in about five minutes.

* * * *

Cooking Hint

Baked apples can be glamorised easily and quickly this way : beat an egg white until stiff, add sugar to sweeten then put a spoonful on top of each already baked apple. Return to oven until meringue is set and lightly browned on top.

* * * *

Soldering Sense

When short pieces of wire are being soldered, hold them in a spring-type clothes peg to prevent your fingers being burnt by the hot tip of the soldering iron. For best results, always be sure metal surfaces to be soldered are *thoroughly* clean.

* * * *



How's this for a winter day? Joe and Robert Davis, Charlie and Mick Cubby and John Trenchman, of Mungindi



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.



Meet Thomas Callaghan, of Kyogle.



Mrs. Blain and Wilga Munro, of Tamworth.



A group of happy boys and girls from Bellwood.



Lovely Valerie Smith of Stuart Island, Nambucca.



This handsome, well-dressed young fellow is Robert Davis, of Mungindi.



Mrs. S. Munro, of Tamworth.

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This little fellow is the grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Callaghan, of Kyogle.



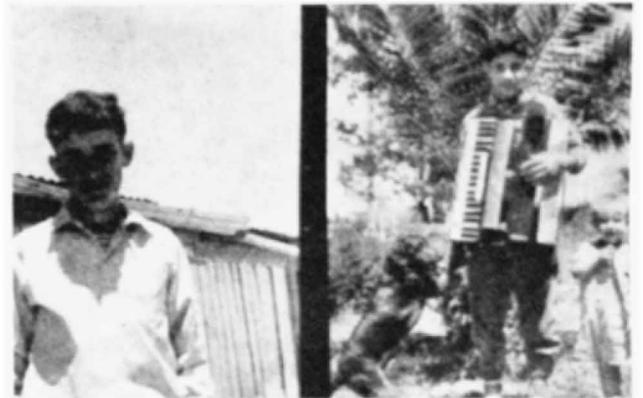
Albie Wilson, Eric Robinson, Tommy Davis and Buddy Marshall, of Bellwood.



Gloria Moran and Mrs. N. Roberts, of Armidale.



Billy Riley is a boy of the wide open spaces from Wilcannia. He not only sings but composes his own songs.



John Mathews and his brother at the Mission house, Condobolin.



Bellwood Football Team, 1958 Premiers in Small Schools Comp. Undefeated in 8 matches.

Folklore of Aborigines

Left by Lyle Roberts

(Contributed by G. Hall, Secretary,
Richmond River Historical Society)

The announcement in "The Northern Star" of the death of the old Cubawee identity, Lyle Roberts, came as a shock.

A fortnight ago he was at Lismore Museum and related what he could recall—or as much as he thought we should know—of the early aboriginal customs and legends of the Richmond River natives.

Now Lyle Roberts has gone, and with him has passed a good slice of the history of the early aborigines of this district.

Our job in the Historical Society is to obtain, record and preserve an accurate record of historical material, and to this end the history of the aboriginal people is of tremendous interest and value. One of our members, Miss Mildred Norledge, of the Kyogle chapter, specialises in the collection of aboriginal folklore, and it was at her request that I arranged this meeting with Lyle Roberts. My part was to bring them together, and help in any way possible to record all information.

So they came—Miss Norledge, Mr. Jim Morgan of Coraki (an aboriginal), Mr. Lyle Roberts and myself. They talked a lot, Jim and Lyle occasionally in their own language, then back to Miss Norledge, busy with her pencil. I just sat there and watched them, fed them, and threw in an occasional question.

Thus there came to us at least one authentic aboriginal legend, some fragments of others, but very little about the "making of men" among the early tribes.

It is known that Lyle Roberts was probably the last of the Richmond aborigines to be initiated according to tribal lore. But he would not talk about it.

Beyond telling us that he was away from his own country for some months, even over as far as the Clarence, we learned nothing about the actual ceremony of initiation. The old man was quite gentle with us. He just did not remember. Of course, there was a woman present at the interview.

But he did tell us of the cave and the big native plum-tree that was out at the Parrot's Nest, and all that happened there according to the stories of his people, and this legend will be recorded and filed in our archives.

As Lyle Roberts spoke, I was struck by the fine, sensitive features of the old man. Guided by some impulse that came to me just at that moment, I asked

his permission to photograph him. Permission granted, I rang our photographer, Mr. Ron Wotherspoon, and asked him to come down with his camera. Mr. Wotherspoon was leaving for Sydney that day, but came in, posed the old aboriginal and took his photograph.

Thus it came about that the Richmond River Historical Society obtained the last spoken legend and the last photograph taken of Lyle Roberts. They will remain in the archives as a valuable asset, available to present and future students.

Lyle Roberts grew old gracefully. He has gone, and the particular aboriginal freemasonry that forbids him to talk of such things as initiation ceremonies held him true to the end of his life. May his spirit rest in peace with those of his forefathers.



This Central Australian aborigine had no difficulty in getting himself a juicy crocodile steak for dinner.

THE WRONG WAY AND THE RIGHT WAY

by

DR. FRANK N. D. BUCHMAN, the initiator of Moral Re-Armament



On the occasion of his 81st birthday and the opening of the Moral Re-Armament Summit Strategy Conference on Mackinac Island, Michigan, U.S.A.



“We are not ready to live in the world that faces us.” The man who says this is a production genius in charge of 400 scientists and 35,000 men who launched Atlas in answer to Sputnik. There is a wrong way and a right way of launching a rocket into space. There is a wrong way and a right way of living on earth.

Dr. Douglas Cornell, Executive Officer of the National Academy of Sciences, says, “Science has made it possible for the world to be destroyed between lunch and afternoon tea. But the problem does not lie in science, it lies in man. It is modern man who needs to be remade.”

There is a wrong way and a right way to meet the challenge of Communism. An American general who trained the army of an Asian nation, says, “I tried to fight Communism with an army and with economic aid. I trained good soldiers. But I was unable to equip them with a world idea superior to Communism. Moral Re-Armament is the idea I was looking for. It is the right way to do it.”

We have been living the wrong way for so long that we have come to accept it as normal. Broken homes, disrupted industries, divided nations, deadlocked conferences—these things are not normal. They are the inevitable outcome of doing things the wrong way. Many people condemn Communism. But could it be that the hate, greed, fear and selfishness which create confusion and division in our own society, are the strength and essence of Communism? Millions who would never join the Communist Party, make its advance inevitable by the way they live.

Admiral William H. Standley, who was United States Ambassador to Moscow and Chief of Naval Operations, sees this issue clearly. In a thought-out statement which has gone all round the world, he says, “The choice for America is Moral Re-Armament or Communism.”

An Air Force general in charge of 8,000 men who are part of the Strategic Air Command and for two years have been on a fifteen-minute alert, says, “The young men who are sent to me don't know what democracy is about. They live as they please. As for Communism, that doesn't concern them and they won't trouble to understand it.” While arming

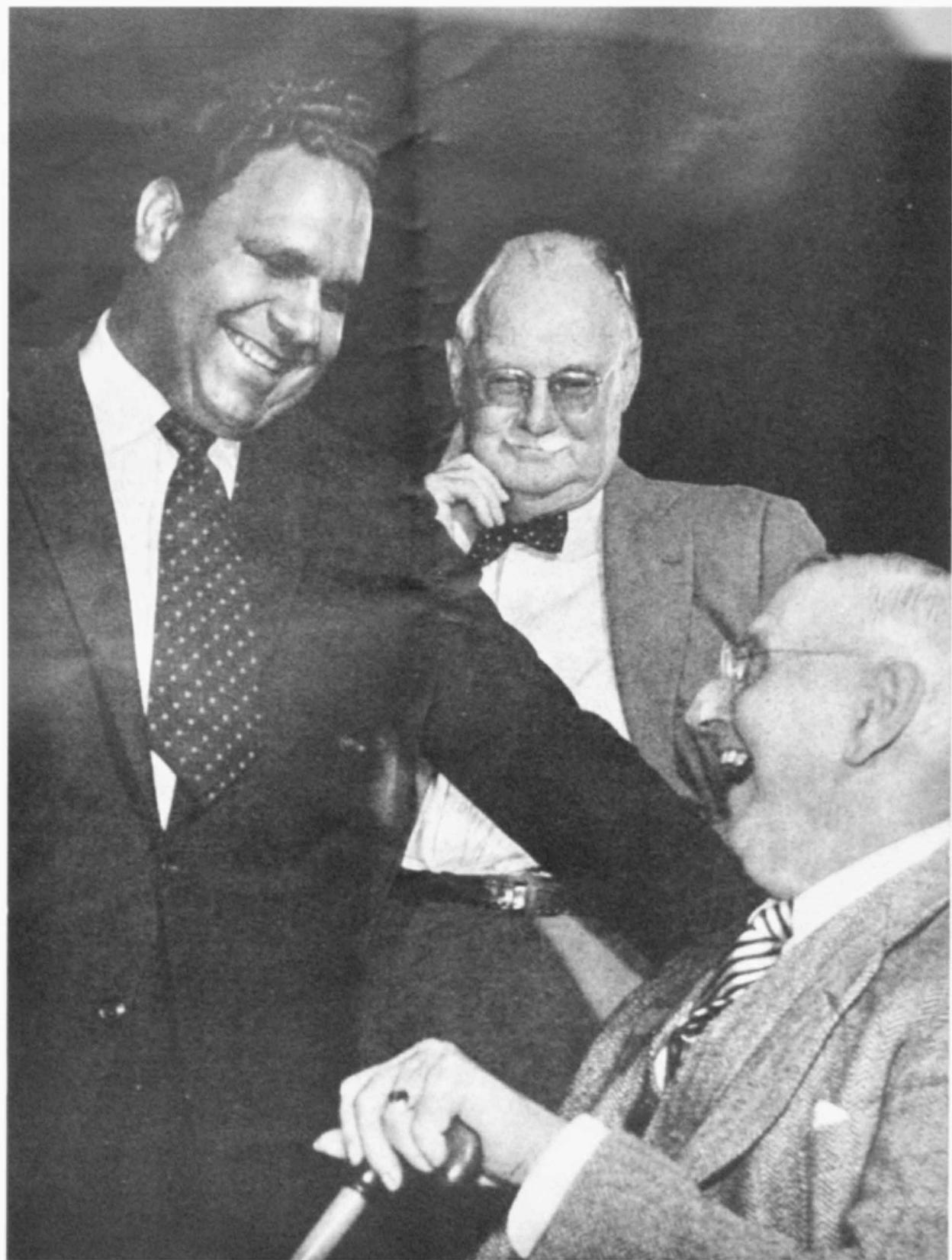
against atomic attack from without, we have already surrendered within ourselves the basis of our defence—moral character.

The right way is not “my way”. It may not even be “your way”. The right way is God's way. Some seem to think that freedom and democracy mean “do as you please”. Each man decides and goes his own way. Fathers and mothers do as they please and then they are alarmed when their children follow their example. It is estimated that more than one million youths will go through the juvenile courts this year in America. Broken homes spread disillusion throughout the nation.

A play called, “The New American”, written and produced from their own experiences by a group of young Americans, is capturing the mind of America with an answer to delinquency, divorce and subversion. At the invitation of the Commanding General, it was shown at one of the largest Marine Air Stations in the world, at command performances for Air Force bases, and high schools. At one of these bases a newspaper described it as “a great driving force which is awakening the free world from complacency”. The Mayor of one city where this play was shown, said, “It is the soundest, most down to earth thing that ever came to our community.” The Mayor of another city said, “It must go to every school and college throughout America.”

There is a wrong way and a right way in statesmanship. A high official of the German Foreign Office, former Ambassador to Canada, told the press, “The most astonishing event of post-war European politics is the reconciliation of Germany and France. A major factor in the birth of an apparently permanent friendship between these former enemies is Moral Re-Armament.” And Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, in a letter to me says, “Unless this work of Moral Re-Armament is extended the peace of the world cannot be preserved.” The Chancellor talks of Moral Re-Armament as the unseen but effective force in achieving international agreements.

A diplomat who has been at the heart of the great international conferences that have taken place in the last fifteen years, writes to say, “Three events in recent months have amazed the diplomats.” In each case the answer has been found through men who have changed.



The first was the Lebanon crisis. The issue which divided the world was solved by ten Arab nations who united to bring an answer to East and West. The man most responsible for this was the Secretary-General of the Arab League, who was in Egypt when he heard the news of crisis. He had the compelling thought which he believed came from God, to fly immediately to New York. He obeyed. He found the Arab States divided amongst themselves, and all the other nations divided against each other. There was a real risk of war. Early one morning a further thought came to him, that the Arab nations were meant to be a bridge and not a battleground. He brought them all together in one room, and they stayed together until they found a resolution on which they all agreed. When it was put to the United Nations, the vote was 80-0. "The Times" of London said, "Overnight an almost magical transformation has come over the scene."

The second event was the new unity being brought to birth through Asia. A token of this was the visit of the President of the Philippines to Japan and his reception in the Japanese Diet. Little more than a year ago the feeling between those two countries was so intense that such an action would have been political suicide. The man who as Speaker of the Japanese Diet, received the Philippine President, and was one of the plenipotentiaries who signed the Peace Treaty for his country, says that in the last two years Moral Re-Armament has brought reconciliations between Japan and the Philippines, wrested control of the largest single political organisation in Japan from Communist hands, established new relations with Indonesia and Viet Nam, ended a dispute with Free China, and is now in process of healing the division between South Korea and his country. The President of the Philippines says, "The bitterness of former years is being washed away by compassion and forgiveness." "The New York World-Telegram" comments, "This visit of the President of the Philippines to Japan may mark an historic turning point in post-war affairs."

The third most recent event is the Cyprus settlement. An Asian Ambassador in Washington was in my home. He had been chairman of the Committee that vainly tried to bring an answer to Cyprus in the United Nations. He told us, "Cyprus unsolved would have shattered European unity and could have led to European war this year." The answer was brought by men—British, Greeks and Turks, who through Moral Re-Armament honestly faced the fact that they had been doing things the wrong way. A British Member of Parliament went to see some of the Cyprus leaders and was honest about the places where he felt he and his country had made mistakes. A Greek delegate to the United Nations went to London and apologised to the British leaders for the hatred that had caused so much bloodshed. A Turkish editor went to Athens and in an article which appeared throughout the Greek press, said that his country and Greece were meant to live as brothers and not as



Major Palaypay, Aide to President Garcia of the Philippines, Rajmohand Gandhi, grandson of Mahatma Gandhi of India, Mansa Shibusawa, great grandson of the founder of modern industrial Japan, and Arino Perinola youth leader from Indonesia. They walk together in the grounds of the Pine Hotel at Bagio, Philippines, during an Asian Assembly of Moral Re-armament.

enemies. "The New York Times" called it "a resounding success for enlightened statesmanship." Is not this the answer for our over-worked, and under-inspired statesmen?

A diplomat of world experience says, "In Africa today they are saying everywhere to the white man 'How soon can you leave?' But to the Moral Re-Armament men and women they are saying 'How soon can you come?'" My friend, Dr. Azikiwe, Premier of Eastern Nigeria, recently entertained Premier Nkrumah of Ghana on a State visit. He took the occasion to show him the Moral Re-Armament film "Freedom" through which Africa has spoken to the world. Written by Africans and acted by Africans, it shows how a young nation threatened with destruction through division and Communism in its own ranks, can find the secret of unity and the right road. Afterwards Premier Azikiwe spoke to the nation of 36 million Nigerians and said, "We must build a hate-free, greed-free Africa, peopled by free men and women." The newspaper of Ibadan, the great Nigerian city where the largest university in West Africa is situated, came out with the headline, "MRA is our only hope."

 **Dr. Frank Buchman, the Initiator of Moral Re-armament, who was in Australia last year, greets Harold Blair, famous Australian aboriginal singer. Mr. F. M. Kerr-Jarrett (centre) is a sugar plantation owner from the West Indies.**



Some of the delegates from 57 countries at the Summit Conference for the Moral Re-arming of the World, talk together. Left to right: His Excellency Jacobub Osman, the Sudanese Ambassador to the United Nations, Dr. Adeyemi Ademola, the son of one of the traditional kings of Nigeria, Manasseh Moerane, Vice-President of the 10,000 strong Teachers' Federation of South Africa and Major Agerico Palaypay, Air Force Aide to President Garcia of the Philippines.

In the great cities of South Africa "Freedom" has been showing to packed audiences. In Cape Town the manager of the theatre himself introduced the film and said, "We believe this is the most effective weapon in the free countries today to win the world to the right idea." At the end of the film the man who plays the part of the Prime Minister in it, the Vice-President of the African teachers of South Africa, steps in front of the screen in the glorious robes which he wears in "Freedom". He speaks to those audiences, which is an unprecedented event in the life of South Africa. For probably every white person in that theatre it is the first time they have ever listened to an African speaking. Afterwards night after night he is surrounded by those who want to find from him the secret of how to get their own lives and the life of South Africa on the right way.

The Colwell brothers sing at each performance. These three young Americans are playing a major part in this revolutionary answer in South Africa. They have given up Hollywood contracts and over the past years have had a profound influence on the

leadership of Asia and Africa. In South Africa they won thunderous applause by their commitment and their songs sung in national languages that few South Africans have ever tried to master. Of them the Mayor of their own city in California says, "These three are securing and undergirding the defences of America." They tell the South African audiences that they are giving their lives to the answer they feel Hollywood is meant to interpret to the world.

A battle is being fought for the mind of the world. Think of the mothers in Asia, Europe, Africa, yes, even America, who weep because their children are learning the wrong way to live from the motion pictures we make in the West. Rickard Tegström, the brilliant Walt Disney cameraman, who went to Africa to film "Freedom", spoke of the films he saw in Africa. He says, "From white screens against the blue-black African night, the dregs of Western civilisation's film production were poured out over defenceless young Africans night after night." Now this cameraman is lending his genius to put the answer on celluloid. He is at present completing the filming of "The Crowning



Princess Lillardia of Australia, who visited Dr. Buchman at Mackinac Island in 1957 and represented her country and people at an Asian Assembly for Re-armament in Philippines, presents a boomerang to Mrs. Subandrio, wife of the Indonesian Foreign Minister at Melbourne Airport during an official State visit by the Indonesians.

Experience". It is inspired by the marvel of the life of Mary McLeod Bethune, born of slave parents, who rose to be the adviser of Presidents in the White House, and who said of Moral Re-Armament, "To be a part of this great uniting force of our age, is the crowning experience of my life."

"The Crowning Experience" showed in the South as a play for four months last year and then broke the 123-year attendance record at the National Theatre in Washington. Of its effect a leading newspaper man of Atlanta said, "This is the greatest news story to come out of the South this year." Rickard Tegström adds, "Filming must be in the hands of men who understand the need of the world today and the deepest need of mankind. The statesmen who realise this in time can save the world from disaster."

U Nu, Burma's great statesman, recently visited me. We talked of the need for statesmen to be able to read men as we read a page of print. We spoke of their need to diagnose and cure every corrupt and subversive influence, and so safeguard our nations from going the wrong way. We dealt with the urgency in the ideological struggle for the men who lead to be incorruptible and to create around them men and women with clean hands and pure hearts. U Nu together with the Prime Minister of Japan and the

Presidents of the Philippines and Viet Nam has just welcomed the Moral Re-Armament Assembly of Asian peoples in Japan. Said he, "It is giving a clarion call to one and all to read the writing on the wall."

The objective of the Assembly is to clean up the nations from bottom to top. One of the instruments is a play called "Shaft of Light" written by the great grandson of the founder of modern industrial Japan. This play deals incisively with men at the Cabinet level, with politicians of all parties, with industrial and labour leaders who can be bought with money, tempted by position or by indulgences which make them vulnerable to Communist strategy. The play is being nationally acclaimed because it deals fearlessly with the primary need and gives the answer.

What is the answer? The author of this play, Masa Shibusawa, spoke recently in Washington at the farewell service for a great American patriot, Priscilla Cornell. For the last few years with her family and through the weakness and pain of cancer, she has fought for a clean up in the leadership of America, Europe, Asia and Africa, and helped create the good news of a world changing. Said Shibusawa, "It is up to us to carry on what she lived. With the Cross of Christ lived in reality—which means a change at the very root—America can save the world. This is the revolution which takes the Communists' breath away and changes them."

That's it. The whole-hearted, single-minded, completely dedicated commitment to provide our nations with leaders who are fear-free, hate-free, greed-free, men and women who know the strategy, the power and the unity that comes when the will is totally given to God for the building of a new world.

There is a wrong way and a right way for statesmanship. MRA has conclusively demonstrated in some of the most critical national and international deadlocks that when the fear, hate and greed in man is changed, solutions are rapidly achieved. This is the panorama before us—so simple that many miss it, so fundamental we cannot do without it.

Note.—

You cannot join Moral Re-Armament. You cannot resign from it.

Each one of us either lives it or does not. It is the simple choice in every heart whether we sacrifice our selfishness for humanity or sacrifice humanity for our selfishness.

Only the most blind believe that we can demand to be left alone today while we continue to live selfishly, comfortably and undisturbed.

It is a revolution, to bring social, political, economic, national and supra-national change, a whole new range of motives to the whole world. But it is more than that. It is the ideology of freedom, the ideology of renaissance.

It offers the chance for everyone everywhere to go into action today to remake the world and to satisfy the hunger for bread, work, peace, and faith that lies deep in the heart of every man.



IN THE KITCHEN

Keep Weevils at Bay

If you want to keep rice and sago free of weevils, here's the magic formula. Add a dessertspoon of salt when you fill the canister and shake it through the contents. Result : no weevils. When you wash the rice or sago the salt washes away.

Saucepans

Loosen burnt-on foods in enamel saucepans by filling pan two-thirds full of water and adding 2 dessertspoonfuls baking soda to 1 pint of water. Boil for a few minutes. Wash in hot suds, finish cleaning with a mild abrasive.

To clean aluminium saucepans that have become dark from cooking, add 2 teaspoons of cream of tartar to water and boil 20 minutes; or boil some spinach in the pan for a few moments.

If stored cast-iron cooking utensils (e.g., gem-scone irons) have become rusty, brush over with olive oil and heat in an oven at moderate temperature for an hour. Then wash with hot water and dry thoroughly over heat.

To remove the fish odour from a frying-pan, sprinkle salt on the pan, add hot water, and let it stand a while before washing.

A thick layer of lime deposit can be removed from the bottom of a kettle by boiling $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar mixed with 1 quart water for 15 minutes. Rinse in cold water.

Don't let salted liquids stand in aluminium. They are likely to cause pitting. Silver polish may be used to restore the gleam to satin-finish aluminium.

To prevent scratching and otherwise damaging enamelware, always stir foods with a wooden spoon.

Glassware

To loosen a glass stopper, let a few drops of glycerine soak between stopper and neck of bottle.

Always rinse out glassware which has contained milk in COLD water before washing in lukewarm suds.

If you want to label a glass jar in a hurry, write on it with your nail-varnish brush.

To remove cloudiness and mineral deposits which accumulate in glass decanters, vases, or cruets, fill with hot soapy water to which has been added two tablespoons of ammonia. Leave for several hours, then rinse. Loosen sediment with a bottle brush.

Before using a vacuum flask which has been stored for some time, rinse out with boiling water to which has been added 2 teaspoons of sugar. This removes any musty taste.

The Stove

A quick way to clean your oven. Place a rag saturated with household ammonia inside the hot oven, close the door and leave until oven is cool. Grease will then wipe off easily.

To dissolve grease on stoves wipe over with cloth dipped in kerosene. Follow with hot detergent, wash, and clear rinse.

Remove stubborn finger-marks or grease spatters from the chrome trim of your stove by dissolving a teaspoon of powdered water softener and a teaspoon of detergent in a cup of warm water. Wipe the trim with the solution, rinse, and dry with a soft cloth.

Cleaning Silver

Clean knives which have turned dark from an acid by rubbing a raw potato over the blade.

Put small piece of blotting-paper at the bottom of a silver salt shaker. This will absorb the salt's moisture and keep it running freely.

If after you have eaten your boiled breakfast egg the spoon is discoloured, place it in the water in which the egg was boiled. Stain then comes off easily in the washing-up.

To polish pewter, mix a little finely powdered whiting with a little oil and apply to the metal with a soft rag. Rub in well and then polish with a clean cloth, giving a final rub with a chamois leather.

To keep small pieces of silverware seldom used bright and free from tarnish, store in a screw-top jar.

To clean inside of silver tea and coffee pots, pour in a little borax and some hot water—leave stand for an hour or two. Finish cleaning with brush, and rinse thoroughly.

Remove egg-stains from silver with a damp cloth which has been dipped in salt. Wash off immediately.

To whiten ivory or bone handles of cutlery, or piano keys, apply a paste made with ordinary whiting and lemon juice. Leave on for a few moments, rinse, and polish.

How Much Does a Prayer Weigh?

The only man I ever heard of who tried to weigh one still does not know!

Once upon a time he thought he did. That was when he owned a little grocery store on the corner.

It was the week before Christmas. A tired-looking woman came into the store and asked him for enough food to make up a Christmas dinner for her children. He asked her how much she could afford to spend. She answered, "My husband is dead. I have nothing to give you except a little prayer."

This man confesses that he was not very sentimental in those days. A grocery store could not be run like a soup kitchen.

So he said, "Write it on paper", and turned about his business.

To his surprise, the woman pulled a piece of paper out of her pocket and handed it to him over the counter. She said, "I did that during the night while I was watching my sick baby."

The grocer took the paper before he could recover from his surprise, and then regretted having done so; for what would he do with it? What could he say?

Then an idea suddenly came to him. He placed the paper, without reading the prayer, on the weight side of his old-fashioned scales. He said, "We shall see how much food this is worth."

To his astonishment the scales would not go down when he put a loaf of bread on the other side. To his confusion and embarrassment it would not go down, though he kept on adding food, anything he could lay his hands on quickly, because people were watching him.

He tried to be gruff and he was making a bad job of it. It made him angry to be flustered.

Finally he said, "Well, that's all the scales will hold anyway. Here is a bag. You'll have to put it in yourself. I'm busy."

With what sounded like a gasp or a little sob, the woman took the bag and started packing in the food, wiping her eyes on her sleeve every time her arm was free to do so. He tried not to look, but he could not help seeing that he had given her a pretty big bag and that it was not quite full. So he tossed a large cheese down the counter, but she did not say anything; nor did he see the timid smile of grateful understanding which glistened in her moist eyes.

When the woman had gone, he went back to look at the scales, scratching his head and shaking it. Then he found the reason. The scales were broken.

But as the years passed he often thought of it and wondered if that really was the solution. Why did the woman have a prayer already written to satisfy his demand?

Why did she come at exactly the right time when the scales were broken? What confused him, so that he did not notice it and kept piling on the food, with only a scrap of paper in the weight pan? He had felt like a fool and hardly knew what he was doing.

The grocer is an old man now. His head is white. But he still scratches it in the same place, and shakes it slowly back and forth with the same puzzled expression. He never saw the woman again. And come to think of it, he had never seen her before either. Yet for the rest of his life he remembered her better than any other woman in the world, and thought of her more often.

He knew it had not been just his imagination, for he still had the slip of paper upon which the woman's prayer had been written: "PLEASE LORD, GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD".

—Acknowledgments to "Evangel".



The going is not always easy in Central Australia and this young Australian aborigine has to cut his own way and make his own footpaths.

WILCANNIA FOOTBALL

Sunday, the 3rd May, saw the Boomerang Rugby League Team meet Wilcannia 1st Grade in a very solid game, which proved one thing and that is, if the Boomerangs settled down to a spot of training, there are not too many teams in this area that could extend them.

It was their first appearance for two years and with one-half of the team out of condition, Wilcannia only beat them by two points, the final score being 6 to 8 in favour of Wilcannia.

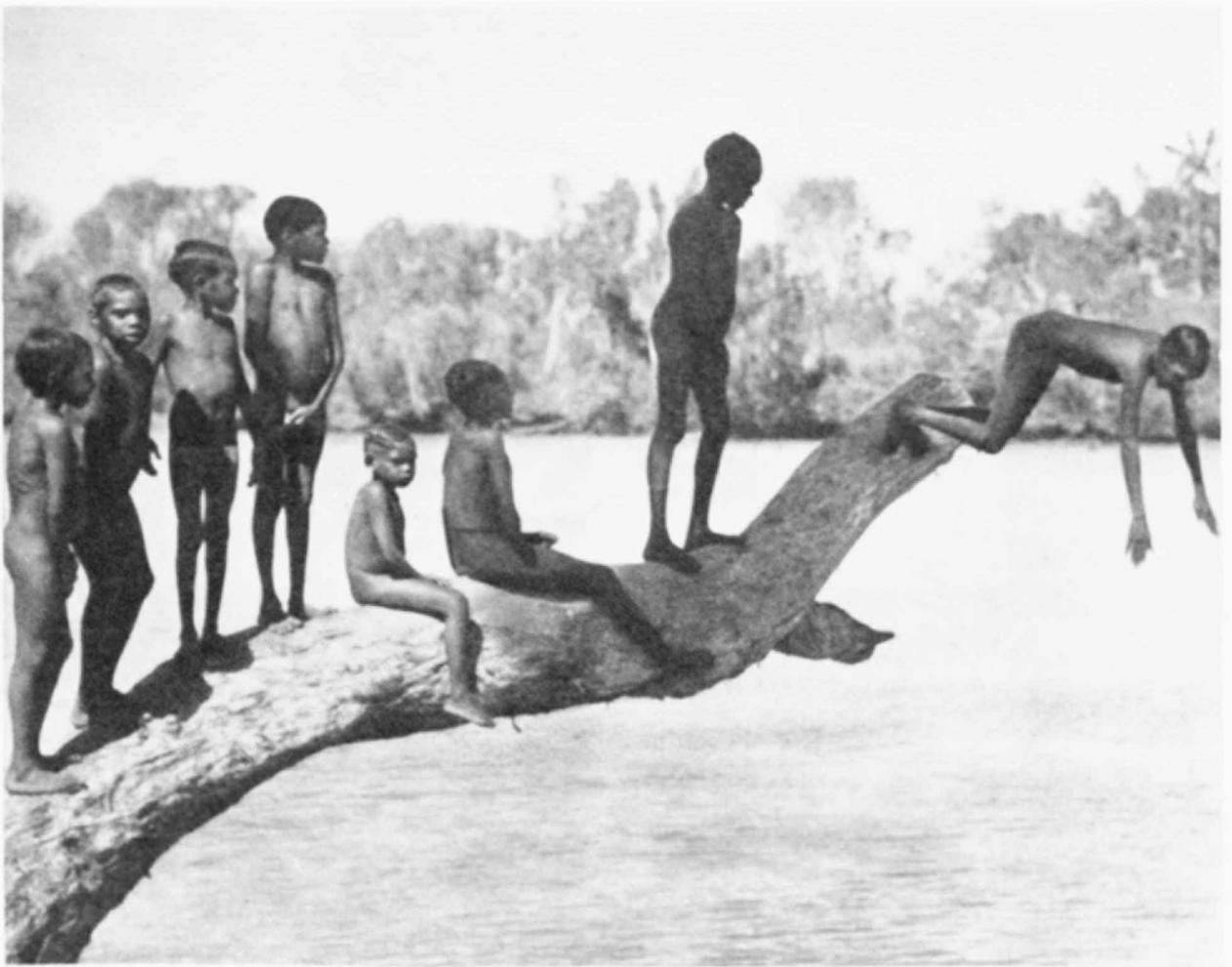
The employment situation is still very bad in the Wilcannia district, and quite a number of the locals are doing a bit of rabbit trapping, and a few are running wild goats for the skins.

There is also an opportunity for some with kangaroos, as they are plentiful in most parts but transport and ammunition would be a drawback to most of them.

There would not be much picking close around Wilcannia, as there are so many townfolk who go spot-lighting 'roos at night. One would have to go well out to do any good, then it would be necessary to stay out till one got a load of skins, otherwise transport and ammunition would take the profits off.

The Darling River is still over the 30-foot mark and is expected to go higher, and cod are biting very well. Many of the families on the Settlement have been living on fish ever since the first rise hit Wilcannia. Some of the mothers become breadwinners when their husbands are away at work, and these women have been tackling the fish with a will and they have been well compensated for their efforts as they have been catching 20 and 30 lb. cod every night on night lines.

Many folk have tried during the day but apparently the cod only come out at night to feed.



Righto boys, all in together! This picture was taken in Central Australia, but even up there the winds blow chilly sometimes and a couple of these young fellows on the end of the log are doing a bit of a shiver. Still, it's lots of fun.

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**Australian Bantamweight Boxing Champion**

**JOHNNY JARRETT**

by R. Sherry, Burnt Bridge

In the past Australia has produced some mighty fighting men  
And mighty fighters in world class show up now and again  
Jim Carruthers proved he was the best, a fighter of renown  
When he beat the best the world could find and won the Bantam Crown

Les Darcy and Ron Richards fought the best from other lands  
Ambrose Palmer and Jack Carroll and also David Sands  
They were mighty fighters, all those men, to mention just a few  
All proven fighters every one when they had a job to do

And now another star shines bright to help the boxing game  
Hard fighting Johnny Jarrett from Grafton seeks his fame  
He is fighting hard to reach the top and I think his future's sealed  
All Kempsey folk remember him out on the football field

He played as Johnny Patton on the wing for C.Y.M.  
His footwork on the field was good, his speed you can't condemn  
But he gave his football boots away for a set of boxing gloves  
And won himself a title at the boxing game he loves

Now John has one ambition as through this fighting world he'll roam  
He loves his Dad and Mother and wants to build them both a home  
Johnny Jarrett is a sportsman, friends, as a fighter he should go far  
He can fight and doesn't smoke or drink, that's a fighter's guiding star

Now I take this opportunity to wish young Johnny well  
Some day I'll write some more of him when there is some more to tell  
So keep your gloves up high, John Jarrett, have faith in what you do  
And wish for fame and fortune that may one day come to you

So I close this little poem, friends, for there's not much more to say  
But I know that Johnny Jarrett will reach the top some day

# Wilcannia Sporting Features

*By Jack Quayle*

The annual sporting fixtures for Wilcannia and district schools were held on the 2nd May, in the Burke Park sports grounds, and the following schools were represented: St. John's Convent, Wilcannia Public School, St. Theresa's Mission School and Ivanhoe Public School.

It was pleasing to note the number of Aboriginal children competing in the many events throughout the day for St. Theresa's School.

The following children were chosen to represent their school. Girls: Doreen Johnson, Barbara Johnson, Gloria Quayle, Lorraine Harris, Carroline Bates, Evelyn Black, Irene Kirby, Joan Kirby, Joan Kirwin, Gwen Hunt, Phyllis Wyman (Capt.), Elaine Wyman, Margaret Wyman. The following boys: Allan Payne, Rex Johnson, Arthur Kirby, Jim Bates, William Bates, Johnnie Quayle, Dennis Hunt, Geoffrey Hunt, Norman O'Donnell, Ray Harris, Doug Harris, Bruce Harris, Len Kirwin, Brian Hunt (Capt.).

Doreen Johnson scored a second in the Senior Girls' Championship and Gloria Quayle second in Junior Girls' foot race. Allan Payne proved too speedy for the Senior Boys as he just coasted along to win the Championship in that particular division. He also got a second in the Senior Boys' broad jump. Raymond Harris took second place in the high jump and performed well in several other events. This boy is expected to do better at his next try.

This is the first time that St. Theresa's Mission has been represented in sports such as this, and they did well to carry off one of the many cups. I have no doubt that in future they will prove tough opposition as I do feel sure that many of the boys and girls suffered from stage fright.

However, we will be expecting big things from this School next year, as there are lots of promising youngsters left that were not quite ready this year. I would like to mention here that the children enjoyed themselves thoroughly and though many never carried off any trophies I am sure that they came home as happy as any who did win something.

# Empire Day Celebrations at Burra Bee Dee Station—Coonabarabran

The usual yearly Empire Day concert was held again this year at Burra Bee Dee on Saturday, 23rd May. Visitors came from the Gunnedah Hill Reserve and White Street, Coonabarabran.

The two organisers, Mrs. Tom Ashby and Miss Barbara Sorby are to be complimented on putting on a "jolly good show". The items were many and varied and the dresses very colourful. Girls taking part were: Annette Dowd, Caroline Griffiths, Dawn Goulding, Audrey Ashby, Queenie Ashby, Betty Ashby, and Rhonda Sampson. Boys: Garry Goulding, Robert Goulding and Cecil Griffiths.

The opening number was "There's No Business Like Show Business" sung and danced by the girls. The main singing role of the evening was taken by Betty Ashby who sang amongst other songs "Blackboard of Your Heart," "I'll Go Out and Buy You a Rainbow" and "Just Married". Audrey Ashby ably carried out an impersonation of Elvis Presley, and an excellent rendition of "Don't Sell Daddy Any More Whisky" was acted by four girls, Barbara Sorby being the inebriated "daddy".

The house was "brought" down by the Hula girls—all suitably and colourfully dressed—singing "Christmas Island". Audrey Ashby took an encore on her own and did full credit to one of these island lasses.

Half way through the performance Officer Williams, the Station handyman, was presented with a large birthday cake decorated with many candles, as he was 21 "again" on Empire Day.

One of the ladies from the Reserve, Mrs. Queenie Robinson, formerly of "Burra Bee Dee" rendered a solo which was much enjoyed by all present, and reminisced back some 70 years when she first came to Burra Bee Dee, and of the many Empire Day concerts that had taken place over the years especially those that had raised large amounts to help with the purchase of a "Victor" concert piano and a radiogram.

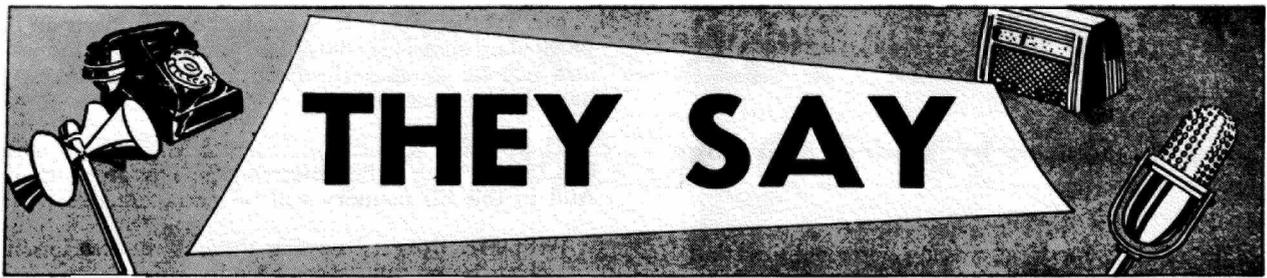
The concert concluded with the finale and singing of "Now is the Hour" and the announcement that coffee, cakes and sandwiches were available for all present.

During the month of May, Burra Bee Dee Station was saddened at the passing of young Marcia Watton, aged six. Marcia was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Watton of White Street, Coonabarabran, former residents of Burra Bee Dee. She was the second victim of the 'flu that hit Coonabarabran.

The simple ceremony in the small Station Church was conducted by the Rev. D. Shearman, and the singing of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" was also the prayer of all present.

Mr. Wakerley, Burra Bee Dee's genial Missionary from the United Aboriginal Mission is back again after his hospitalisation in Sydney. Welcome back, Mr. Wakerley.

After living for some years with her daughter, Mrs. Dick Sampson, on Burra Bee Dee, Mrs. Tom Fuller has now left and gone to live with another daughter, Mrs. Banks, of Wolibar, via Baradine.



## WILCANNIA NEWS

By JACK QUAYLE

The District Welfare Officer, Mr. Lambeth, paid us a visit recently, and spent three days endeavouring to straighten out some of the many problems that confront a Welfare Officer on such visits.

Apart from routine problems and duty, there are many matrimonial problems that crop up between visits that need his attention and he makes an effort to solve them, however difficult they may be.

However, Welfare Officers tackle them with a will, and in most cases manage to smooth things out no matter how difficult they prove to be, and I do believe that a word of advice periodically does not go amiss, particularly with the more stubborn type.

The most difficult problem appears to be with leaving school and the teenagers. Where there is no recreation, or ready employment for these children, there is always trouble.

Why? Because there is nothing to do, nowhere to go, and naturally they segregate and, to get a kick out of a dull life, they get up to some prank that will eventually bring trouble to them.

The boys usually take to drinking, and the girls just try anything so long as it is something to keep them from growing old too soon, so you see this is a problem that confronts not only the Aborigines, but white boys and girls too.

There is a possible solution to this problem that has been at the back of my mind for some time. I would suggest that during school period two hours a day be set aside for boys and girls alike to be taught something about how they will be expected to conduct themselves during the period between leaving school and the time they secure employment for themselves.

Firstly, I would suggest that a tradesman be asked to attend the school at least once a week to give the boys a few pointers towards their particular trade.

This may interest the boys and eventually they may take up one or other of the trades shown to them. If any boy shows promise in any of the trades while attending school his parents could be notified of his possibilities and then arrangements could be made for him to be sent to a suitable school for further training.

The idea of starting the trade tuition so early is to try and interest boys and girls in the project early before they get other ideas into their heads as to what particular type of work they desire to follow when they leave school.

Many children will take an interest in different types of trades very early in life and I think that if these children are given an opportunity of learning a few points about each particular trade, before they have reached school leaving age, there is a chance that they will take up one or other of the trades taught them while they were still in the primary classes at school.

## SPORT

The football season is with us again and many of our boys are taking to the field alongside their mates of last season.

They are taking to the training a lot better this year than last season. Training periods are every Wednesday and Friday night and the boys go out to train as regularly as the rest of the players. They find that condition counts in a competition.

Work is still hard to secure around Wilcannia and many of the Aborigines are making application for Social Service benefits.

## YOUNG ARTISTS

As a result of the general invitation throughout the State for entries in the Art Competition as part of the Annual Baby Show and Carnival at Kempsey this year, four school children at Boggabilla have entered their work.

Three works by Clarence Haines are water colours. Clarence works in a free style and is not afraid to express himself. He has a good colour sense.

Two water colours by Colleen Duncan show her work is neat and clean, and she is fond of gay colours.

Rhonda McGrady has entered a crayon drawing. This is a quiet landscape, with everything neat and tidy. Rhonda draws what she sees.

A water colour by Reginald Haines has some unusual colouring, but his free handling of the brush suggests a lively bush town scene.

We all wish them luck in the Competition.

# The Late Mr. Lyle Roberts

## *An Appreciation by Mildred Norledge*

One of the most interesting personalities that I have ever interviewed was the late Mr. Lyle Roberts.

He was the last living member of the Aboriginal people here who passed through the sacred rules of the Initiation Ceremony. With his passing away to the spirit world of his people, there is a great loss, for he was a kindly man and gentle.

The loss is not only a personal one—to his people and to those who seek to record Aboriginal Folklore. For when these older people pass on there passes with them their beautiful folklore, and it is indeed beautiful and rich; and there also passes their sacred mystic rules. So the literary world of the anthropologist is poorer by their loss.

The more one comes in contact with these people the more one realizes how right was their code of honour, and how much they stressed that in order for a man to become a "clever man", such a man must be *good*—a fact which repudiates the statements not infrequently made and told by the settlers, in the past, that they weren't good, but charlatans.

So many things that Mr. Roberts told us, during that last interview, were most interesting and little did we dream it would be the last occasion we would interview him. We lost all track of the time. In fact, time didn't seem to exist. I think we were so engrossed that we must have entered a dream world with Mr. Roberts when he was speaking about his people. He told us a legend, the legend of a tree which many possums, the black possums, loved. This tree was the totem of a young man. And as Mr. Roberts related the legend we saw not only the tree, we saw, too, the young man who was a nephew to an older man in this tribe, going to the tree talking to the possums. We saw also the uncle stealthily stealing out of the camp one night and pulling up the tree and carrying it away—possums as well, and then finally the nephew going after the uncle and catching up with him. This legend as told by Mr. Roberts lived, so real was it at the time of telling.

The late Mr. Roberts was 82 years of age. His son, Pastor Roberts, is well known on the Richmond and I think his grandson is also a Pastor, whose appointment is to a church in Sydney.

It was on Saturday night, 14th March, that we, Mr. Hall, Secretary of the Richmond River Historical Society, Mr. J. Morgan, of Box Ridge Aboriginal Reserve, Coraki, and myself, were gathered together in the room at the Richmond River Historical Society's headquarters and museum in Lismore.

Mr. Wetherspoon photographed Mr. Roberts on that particular occasion (Saturday) and it was intended, and will be so, that the portrait of Mr. Roberts will hang in the museum.

The possum legend will be recorded in the museum files, along with other material he has given to me. And in this his memory will be perpetuated.

With Mr. Roberts' passing there is the sad loss, the loss of an interesting, kind, friendly citizen.

### SCHOLARSHIP FOR ABORIGINAL GIRL

A 14-year-old aboriginal girl, who gained her intermediate certificate at Lismore High School last year, has won a scholarship issued by the Australian Board of Missions.

She is June Roberts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Roberts, of Cubawee. June, who will do a business training course, has left for Sydney.



**Bananas by the bunch. Who wouldn't like to be there? This young aboriginal woman from Northern Queensland looks rather pleased, too.**

# FOURTH APEX BABY SHOW

## PROGRAMME OF VARIETY

Kempsey Apex Club's Fourth Annual Aboriginal Baby Show and Carnival one Saturday afternoon recently drew many entrants and hundreds of spectators from Taree to Nambucca Heads. Over 200 entries in the Art Competition added a splash of colour to the showground hall. A packed and varied programme made the day a great success.

There were many entries in five baby sections, though entries were down a little on last year. The babies were beautifully turned out by careful mothers. The new section for best dressed boy or girl proved very popular. Results were:

Babies, up to 6 months: Vera Cooke (Greenhill) 1, Runners-up, Eileen Hopkins, Michael Jarrett.

Babies, 7 to 12 months: Richard Davis (Burnt Bridge) 1, Runners-up, Richard Smith, Brian Bradshaw.

Babies, 12 to 18 months: Merline Moffat (Tuncurry) 1, Runners-up, Cheryl Flanders, Jennifer Russel.

18 months to 3 years; Trevor Maher (Nambucca Heads) 1, Runners-up, Richard Thaidy, Lisa Smith.

A special prize for the best dressed boy was awarded to Brian Bradshaw. Best dressed girl winner was Josephine Quinlan.

The award for the area entering the greatest number of babies was won by Greenhill. The headmaster of Greenhill School, Mr. Alley, collected the prize, a painting by aboriginal artist, Albert Namatjira.

Mr. Jack Cridland, President of Kempsey Apex Club, said that in 1956 aborigines' welfare was chosen as an Apex national project. In Kempsey the main project was the organisation of the Aboriginal Baby Show.

"So instantaneous was the response that in each succeeding year we have been requested to run it again. We feel we have achieved something in helping the welfare of aborigines."

In opening the Baby Show, Mr. J. H. Brown, M.L.A., said the Aboriginal Baby Show gives the mothers an opportunity and an incentive.

"There should not be segregation, and it is pleasing to know that Government policy is for integration and not segregation.

"This Baby Show is evidence of what can be and should be done to help these aboriginal people along.

"I am in a position to know something of the wonderful work being done by Sister Hack for the aborigines in this area."

Mr. Brown commended Apex for the opportunity given the mothers and children and said: "It is not quite right that we should expect Apex to keep pushing this project." Mr. Brown commended aborigines' welfare to the community as a very worthwhile project.

### Aboriginal Art

In the art competition over 200 entries were received from aboriginal children all over N.S.W. and in Victoria. The artists depicted a wide range of subjects, and most showed the flair for colour for which the aborigine has become famous.

Prizes were shared between children from Burnt Bridge and Boggabilla. Results were:

Children under 8 years: Eric Bale (Burnt Bridge) 1, Connie Sherry (Burnt Bridge) 2.

Children 9 to 12 years: Reginald Haines (Boggabilla) 1, Valda Moylan (Burnt Bridge) 2.

Children 13 years and over: Clarence Haines (Boggabilla) 1 and 2.

Mrs. J. Cridland presented bouquets to the judges, Matron Eastwood, of Macksville, and Sister Beaton, of Taree.

### Plenty of Variety

A wide variety of other attractions were staged in conjunction with the Baby Show.

The Drum Corps of Kempsey Silver Band provided a number of items, and a free film show was presented by Mr. Garnet Smith.

Marching girls gave a display, and the children of Greenhill and Burnt Bridge Schools, dressed in colourful costumes, presented folk dancing.

### Football Match

Youngsters from Burnt Bridge and West Kempsey Schools played a very entertaining game of football. Burnt Bridge winning 6-3. Mr. Lloyd Fairhurst, of Smithdown, refereed the match.

Tries for Burnt Bridge were scored by Malcolm Quinlan and Phillip Moseley. Peter Judd scored for West Kempsey.

Following the tea interval, the Apex Club staged a bonfire and fireworks display, which amused and warmed the large crowd present.

A dance, with Mr. Lloyd Fairhurst as M.C., at night, was as popular with the aborigines as dancing always is with them.

## SAM ANDERSON

### *An All Time Great*

A lonely old man who died in a disused drover's hut near Casino last weekend was robbed of international cricket fame . . . because he was an aborigine.

He was Sam Anderson, said to be 79, but people who knew him claimed he was years older.

That he should have worn a green and gold cap is undisputed by hundreds of cricketers who played with and against him.

In the 1920's and 30's Sam pulverised bowlers, took miraculous catches, bowled with guile and stood up to the wickets to the fastest bowlers.

And in those years Sam must have been more than 40 years of age.

His record as an all-rounder probably has never been equalled in any cricketing nation.

Sam's birthplace and his introduction to cricket are vague.

Bora Ridge grazier, Mr. Murray Yabsley, who knew him well, believes Sam came from Queensland where from all accounts he was a wonderful athlete.

Sam in the last 10 years has heard little of the praise heaped on him. He has wandered about, a lonely figure, not caring much about anything.

Facts and figures of Sam's district career are not available.

Old timers will tie you down with stories of a memorable innings . . . a magnificent catch . . . a wonderful bowling performance.

District cricketers once sent Sam to the Sydney grade club, Ryde. But he fretted so much he failed.

Mr. Yabsley was captain of the Bungawalbyn eleven with which Sam recorded so many of his notable performances.

He said last night: "I have seen much cricket but never have I seen such a finished stylist as Sam. His cricket was beautiful and a pleasure to watch.

"I batted with him many times. If a particular bowler troubled me Sam kept him away from me. That's the kind of fellow he was."

Sam, according to old timers, could almost nominate his score against any class of attack.

Then there is the story of how as a wicketkeeper he would stand at the wicket to the fastest bowler, and sometimes flick off a bail, deceiving both batsman and umpire.

Sam was buried in Coraki cemetery after a service in Box Ridge aboriginal chapel.

If there is a cricketers' Valhalla, Sam will be sitting up there far above the salt.

—Acknowledgments to "Northern Star."

## *Interesting Aboriginal Demonstration*

On virgin land in the beautiful Lane Cove district, near Sydney, Ronson Pty. Ltd. has just completed the first section of an administration block and factory representing a present investment of over £180,000 which, at the end of a 5-year period, will increase to a total between £250,000 and £300,000. The factory was opened officially by the Minister for National Development, Senator the Hon. W. H. Spooner, M.M., on May 18, 1959.

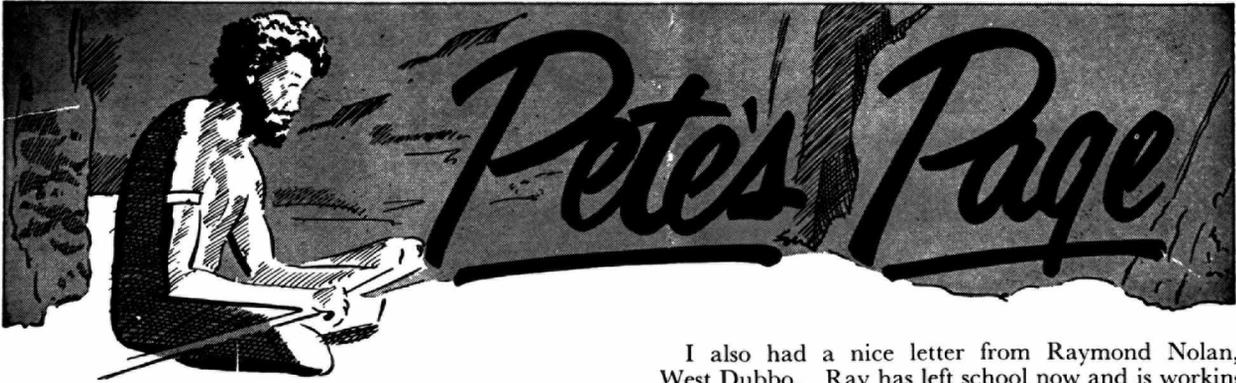
The new factory had already commenced production of Ronson Lighters and Ronson Super Trim Electric Shavers and, on completion of the official proceedings, visitors were invited to see the whole process of manufacture, and to contrast modern methods with the old, as exemplified in a realistic aboriginal display set up in a section of the factory by three men from the La Perouse settlement. It depicted aborigines of long ago as they practised the ancient art of firemaking, using the primitive equipment, which must have been familiar to the Dharruk tribesmen, who roamed this very area for centuries before the arrival of any Europeans. The exhibition was of special interest to overseas visitors from England and America.

Afterwards the men took boomerangs into the factory grounds and gave an interesting display of boomerang throwing. The English and American visitors, fascinated by the graceful flight of the whirring boomerangs, eagerly tried their hand, and, tutored by John Timbery, most of them saw their boomerangs return very close to the throwing point.

The Ronson Varaflame lighter is simply the modern development of a very ancient principle. For tens of thousands of years, flint and ironstone have served man to produce fire. A modern lighter is ignited in the very same way, although science has succeeded in making the operation a great deal simpler and quicker.



Beverley Porter, Jenny Young and Edie Sampson, of Carroona.



Hello, Kids,

And how are all my young pals this cold weather? One thing, kids, the shortest day in the year is now past and we will slowly be coming back to summer again.

One of my friends just reminded me that I had not awarded any prizes lately. Well, the truth is there hasn't been anything to award them for.

I haven't had any really good drawings or letters, and so there you are. How about some? I'm just dying to give away some prizes.

Just had a note from Neville Lilley of Oyster Cove, Salt. Neville, who is 18, would like some girl pen friends about the same age. His main hobbies are guitar playing, swimming and football. How about some letters, kids.

Angela Ballangarry, whose address is C/- Post Office, Auburn, also wants some pen friends, boys or girls about 15 years of age. Angela goes to St. Patrick's High School at Wynyard and is sitting for her Intermediate this year. Her main hobbies are dancing, swimming, reading and basketball. Congratulations on your very nice neat writing, Angela.

Well, you know what? I've just decided to award a prize after all. To 12-year old Pamela Hughes, of 112 Palmer Street, East Sydney, for her interesting letter. Pamela said, "I have been in hospital for some weeks. My uncle has gone on a trip abroad. When we went to see him off we had great fun. The ship was lovely. I think I liked the dining room best. We're having a lot of fun at school. Everyone has a craze on story writing. The ones who just read the stories get twice as much fun as those who write them. There are stories such as 'Who put the Arsenic in the Pudding', and 'Mr. Brown and the Cow', and many others. I just started High School this year and like it very much." Congratulations, Pamela.

Elizabeth Ann Loaf writes from "Tallarook", Grenfell Road, Cowra, and says "Can anyone help me find my two brothers? Their names are George and Angus Loaf." Elizabeth goes on to say this is very important and she would like anyone knowing their whereabouts to write to her or advise the Welfare Board. Can anyone help?

I also had a nice letter from Raymond Nolan, of West Dubbo. Ray has left school now and is working at the Plaster works and learning the trade. Nice to hear from you, Ray, and would like some more of your drawings.

I have just been up in the West and North-West of New South Wales, and met a lot of aboriginal people there. I was in Coonabarabran, Walgett, Pilliga, Brewarrina, Gwabegar and Moree. My only regret was I didn't have nearly enough time to see all the people or places I would like to have seen. Still, perhaps some other time.

Well, kids, I guess that's about all the news for this time, but keep writing and sending in your drawings, will you?

All the best for now,  
Your sincere Pal,  
Pete.



**Pretty Dawn Sines of Stuart Island,  
Nambucca Heads.**



## STARTING A GARDEN

**M**OST of us have to "make up" our soil and in very few instances indeed is it possible to merely dig the ground and plant successful crops.

Soil is not brought into good growing condition by any one particular operation, but rather because of the attention to small details, each of which is complementary to the other.

### THE MAKE UP OF PLANTS

Before the needs of plants are considered it is necessary to just take a glimpse of why water, fertilisers and minerals are essential. It has been said, "A plant lives standing on its head. Not only are its roots its mouth, but they display an amazing degree of intelligence."

A casual observation of practically any garden plant, will show that they have a root, stem, leaf, flowers and seed. The first to emerge from the seed, when germination commences, is the root, for it is the key to the whole of the plant's life. Some grow and feed more or less near the surface, some delve deeply in the form of a tap root, whilst others have to have a combination of both features. In the vegetable garden we have many examples of these differences. For instance, Carrots and Parsnips are tap rooters and have only short fibrous roots. On the other hand, Cabbage and Cauliflower are mainly surface rooters and their active fibrous roots extend for some distance away from the centre of the plant. It can be said that, roughly, the extent of the root system equals that of the foliage. In other words, the active fibrous roots which absorb the necessary elements for the plant's life do not extend much beyond the perimeter of the leaves.

These points serve as a guide to the feeding and watering of garden plants in as much as it can be seen how ineffective it would be to place fertiliser for, say Carrots, a foot or so away from the root itself and just as ineffective to distribute the food for a spreading plant close to the stem. Keeping fertilisers within reach of the feeding roots saves the plants considerable energy in searching for extra nourishment, resulting in better and healthier crops.

It is worth noting too, that roots respond to the law of gravity, and tend to grow downwards as well as outwards. The gardener who indulges in the "nightly sprinkle" of his garden, and fails to give the soil a good soaking at regular periods when there is no rain, encourages the

roots to break that law and turn towards the surface only to find that the moisture they seek has disappeared. Roots "drawn" to the surface in this way are easily cut or damaged during surface cultivation.

Finally, the roots of a plant have another important function, and that is to anchor the plant to its home—the soil.

This, of course, is not the whole story by any means because the leaves also play an important part in converting the necessary elements from the air into the stems, leaves, flowers, and seed. Their work is complementary to that of the roots, but apart from the fact of mentioning here the importance of sunlight for practically all vegetables, it is not necessary to delve any deeper into the chemistry of plant life.

### SOILS

As with aspect, the home gardener has to accept whatever soil is available on the site he has chosen for his home. It does not matter very greatly whether it is alluvial, sandstone, ironstone, or granite formation, it has to be brought into a fertile condition.

In recent years there has been a great deal of controversy as to the benefits of deep cultivation against surface cultivation and some very good reasons for the latter have been put forward.

It is undoubtedly true that surface rooting plants are not benefited by the raising of the sub-soil to the surface, but deeper rooting plants certainly do need deep cultivation, as we have already indicated in the notes on plant formation.

Topsoil is the term applied to the layer of soil in which much plant life thrives. It varies in depth (from about 6-9 inches or more) according to its location. It is in this stratum of soil that the beneficial bacteria live and work to help make the content of the soil available to the feeding roots. The application of fertilisers, rotted compost (humus), lime and water contributes to the proper working of this valuable bacteria.