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DAWN



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

MARCH, 1957





Our Cover . . .

This month's Cover Girl is twelve-year-old Thelma Carr of Nanima. It was no time at all before Thelma was quite adept at basket-making.



"DAWN"

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.

In this Issue . . .

	Page.
Thrift. The "How" and "Why" of Saving	1
National Fitness Comes to Nanima	2
Wilcannia Getting Back to Normal	3
"Tuppence" Comes to Town . .	4
A Tree	4
Along the Mail Route	5
Our Roving Cameraman	6
Help Yourself	8
Aboriginal Pilot Sought	9
Albert Namatjira	10
Health Hints	12
Aboriginal Member of the Board . .	13
Meet The North Coast Folk . .	15
Home Hints	16
This Land Arunta (Poem)	17
They Say	18
Pete's Page	20
Korky the Cat (Cartoon)	Inside Back Cover.
In the Garden	Back Cover

THE "HOW" AND "WHY" OF SAVING

Message from the Board

"For a Start in Life, Start Saving Now!"

At its meeting on the 19th February, the Board had before it a statement of the number of accounts and balances in the Schools Savings Banks held by children attending Aboriginal Schools. Following is the list:—

School.	Number of Accounts.	Total Balances.		
		£	s.	d.
Boggabilla	32	29	6	2
Brewarrina	60	33	15	10
Burnt Bridge	56	282	4	10
Cabbage Tree Island	55	52	5	3
Caroona	34	44	16	8
Gulargambone	23	15	7	7
Moree	96	122	18	3
Murrin Bridge	73	155	13	6
Nulla Creek (Bellbrook)	39	39	13	0
Roseby Park	27	26	17	3
Tabulam	30	59	4	2
Wallaga Lake	29	118	1	3
Woodenbong	35	72	11	11
	589	£1,053	5	8

The Board feels sure that there are many other aboriginal children attending other public schools who also have savings accounts. It desires to convey its appreciation to teachers who have encouraged this effort, and to congratulate the children and parents who are concerned.

It is good to develop the saving habit early in life, for if acquired then, it is likely to become a practice in later years. The Board has noted with pleasure, the fact that an increasing number of aborigines are learning to save, and has been happy, when able, to assist some of them in securing their own homes.

This is a goal to be aimed at and there is nothing like the pride of possession to give personal satisfaction and a standing in the community.

Too many people squander their earnings, and it is hoped that the example of these children will be an incentive to others to save, and save with an object in view.

A Story for the Children

"Why the Elephant Never Forgets"

Once upon a time there was a little elephant called Edgar. Every week Edgar's mother gave him some money to put in the bank. Because he was such a little elephant and loved to play, she tied a knot in his trunk to remind him to go to the bank.

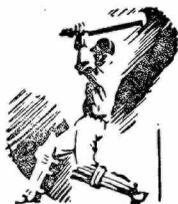
One day Edgar met a cunning old monkey who asked him why he had a knot in his trunk. When Edgar told him, the cunning monkey said, "I'll undo the knot in your trunk because it is hard for you to play like that, but to make sure you won't forget, I'll tie a knot in your tail instead."

Edgar agreed, but because he had only a tiny tail and could not see it, he forgot about the bank and the monkey helped him spend the money. When all the money was gone, the monkey went away, and it wasn't until poor tired Edgar sat down and his tail hurt that he remembered the money and the bank.

But it was too late. Now he would have to start saving all over again.

When he told his mother, she said, "There are always people eager to help you waste your money. If you listen to them you'll never have anything".

Edgar never forgot again. Now, every week he banks his money.



National Fitness Comes to Nanima

Happiness in Health



Boys and girls at Nanima Reserve, near Wellington, N.S.W., had a National Fitness Free Play Centre of their own during last Christmas school holidays. Nanima Citizens' Aid Committee co-operated with National Fitness Council to provide the centre which was open each weekday from 2nd to 18th January.

Mr. and Mrs. Page came from Belmore, near Sydney, to take charge. On the opening day there were only three children but a programme of sport, swimming, hobbies, picnics and pet shows swelled the attendance to more than seventy within a week.



Pretty 12-years-old Thelma Carr (our cover girl of this issue) was one of the Nanima girls who enjoyed herself at the Play Centre. Thelma brought her sisters, Valerie (6 yrs.) and Leah (5), and brothers, Ray (10), Darrel (8) and Colin (7).



Mr. Ken Page, the supervisor-in-charge, and his wife, were amazed when they saw the quality of the mats and other articles which the Nanima children had woven from coloured wool. Mr. Page is a teacher of manual arts at Belmont High School, Newcastle. Children at the Play Centre also made cane baskets, leather belts, book marks and strings of beads. Juniors modelled in plasticine and seniors used plaster of paris. Children took home their models when the centre closed on 18th January.



Games were the most popular item on the Play Centre programme. As well as tunnel ball (pictured) there were athletic competitions with age-group races, three-legged, wheelbarrow, relay and obstacle races. An athletic carnival was held on the sandy bank of the river.

Swimming races were conducted in the river and at Wellington Baths. Some of the children were taught to swim. All were instructed in life-saving and water safety.

Each child received a free issue of fresh milk at the Centre every day. One hundred and eighty seven pints of milk were distributed during three weeks.

At a pet show there were prizes for the largest and smallest pets and for the pet with the most tricks.



Mr. and Mrs. Page (standing) were popular with the Nanima children. Here they have been helping a group of young artists and handcraft workers.



Tunnel Ball was the most exciting game. Spectators and players cheered and screamed with excitement and laughter as teams fought out a close finish.

Children and parents at Nanima are now looking forward eagerly to next year's Play Centre.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

The Editor.

Dear Sir,

I would like to take this opportunity to wish you all a happy FIFTH Birthday.

Having been a constant reader of *Dawn* for many months I must congratulate you on your very interesting magazine and the wonderful work you are doing among the Aborigines.

All my best wishes for a long, happy and prosperous future.

Yours Sincerely,
Mrs. M. Chambers,
246 Carrington Road,
Coogee.

“ WILCANNIA GETTING BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN ”

By Jack Quayle

The residents of the Wilcannia Settlement are gradually working their way back to a normal existence again after the trying times experienced throughout the latter part of 1956.

Christmas was not so cheerful for some of the residents, as fate took its toll on the 8th December, when a well known identity passed away in the Broken Hill and District Hospital. He was Joseph Francis Quayle, of Wongamana Station, in the Bourke District. Frank was well known and well liked in the Bourke and Wilcannia districts. He was single and 39 years of age and our deepest sympathy is hereby expressed. Another sad case was that of Mrs. Laurie Jones, who passed away in the same month. Our sympathy is also expressed to her relatives.

The Monster Christmas Tree that was being arranged for the children did not turn out as anticipated—however, the party and Christmas Tree went on and the majority of the children enjoyed themselves. There was plenty of ice cream and soft drinks, cakes and sandwiches to go round, but the natural spirit was lacking because of the loss of one of our friends.

Now that the holidays are nearing an end most of the school children will be looking forward to meeting some of their old friends who were fortunate enough to have been able to take a trip away for the school holidays. When school starts it means that certain sporting events will commence—and quite a number of the children are interested in sports.

The boys here are very keen on football, and the girls have taken to tennis and basketball. They hope to be able to form a tennis club and get a court put down this year if all goes well and there are no more floods to cope with, as in the past year.

However, there has been quite a few grass fires throughout the Western Districts since Christmas, and some of them are still burning. Thousands of acres of grasslands have been burned out, and several thousand head of stock have perished. Quite a number of our boys have had the experience of fire fighting and, believe me, they say that they would rather bump into “ole man Ribber” any day.

Suede shoes, belts, bags, etc., can be kept in much better condition if you rub them with pumice powder—then remove with a stiff brush.

* * * *

A small piece of charcoal slipped in a muslin bag and hung in the larder will keep food fresh.

"TUPPENCE" comes to town

Thrill for Outback Girl

"Tuppence," a shy, smiling little aborigine girl from far-western N.S.W., arrived in Sydney by air one night recently for her first glimpse of the outside world.

"Tuppence," 6-years-old Rene Brown, of Tibooburra, came down to receive her prize for winning a colouring competition sponsored by Commonwealth Oil Refineries Ltd.

Her 12-year-old brother Schneider accompanied her.

Little Rene, who was dressed in a pink frock, green cardigan and pink hair ribbon, was carried sleepily from the A.N.A. airliner by a kindly hostess, Wanda Robinson.

The little girl was too worn out by her long day to do more than give flashing smiles with her beautiful white teeth.

1,350 Miles

Tuppence, who had never left her home town before, travelled more than 1,350 miles by air after leaving home today.

A Flying Doctor plane took Tuppence and Schneider to Broken Hill, where they were put aboard a commercial plane which travelled to Sydney via Melbourne.

Tuppence's artistic talent was discovered when Dr. Walter Wearn, of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, visited Tibooburra and distributed to the local children forty colouring books which included entry forms for the C.O.R. colouring competition.

Dr. Wearn brought the entry forms back to Sydney, where C.O.R. officials decided to include an "outback" section, and chose Tuppence the winner.

Tuppence and Schneider stayed at Dr. Wearn's North Rocks home for their week in Sydney.

Dr. Wearn's daughter Patricia was waiting at the airport to meet the children.



This lovely young woman is Ellen Williams of Warialda.

A Tree

Ye who would pass by and raise
your hand against me—
Harken ere you harm me . . .

I am the heart of your Hearth
on cold winter nights ;
The friendly shade screening
you from the summer sun.

My fruits are refreshing draughts
quenching your thirst as you
journey on.

I am the beam that holds your
house ; the board of your table ;
the bed on which you lie and the
timber which builds your boat.

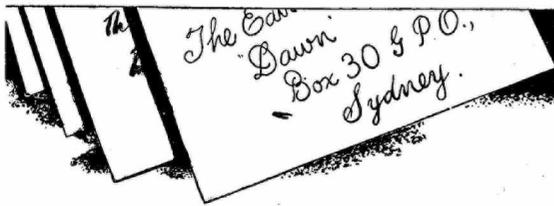
I am the handle of your hoe.
The door of your home.
The wood of your cradle and
the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the
flower of beauty.
Ye who pass by . . . listen to
my prayer,
Harm me not,—I am a tree.



Two sturdy young fellows from Woodenbong. They are Arthur Bundock and Ray Booth.

ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE



Out on the Moree plains. Stanley Swan, Bob Swan and Eric Tommey.

Mr. Alfred W. Jinks, of North Stockton, New South Wales, thinks the Board is doing a good job for the aboriginal people.

He said, "I think the Aborigines' Welfare Board has done wonders for our native people, who, as you are aware, were cruelly exploited 50 or 60 years ago."

Mr. Jinks also said he had received word that two or three aborigines who were boys in 1908, remembered him when he conducted services at Coomerajunga, where there are now only very few aborigines left.

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME, COOTAMUNDRA

On Christmas Eve, the Rotary Club gave the children a party at the Home. The town band attended and Xmas carols and games were played till Santa Claus arrived amid great cheers, with a gift for all the children. Supper was supplied by the Rotary Club. The evening was well attended by Rotary members and their wives. At the close of the evening the Carol singers, from town, arrived and sang several songs before leaving with good wishes to all.

Prior to Christmas Eve the children were entertained by the following:—

The Catholic Youth Fellowship at their Christmas Concert, each child being presented with a large bag of home-made sweets.

The Junior Young Anglicans—a party at their hall.

The Junior Methodist Fellowship—a party at their hall. The Senior Fellowship—a party at the Home for the older girls.

The C.W.A. Younger set—a party at the Home and gifts for all.

The Nurses and Matron of the District Hospital—a party at the Nurses' quarters. Mrs. Healey—a party at the Home.

Seventy children were home for Christmas and all attended early Church prior to days festivities. Numerous gifts and donations were received for the days celebrations and all had a happy time.

* * * *



Ida Hoskins of Wallaga Lake is well-known to many readers of Dawn.



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 Mr. and Mrs. King of Woodenbong.



This coy young lady is Nancy Clarke of Purfleet.



Two pretty little lasses. Barbara and Fay Goolagong of Barellan.



This very shapely young lady is Melvie Simm of West Waratah.



One of our young friends from Guyra . . . Betty Williams.



Another photo of Melvie Simm . . . this time all dressed up.



This is how the main road to Murrin Bridge Station looked during the floods.



The Murrin Bridge lifeboat was kept extremely busy and did a marvellous job.



Here we see Mrs. A. Johnson on her way to Murrin Bridge hospital by boat.



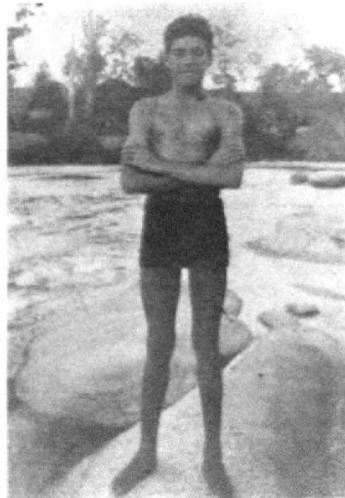
Lorraine Turnbull, Lola Edwards, Baby Ronnie Davis and Margaret Eggin of Cootamundra.



Mrs. Doreen Lord of Turleys Bore, via Broken Hill, formerly Doreen McNiven of Queensland.



A tropical background for lovely Ella Simm of Purfleet.



This lifesaver type is Ned Walker of Tabulam.



These healthy, happy looking youngsters are from the Bethesda Mission.



Help Yourself




With clothes a very expensive item these days, a little extra care is a big money-saver. Fasten discarded shoulder pads on to the ends of coat hangers and you'll find your clothes hang much better. The bulky, curved pads keep the shoulder shape of winter suits stored in garment bags for the summer. They also are good for freshly ironed cotton clothes.

* * * *

If you—or your children—keep young kittens and puppies, you are probably continually mopping up after spilt saucers of milk. Try using a discarded baby food plate. The heavy dish is difficult to tip over, and all the food can be served in this one plate. And another hint for pet problems. If your small dog slips out of his collar when he's out on a leash, double up on him. Put two small collars around his neck and fasten the leash to the back collar. It's slip-proof!

* * * *

Do you occasionally have poor radio reception? Try wiping the aerial with a cloth dipped in kerosene and you will be amazed at the better results.



Some Bethesda Mission identities. Mrs. McGuinness, Mrs. Onus, Margaret Freeman and Bruce McGuinness.

Now for some simple hints to meet those annoying laundry problems. Add a teaspoon of glycerine when making starch to prevent articles from sticking to the iron. To remove inkstains from handkerchiefs, rub well with a piece of ripe tomato. When the ink has loosened, wash in the usual way. Washing blue will last much longer and remain quite soft if kept in an airtight tin. And add a little salt to the blue to prevent clothes from streaking.



This little lass tending her window box is Peggy Smith of Caroonia.

While ordinary stains on enamelled bath will usually yield to a wipe over with a kerosene rag, those green stains which come from copper salts in the bath heater are more difficult to move. Try using cloths moistened with a solution of strong ammonia and hot water—two parts of ammonia to one of water.

* * * *

Don't discard an old beret. Tied to a mop it makes an excellent polisher for floors. But for something a little more attractive but just as practical—clean it thoroughly and decorate with motifs of bright felt or wool, cut a hole for the spout and it makes an excellent tea cosy.

* * * *

The pipe in the kitchen sink a ways becomes blocked at the most inconvenient time. Here's a quick way to clear it. Put into the pipe one tablespoonful of carbonate of soda, add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and quickly replace the plug. The gasses formed will clear the pipe at once. A little later remove the plug and scour with boiling soda water.

* * * *

Now that eggs for cooking are so expensive, use golden syrup as a substitute. A tablespoonful of golden syrup in a cup of warm milk equals three eggs. Used in a pudding this will replace both sugar and eggs. And did you know that meringues will stay white and keep their shape if a pinch of cream of tartar is added when making?

ABORIGINAL PILOT SOUGHT

Nationwide Search Begins

An enthusiastic meeting convened in Sydney during the week by the Aircraft Owners and Pilots' Association, formed an Aboriginal Flying Scholarship Committee and decided to begin immediately, the search for a suitable aborigine to be trained as an airlines pilot.

The Scholarship Committee comprises Mr. K. M. Moloney (Hon. Secretary), Secretary of the Aircraft Owners and Pilots' Association; Mr. Colin Davis, Editor of *Dawn* and former wartime pilot; Mr. Michael Sawtell, well-known author and traveller and member of the Aborigines Welfare Board; Mr. L. R. Jones, Secretary of the Royal Aero Club of New South Wales; Mr. Allen Mogg, Secretary of the North Shore Aero Club; Mr. G. Hardy, pilot member of the A.O.P.A.; and Mr. Bruce Miles, well-known city solicitor and former Bomber Command pilot.

Mr. Davis said, "Full credit must go to the A.O.P.A. for this generous and ambitious effort to prove that our aboriginal people, given the proper training, can take their rightful places in the world of industry or commerce. This is only the beginning and I am sure we will all be pleased and amazed by the results achieved".

Every State in the Commonwealth will be canvassed to find a young aboriginal man of predominantly native blood, between the ages of 18 and 25, who has the Intermediate Certificate or its equivalent, and who is anxious to learn to fly.

He will be given an 18 months flying training course and all his expenses, including board, pocket-money, etc., will be paid.

The Royal Aero Club of New South Wales has offered to train the selected candidate up to Commercial pilot standard of 160 hours and the Wagga Air Taxis and Flying School have guaranteed part-time employment when he has graduated, until a permanent suitable position is found.

The College of Civil Aviation will provide a free ground instructional course.

Mr. Davis explained that as the course will cover a period of some 18 months, and many expenses have to be met, it was hoped the public would support the Scholarship financially, and perhaps make it possible for more than one young aboriginal to be trained.

The Rev. G. McArthur of New Guinea, who uses his own plane to visit his parishioners, has sent £5 to the fund, and the Aircraft Owners and Pilots' Association donated £50.

Enquiries or donations should be addressed to Mr. K. M. Moloney, Secretary, Aboriginal Flying Scholarship, Box 2912, G.P.O., Sydney.

ALBERT NAMATJIRA

Our Great Aboriginal Painter

By Frank Clune

I first met Albert Namatjira at Alice Springs, Central Australia, in 1935, when prowling the ranges in search of Lasseter's reef of gold.

At that time Namatjira was working as a camelier to Rex Battarbee, a Victorian artist. Rex had been severely wounded at Bullecourt, France, in World War One, but later recovered, except that his left hand was injured.

He studied as an artist, then he toured the outback in search of subjects for his canvas, during which he won the Centennial Prize in 1934 for a water-colour of the Macdonnell Ranges in Central Australia.



Travelling around the sandhills in Central Australia, before the invention of jeeps and four-wheel drives, was done by camels. It was at Hermannsburg Lutheran Mission, 80 miles from Alice Springs, on the Finke River, that Rex Battarbee made his headquarters.

Here he met Namatjira, a full-blood Arunta native, born on the mission in 1902. The tribal name "Namatjira" means "Flying Ant", the title of his father's totem.

While still young, Albert had married Rubena, also full-blood, and they have five sons and three daughters.

Three of the sons, Enos, Ewald and Oskar, are following in their father's footsteps, painting landscapes in vivid water-colours, but in different styles from the work of their father.

Albert Namatjira was reared on the Mission, and learned to speak English besides his native Arunta. He got a job on the Mission, driving a four-horse waggon team, and doing general labour, as a shearer, blacksmith and carpenter.

Later Albert went on a walkabout to Alice Springs, where he worked for an Afghan contractor, carting cement.

Tiring of civilisation, Albert returned to the Mission, where as a hobby he began working with hot wires, burning totem signs in boomerangs, which were sold to tourists.

Fate intervened when Rex Battarbee happened along, and gave Albert a job looking after the three camels. The Arunta native had never seen a painting in his life, and was fascinated by the painted hills, mountains, trees and sandy creeks.

When Rex saw that Albert was interested in his work, he gave him paper and brushes, and told him to try his luck. Never did he give him any lessons.



Albert told me that after Battarbee went away, he painted a couple of pictures "but they were horrible". A year later Battarbee returned and took Albert and the camels on a walkabout to Red Bank Gorge, thirty miles from Hermannsburg.

Albert was fascinated with the glorious red rocks, and Ghost Gums of vivid white, and the age-old palms and tree ferns. He painted them exactly as he saw them.

The result so delighted the white artist that he showed the black man the correct way of mixing the paints and applying them to the paper.

So Albert's art-knowledge was born. From Red Bank Gorge he went alone west to the Haast Bluff, a huge outcrop named in 1872 by explorer Ernest Giles after the New Zealand Geologist, Julius von Haast.

Albert chose to paint the dark blue Bluff when it was drenched with sunshine.



The result, a masterpiece, was purchased by the Trustees of the Adelaide Art Gallery in 1939. Ever since, paintings by the Aboriginal artist have been in great demand, and are prized by collectors all over the world.

In June, 1953, I arrived at Alice Springs, in search of Albert Namatjira. My ambition was to get him to paint a water-colour of Haast's Bluff for me.

With Enos Namatjira, Albert's eldest son, as my guide, we set out on a journey west of Alice Springs, in search of his father, who was on walkabout somewhere in the Macdonnell Ranges.

Four hours later, after a journey of 131 miles, we reached Dashwood Creek, shaded by river-gums, and there we got bogged in the deep sand. Along came Albert with his tribe and their truck, and towed me out. They were camped on the creek, because there was plenty of game, such as kangaroos, emus and a small marsupial called the Euro.

Night fell over Dashwood Creek, as I grilled fresh chops and steak for Albert and his family, with plenty of onions and billy tea.

It was a pleasant sight, with the flickering fires of the camps along the creek, and twinkling stars high overhead.

In appreciation of my cooking, the artist presented me with a fighting boomerang, which he had carved from mulga-wood. On the boomerang he had burned totem-signs with a hot wire.

Snug in my sleeping-bag on a stretcher I had a pleasant night, but rose at dawn to boil the billy and brew some tea.

More steak, then Albert and I hit the track in his blitz-wagon, and we drove ten miles westward across the desert, until Haast Bluff came into sight.

We drove around the valley. Then suddenly Albert saw the view he wanted to paint, so we dismounted and climbed a steep, broken granite hillside, weathered by the wind-blasts, and there he squatted, under the shade of a bloodwood tree.

Ten miles away, across a level plain, thickly covered with grass, spinifex, mulga and gum trees, the Bluff stood out in all its glory.

There are three peaks, the central one, and highest, being called Alumbaura by the Arunta people, who have a legend that the ancestors of the Native Cat, the Emu, and the Honey Ant created this enormous outcrop.

As the artist arranged his paper and paints, he told me that he often wanted to paint the Bluff in the early morning light, flushed with the blue haze on the hillsides, but he always "slept in".

Soon he was working steadily, rubbing a lead pencil on a rock, then deftly delineated the outline of a Ghost Gum in the foreground, and the huge Bluff the full length of the skyline.



Ants irritated me, but the artist ignored them, puffing away at his pipe, or biting a chunk out of an apple with a beautiful set of natural teeth.

With nimble fingers, and deft dabs of colour, while ants crawled across the drawing, he delineated the contours of the jagged ranges.

Eloquently, he outlined the flinty mountain massifs, blending them into soft images, pleasing to the eye. Then he turned the picture around and filled in a deep blue Centralian Sky. Amazing the vari-coloured contrast!

The sun rose higher as the artist toiled away, regardless of ants and flies, while I boiled the billy and we lunched on bully beef, as we'd run out of fresh meat.

At last, as the sun was setting, Albert completed his masterpiece in blues and reds, and we returned to Dashwood Creek, for another pleasant evening around the camp fire.

We sat in my car, and I switched on the wireless to hear the seven o'clock session. It was Coronation night. The announcer, after giving the world news, read a list of celebrities who had been awarded the Queen's Medal.

One was Albert Namatjira. He was handed the decoration, later, at Alice Springs.

While Albert puffed his pipe, he told me of his various exhibitions in the capital cities. The first was in Melbourne, where prices averaged six guineas. A couple of years later, in Sydney, the agents sold 44 of his works for £1,000, which worked out at over twenty guineas a picture.

His next success was at Adelaide in 1946, where some of his pictures were sold for forty guineas. A year later, in Perth, one or two creations brought fifty guineas.

His top sale was in 1948, when 46 landscapes netted the artist £1,519—an average of 33 guineas. Prices are even higher now.

For the next few days, I wandered the hillside of Dashwood Valley with Albert and his three sons, returning to Sydney in triumph with four water-colours of the Namatjira clan, all painted from the same position—and all looking different.

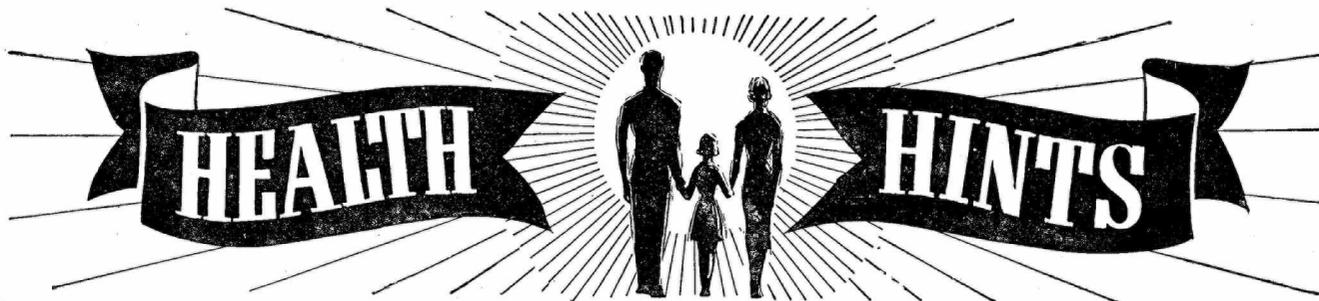
And so I came back to civilisation, pondering over the problem of these sensitive Stone Age artists. They are too advanced to live in the bush, and not enough advanced to stand the strain of living in cities.

Namatjira's paintings are not "primitive", like the Aboriginal Art of cave-paintings, or on bark, in the days before white men lived in Australia. He has the great advantage of using a full range of colours and brushes, on good paper, using the art-implements of the white man.

Instead of imitating other artists, Namatjira just "paints what he sees".

The result gives us an impression of Central Australia's scenery, as it appears to an Aborigine who was born there, and has lived there all his life.

His pictures are easy on the eyes, and a delightful decoration on the walls of any living-room. They are "different" from other pictures, partly because the scenery of Central Australia is "different" from any other scenery in the world—but also because Albert Namatjira is different from any other artist in the world.



ROUNDWORM AND HOOKWORM DISEASE

This disease is found in most of the warmer countries of the world including Australia. If allowed to progress uncontrolled, it would spread, causing a great deal of chronic ill-health, stunting the growth and intelligence of children and weakening adults.

To bring the disease under control, the assistance of local residents is needed and it is felt that, with an understanding of the disease and the methods of prevention, the intelligent and willing help of individual citizens may be given in eradicating the disease.

NATURE OF THE DISEASE

Hookworm Disease is caused by small parasitic worms, commonly known as hookworms on account of their having an arrangement of small hooks around the mouth, by which means they fasten themselves on to the inner walls of the bowels. There they live upon blood sucked from the bowel walls, and produce their poison. A person may harbour from one to 5,000 hookworms at once. The females lay many thousands of eggs, which are passed out with the waste materials whenever the bowels move. The eggs do not hatch in the bowel, but once outside the body, if conditions are suitable, they will hatch, sometimes in less than a day.

The hookworm is about half an inch in length and the thickness of a pin. The eggs are too small to be seen with the naked eye, and are only visible when magnified. The newly-hatched hookworms (larvae) are also very minute in size, and as long as they remain moist they are very active, and are very hard to kill. They cannot develop beyond this stage unless they make their way into a human body, which they usually accomplish by their power of boring. When they get on to a person's skin, they bore their way through it and finally reach the bowels, where they live and grow. A few of the tiny larvae may be swallowed on raw vegetables or other contaminated food, but by far the greater number get into the body by piercing the skin of the feet, particularly between the toes, where the skin is soft. They are so small that this may cause no pain, but only a slight itching.

Persons who walk barefooted on ground which has been contaminated with hookworm larvae by human excreta, or through wet grass up which the larvae have crawled, are specially liable to become infected.

Persons may have a small number of hookworms in the bowel without showing marked signs of it. Nevertheless, there is a continuous slight loss of blood, leading to anaemia, and a continuous poisoning of the whole system. As a result, mildly-infected persons may feel only a little out of sorts, but are really far more affected than is apparent. The power of resistance to other diseases may be seriously reduced.

Round Worm Disease, as the name implies, is caused by a large round worm—sometimes growing to 8 or 9 inches in length and inhabiting the intestines.

The eggs are passed with the motions of the bowels and infection takes place by swallowing the eggs. The latter are resistant and survive on the ground for a very long time. They may reach the mouth by dirty hands, by eating raw dirty vegetables, or inhaled with dust, or many other ways.

After swallowing, the eggs hatch and the tiny larval worms burrow through the wall of the intestines and enter the blood which carries them to the lungs. After lodging there and going through a stage of development, they finally pass up the wind pipe and down the gullet to again enter the stomach and intestines.

In the early stages of the disease, the wanderings of the larval worms cause small bleedings, vague pains and sometimes pneumonia. The adult round worms may cause abdominal pains, diarrhoea and general ill health; if very numerous an acute stoppage of the bowels can occur. Occasionally a worm may migrate and should a large one enter the lungs, pneumonia may result.

EXAMINATION

Every person living in a locality where hookworm or round worm disease exists should have an examination made at intervals. The Department of Public Health undertakes examination of specimens free of charge.

TREATMENT

Treatment can be carried out by the family doctor. The medicine can usually be taken at home. Several treatments may be necessary if a person is heavily infected.

continued on page 13.

HEALTH HINTS—continued.

PREVENTION

In addition to the treatment of those who are infected, preventative measures are of great importance—these aim specially at preventing the entrance of hookworm larvae and round worm eggs into the body.

In particular, *closets* need careful attention. All closets should be so constructed that they can be easily cleaned. The walls should be smooth internally, and the floors should be of cement concrete, brick grouted with cement mortar, or other impervious material, laid with a slight fall towards the doorway. The closet structure should be well ventilated and well lighted.

The closet seat should be constructed so as to render the pans flyproof. A moveable box seat fitting over the pan, ventilated by small openings on two sides near the top, is recommended. These openings should be covered with perforated zinc or other suitable flyproof material. The box should be constructed so that it can be lifted off when the pan requires emptying. A lid to exclude flies should always be provided. The underside of the seat should be not more than 1 inch above the top of the pan. Pans should be of stout iron, 14 inches high, and cylindrical in shape. Pans should be emptied once a week, and the contents buried not less than 12 inches nor more than 2 feet deep, with a covering of clean earth nor less than 10 inches in thickness. The burial area should be fenced to prevent children gaining access to it. After being emptied, pans should be rinsed with disinfectant solution, a supply of which should be kept in the closet.

Chemical Closets are of value in destroying infection by means of the chemical substance in the receptacle.

Cesspits should not be used where a public night-soil removal service is available. Where cesspits are used, they should be deep and dark, and covered with a flyproof structure for the seat. The surface of the adjoining ground should be graded so that stormwater cannot gain access to the pit. Care should be taken that no leakage or overflow from pits gain access to any water supply.

Remember that the soil should never be polluted by bowel discharges deposited or spilt on the surface of the ground. In cases where persons are employed for short periods in any locality, adequate closet accommodation should be provided. Temporary arrangements can be made by providing a suitable pan and a moveable box seat. Children should be carefully trained not to pollute the surface of the ground, and they should not be allowed to go barefoot in districts which are affected by hookworms. Hands should be washed before eating.

TO PARENTS

Have your children examined early for signs of worm disease and, if infected, have them cured, so that they will grow to full intelligence, strength and stature.

ABORIGINAL MEMBER OF THE BOARD

To be Appointed This Year

The term of the present aboriginal member of the Board—Mr. P. M. Gibbs—expires next August and shortly prior to that date, an appointment for the next three years is to be made.

If an election is necessary your name must be on the roll, otherwise you cannot register a vote or be one of the nominators of a candidate.

Are you over 21 years of age?

Are you of aboriginal blood?

Have you lived in N.S.W. for more than six months?

If the answer is yes to all three questions you are eligible to vote, *but you must be enrolled.*

The Roll is now being compiled and if you wish your name to be on it you should see your Manager or Welfare Officer—they have the forms which you must fill in.

Easier still. Fill up the form on page 14 of this issue and post it to—

The Secretary,
Aborigines Welfare Board,
Box 30, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Do it NOW.

To remove fat from hot soup, stand a couple of spoons in ice-water and use them alternately to skim the top of the soup. The fat will cling to the ice-cold spoons.

* * * *

Grass stains on clothing will usually yield to a rubbing with methylated spirit. The same treatment is effective with ink-spots from a ball-point pen.



Harvesting the corn crop on Tabulam Station always means a very busy time for everyone.

COMPLETE THIS FORM

If YOU want YOUR name on the Roll for the Election of the Aboriginal Board Member.

SURNAME (BLOCK LETTERS).....

Christian names (in full)

Age last birthday.....Sex.....

Caste.....

Postal Address.....

I, the undersigned, hereby declare that I am an aborigine or person having an admixture of aboriginal blood, not under 21 years of age and have been resident in the State of New South Wales for a period of at least six months immediately preceding the date hereof. I further declare that I am the person referred to above and claim the right to vote at the election of persons for nomination as members of the Aborigines Welfare Board, as provided in section 4 (2) (b) (viii) of the Aborigines Protection Act, 1909-1943.

Dated this.....day of....., 19.....

Signature or Mark.....

I declare that
is well known to me and is an aborigine or person apparently having an admixture of aboriginal blood.

Signature.....

Capacity in which Witness signs.....

A Witness may be a Justice of the Peace, a Police Officer, a School Teacher or an Officer of the Aborigines Welfare Board.

When you have filled in this form, post it to The Secretary, Aborigines Welfare Board, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney.

MEET . . .

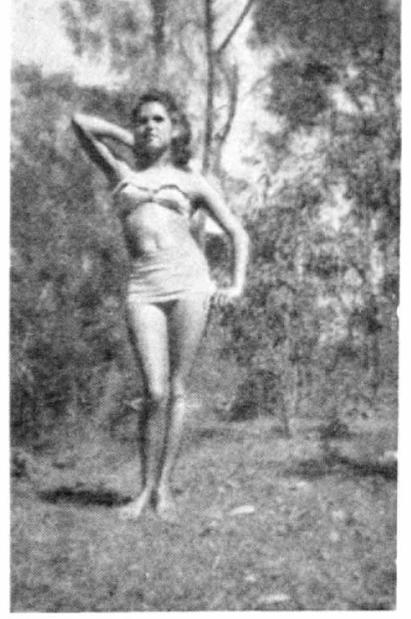
SOME NORTH COAST FOLK



Mary Roberts of Cubawee. The plough is just for effect!



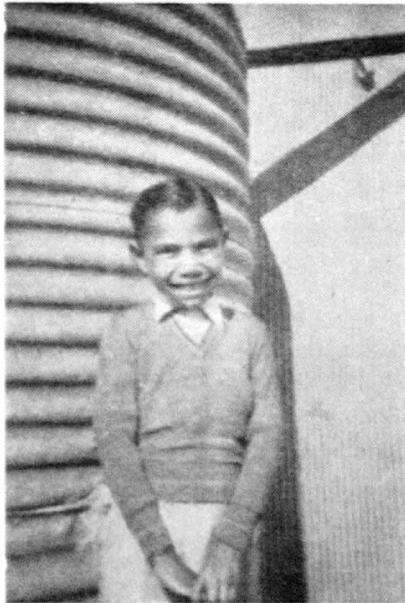
Another lovely lass. This time Ina Slater of Helen St., Forster.



This young lady with the lovely figure is Clarice Newman of Karuah.



Meet Vivienne Laurie, of Yamba, a healthy outdoor type.



Just look at that smile . . . from ear to ear. The owner is Lester Mercy of Maclean.



Big smiles from Ken Laurie and Thelma Randell of Maclean.

Capacity in which Witness views

HOME HINTS

Instead of throwing away empty cotton reels, nail a few onto the kitchen wall, and use them for pegs for teatowels and dishcloths. They are not as likely to tear the material as metal hooks, and can look quite attractive if painted either the same colour as the kitchen tiles and walls, or a bright colour to match your door handles.

* * * *

When cutting out fragile material for dressmaking—such as chiffon, georgette or voile—place your scissors in hot water for a few minutes before you use them. Then they will cut the material much more cleanly, and not slip around and give ragged edges.

* * * *

Old aluminium saucepans can still be put to useful work in the kitchen, if you convert them into colanders. The easiest way to do this is to punch holes on the inside of the saucepan, at even distances apart. Punch from the inside and use a file to wear down the rough edges on the outside. You'll find the handle of the saucepan makes the "colander" easier to handle.



Mrs. J. Gerrard of Tingha poses in the rocks.

For shelling hard-cooked eggs easily, it is a good idea to crack the shell all over and roll between the hands. When the shell is loosened, peel from the airpocket end of the egg.

* * * *

In summer, it is very difficult to keep out tiny flying insects which swarm through the screen mesh of wire screens on your doors and windows. Wipe the mesh with castor oil, the gummy constituent of the oil will catch most of the insects trying to penetrate the wire. When cooler weather comes, clean the castor oil from the mesh, wiping the screen with turpentine.

To renew old paint that has become lumpy and thick use a small air compressor and a tube and pipe the air to the bottom of the paint can. Dissolve the lumps with some thinner and force the air through for about ten minutes, very carefully so that it does not splash everywhere.

* * * *

Making jam? As a precaution against mildew, seal your jars whilst the jam is hot, with a circle of tissue paper which has been dipped in milk and place smoothly over the jar.

* * * *

Those who are embarrassed by moist and clammy hands should add a little spirit of camphor to their washing water. Then rinse in cold water and dry well.

* * * *

If you think your stockings are wrecked because they are tar stained, you are mistaken, because a small pad of butter left on the stockings for an hour or so will make the tar disappear like magic. The next step is to wash and rinse them in warm water.

* * * *

Give a new look to your old cane chairs by applying a clear lacquer. First, clean the dust off the cane, give the coat of lacquer and then after about an hour apply the second coat. All the natural markings on the cane will appear again.

* * * *

It happens to most—a cork which snaps in the middle while pulling it out of the bottle. To guard against this, stretch a piece of tape across the bottle opening, put the cork in firmly leaving the ends of the tape hanging, so that you can pull the cork out easily.

* * * *

Have you ever noticed that the last of the coffee in a jar has lost some of its original strength. This is because the flavour of coffee always rises. With your next lb., turn the coffee jar or tin upside down and it will retain its strength right to the end.

* * * *

How to utilise sour milk left over from the night before is a problem. It's a pity to throw it out though when you can put it into the making of delicious scones and pancakes.

This Land—*Arunta*

By Mrs. Grace O'Clerkin

In the heart of Australasia, 'mid the sandhills dip and
swell,

Lie the bound'ries of Arunta, where an antique People
dwell,

And the white man sometimes ponders in his new
philosophies,

On the bond between this Country and its Aborigines.

'Tis a land, not theirs by conquest in the grim carnage
of wars,

But a heritage of honour, through their proud
progenitors ;

Matchless beauty of its concept, at the dawn of endless
Time,

— Was it Paradise ?—Created by a Deity Sublime.

'Tis a land, strangely fantastic, where the Spirit Worlds
commune,

In the slowly drifting breezes, at the rising of the moon :

O'er its undulating valleys, parakeelya, desert pea,
Spinifex—Their' colours blending—spread a vivid
tapestry.

'Tis a land of myth and legend, plaintive songs and
customs wise,

And its mystery is mirrored, deep within the Peoples'
eyes.

Drama of their tribal dances, ceremonial parades,
Are presented when the twilight opalescence slowly
fades.

'Tis a sullen, brooding country, with its roving camel
trains,

And its rugged mountain ranges, rising sharply from
the plains.

Lofty crags, maroon and purple, standing forth in bold
relief,

While the distance mutes to pastel, tintings rare beyond
belief.

'Tis a land of strange caprices, giving with abundant
grace,

Or withholding, for no reason, treasures from its
storage place.

Silver springs of cooling water, in their shallow rock-
beds lie,

There to quell the thirst of wand'rer and delight his
weary eye.

'Tis a land where Human Kindness and a love of
beauty bide,

On the venerated only, is bestowed the right to guide.
Hidden in its ancient vastness and eternal solitude,

There are secret, sacred places, where no stranger may
intrude.

'Tis a land of unique People, primitive yet undepraved,
On the portals of their culture, its rich hist'ry is
engraved.

In the haven of this Eden, where the lonely ghost gums
brood,

One has being—He, a tribesman, with rare genius
imbued.

Living product of an Era that elsewhere has long
decayed.

His will be a name, Immortal, with the Truly Great,
arrayed ?

To the world, its Namatjira, this land gave, with dignity,
He portrays the glory of it in exquisite artistry.

Swift, the flash of colour brushes, in his slender, dusky
hand,

Capturing the mystic spirit of Arunta's virgin land.

And to him, as all who dwell there, comes the calm
serenity

Of a life that finds fulfilment in a sane simplicity.

TWELVE LONELY BOYS— SOME PEN FRIENDS WANTED

Dawn has had a letter from twelve lonely boys at
Tabulam Aboriginal Station who want some pen
friends, boys or girls, between the ages of 16 and
20 years. They tell me they all have the same kind of
hobbies, such as music and horse riding. So how
about some letters for these young fellows? Here
are their names, and as I said they all come from
Tabulam Aboriginal Station:—

Burwood Collins, Bruce Walker, Eric Mundine,
Greville Torrens, Ray Mercy, Alfred Avery, Harold
Avery, Aussie Williams, Robert Collins, Norrie
William, Edward Walker, Eddie Young.



This very attractive young lady is
Barbara Khan of far away Tibooburra.



They say



Judith Darcy, of Cootamundra Girls Home, gained her Intermediate Certificate last year and has commenced commercial studies at the Technical College. The Apex Club are paying her fees and for books, etc.

* * * *

Albert Namatjira and his son Keith paid a surprise visit to the Cootamundra Home, on the evening of 20th January, and spent an interesting two hours with the children. Great was their excitement at meeting him. Snaps were taken of his visit and later shown on slides. We are hoping to forward a picture later.

* * * *

With the arrival of long hair again, the Matron of the Cootamundra Home would be pleased to hear from anyone on the Stations requiring hair pins, as she has a large supply of them.



Not much hair perhaps, for a young lady, but nevertheless a lovely child. This is Gail Goolagong of Barellan.

CITY WALKABOUT

The following verse was written by Betty Bell, a reporter on the local newspaper, "The Goondiwindi Argus". Mrs. Bell is very interested in the Station and from time to time reports on interesting items that happen there. The verse was in an article on The Annual Summer Camp at La Prouse, to which eight children attended from this Station. Toomelah is the local name for the Aboriginal Station.

City Walkabout.
by Betty Bell

Eight little Toomelah Tourists
Can tell a tale or two;
For they've seen the sea
And they've made T.V!
Just shows what travel can do.

Some liked the ferries best
Some liked the zoo,
But there's not a shadow of doubt,
They all agree
Their trip to the sea
Was a WONDERFUL WALKABOUT.

"Dawn"

By Mrs. Grace O'Clerkin

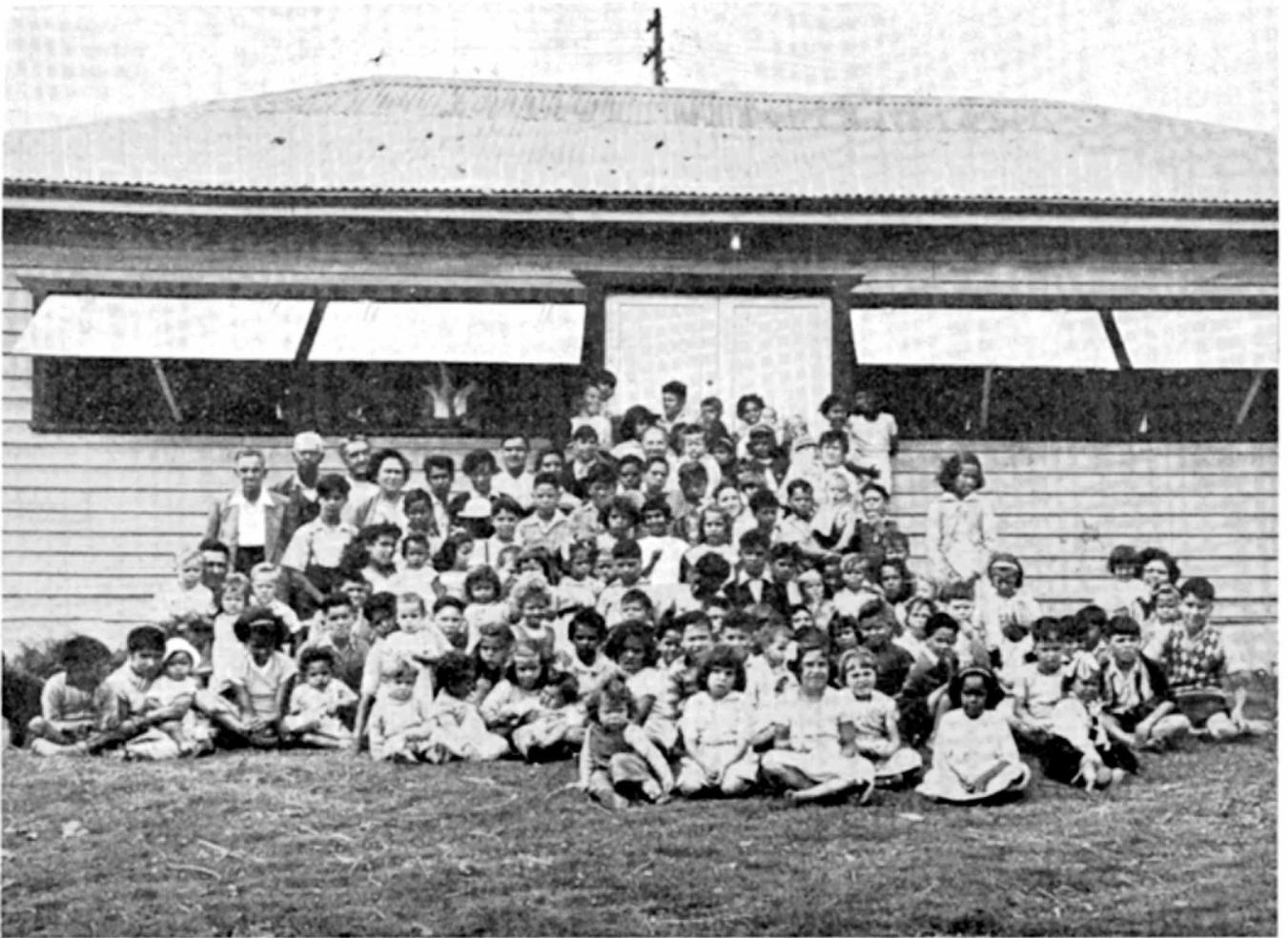
Nights' misty veil lifts, o'er the hills and glades
With promises of beauty to unfo'd.
The coming day; breaking through wond'rous shades
Of purple, crimson, saffron; gleaming gold.

Away to East, where Earth and Skyline meet,
The fleecy clouds blush rosily—Each one
Sailing aloft, a shining fairy fleet.
—Receives caresses from the hidden sun.

A brooding silence lingered o'er the face
Of waters, through the long and weary night;
Now, Proud young Dawn, joyously takes her place
And whispers tenderly, "Let there be light"

In reverence, my lowly head I bow
And face the cool breeze of the coming morn.
—A soothing wind that fans my fevered brow,
Oh! Magic Hour!—another day is born.

A Party at La Perouse . . .



When they have a party at La Perouse, whether its for Christmas or some other occasion, not one youngster misses out, as the picture shows. The older residents, who do all the work, get almost as much fun out of it.



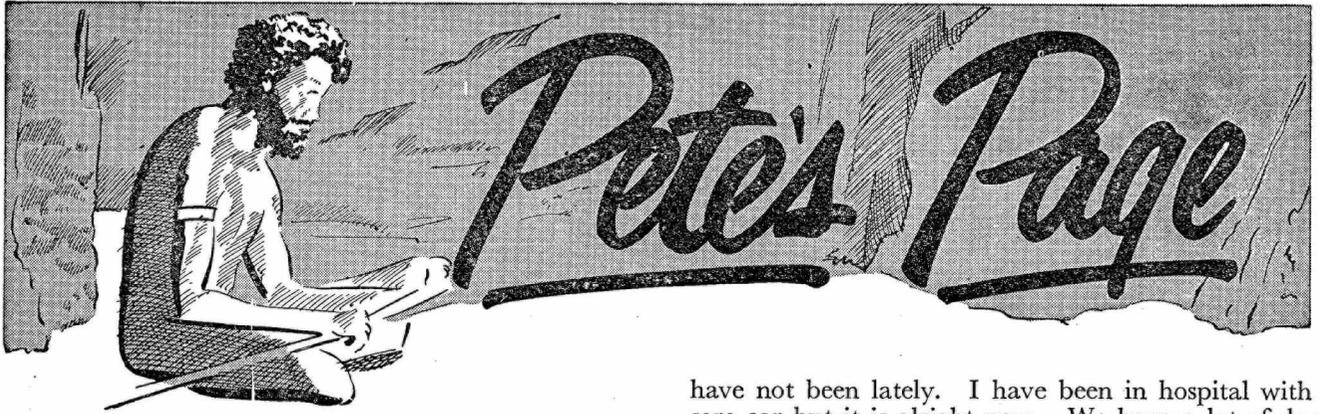
Not one of the Texas Rangers, but Don Merrett of Goolagong.



This timid looking little fellow is Baby Ronnie Davis of Cootamundra.



Ellen Williams and Jean Stevens, of Warialda, all dressed up for their party.



Hello, Kids!

Well here we are in the third month of the year already and it only seems yesterday that we were enjoying the Christmas Holidays. I suppose many of you will be looking forward to the Royal Easter Show again. Its a great event, isn't it. As a matter of fact our Easter Show is one of the greatest of its kind in any part of the world.

To-day I had a nice letter from Elizabeth Loaf, of Shaftesburys, Cootamundra. Elizabeth said, "I am writing this letter to let you know how I am getting on. I am working out here for Mrs. Hutchinson and I like it very much. I go to the pictures a lot, although I

have not been lately. I have been in hospital with a sore ear but it is alright now. We have a lot of dogs, horses and cats around here. Mrs. Hutchinson plays the piano very well and we have some grand times. This is my first letter but I will write again later"

Well, Elizabeth, many thanks for your very interesting letter.

Your Sincere Pal,

Pete



According to Ida Hoskins, this is how Wallaga Lake looked in 1956.



This neat little schoolgirl is Nita Williams of Guyra.



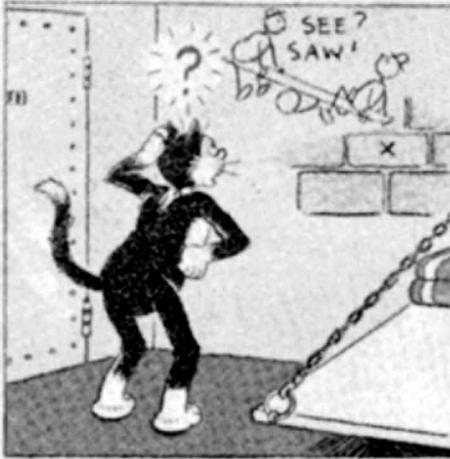
... and this is how it looks now.



This demure young lady was too shy to even give her name.

KORKY THE CAT

JUST LOOK AT THE LOOK ON THE SERGEANT'S FACE—
THE SILLY OLD COP IS IN DISGRACE,
FOR WHILE HE SAT AND SNORED AND GURGLED
THE COPPERS' OFFICE WAS CAT-BURGLED!



PASS IT ON

When **You** have read DAWN Pass It On—

If you have friends or relatives who are not on the Mailing List
send their names in now.

Address all letters to: THE EDITOR, DAWN, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney.



How to grow . . .

B R O C C O L I

Branching or Italian broccoli is a vegetable that originally came to dinner and stayed on during the Second World War.

Like most of the brassicas, to get really technical, it requires heavy feeding and does best in medium to heavy loams. Being a leafy plant which develops heads of closely clustered buds, it requires nitrogen in plenty in its rations. Feed the soil well with manure some months ahead of sowing seed, and let it lose its kick.

The ground should be forked over lightly before setting out seedling, and any lumps of manure broken up with the fork or hoe. While the ground is still in the rough apply a good complete fertiliser that has ample sulphate of ammonia in its composition. Poultry manure and some woodash and superphosphate will do as well, if you are adept at mixing up your own plant foods. Any mixture which has about four parts of nitrogen, to three parts of superphosphate and one part of potash, will suit the broccoli, but if you can't get such mixtures, wait until the plants are growing well and apply the sulphate of ammonia, two oz. to four gallons of water, after they have recovered well from transplanting.

Sow thinly from December to March in boxes of medium-quality soil and transplant when about 6 ins. tall. Space the seedlings at least 2 ft. 6 in. to 3 ft. apart in the rows for the plants grow very tall and spread widely at the top. Being gross feeders you cannot afford to let them compete strongly with each other, which close planting permits. Spray young plants regularly with DDT for the control of cabbage aphid and grubs of all kinds, but once the flower heads (the edible parts) appear, switch over to derris root powder as DDT is poisonous.

The first head forms like a dense green cauliflower and usually weighs from 3 lb. to 1 lb. This should be cut away before the yellow flowers open with a generous amount of stem, which boils soft and is of delicious flavour. Once the first big head has been removed the plant throws all its strength into the development of many laterals or side growths. These are usually small, but are produced on long stems, which boil soft. The plant should be fed every week or two with dilute sulphate of ammonia or some liquid poultry manure.