

Dawn



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

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Our Cover . . .

Before we gave this young lady the big chocolate Easter Egg she looked really beautiful, but whilst the cameraman was getting ready to take her photograph she decided to have a little taste. This was the result!



DAWN

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

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THE SUMMER CAMP

E. H. ARTHUR-MASON, Officer-in-Charge of Camp

Another very happy and successful summer camp was held (again at La Perouse!) this year from the 4th to 18th January and, once again, everyone returned to his or her home throughout the country after having had a really wonderful time.

Altogether 80 children were brought to Sydney from the Western Districts of New South Wales—41 girls and 39 boys—but, unfortunately, one little girl had to return home on the evening of the opening day.

We had four boys from Balranald, one boy and two girls from Coonabarabran, three boys and one girl from Coonamble, one solitary boy and five girls from Walgett, six boys and eleven girls from Moree, four boys and two girls from Brewarrina, four boys from Collarenebri, three boys and one girl from Wilcannia, two boys and two girls from Wellington, two boys from Peak Hill, two boys and two girls from Murrin

Bridge, two boys and six girls from Gulargambone, four boys from Dubbo, one boy and four girls from Bourke and four girls from Warren.

Every day and every night brought some new thrill for the youngsters and undoubtedly they all have enjoyed many pleasures which will be the subject of their conversations for months to come.

On one occasion, they all went to the Tivoli to see the pantomime, on another occasion they went to the St. James and Esquire Theatres; they had a day at the Zoo and it would have really done you good to have heard the hearty laughter of the youngsters when they watched the antics of the monkeys or saw the seals at play. Even the old kookaburras were quite out-done and flew away in disgust.

Another afternoon they went to Wirth's Circus; they had a day out at Luna Park; they saw the Elizabethan presentation of the Tintookies, they swam



A group of happy Summer Camp youngsters

at Manly Beach, had a launch picnic from Church Point to the Basin, and perhaps most important of all to many of them, they paid a visit to Barratt's Chocolate Factory. Everyone wanted to stay and work in the factory without any thought of wages, but unfortunately, the manager considered that it might not be a paying proposition. When the youngsters visited Luna Park and Barratt's Chocolate Factory, they were entertained as special guests and given ice cream, sweets and toys.

Special mention should be made of the launch picnic, because this was really a special occasion—the Naval Volunteer Patrol provided seven luxury cruisers, while the Randwick Branch of the Lions' Club provided the buses, etc., to Church Point and even went further than that by providing over £5 for prizes, 350 bottles of drink, 350 ice creams, cakes, biscuits and sweets and a fast speed boat in which every child had at least one ride. It was not hard to believe when the youngsters said that this was the best entertainment of the whole camp.

When the youngsters were not enjoying these various outings, there was still plenty of recreation for them at the camp in the way of cricket, softball, football, medicine ball, marbles, etc.

During the camp, medical officers and dentists examined every youngster and as a result, some thirty children were X-rayed at the Anti-Tuberculosis Clinic whilst four others visited the Eye Hospital and two others were attended by an Ear, Nose and Throat specialist.

A number of prominent citizens visited the camp to meet the youngsters and see for themselves how they were being entertained. These included the Honourable C. A. Kelly, the Chief Secretary, Members and the Superintendent of the Aborigines' Welfare Board, the Church of England Administrator of Sydney, the Right-Rev. W. G. Hilliard, Sir John Northcott, His Honour Judge McKillop and Messrs. Heath and J. O'Donnell of the Public Service Board.

The children appeared twice on television and their thoughts and impressions of Sydney were recorded and presented over the 2UE network.



Hard-working officials of the camp



Miss Enid Brooker, of Yass, gives her giant cattle pumpkins a final polish at the Royal Easter Show

Probably the busiest person in the camp was Miss M. Fleming who no doubt had the biggest and hardest job of anyone. Due to her supervision the meals were always served on time, the children always wore freshly laundered clothes, kitchen stores were always adequate and first-aid treatment promptly given. The supervision of the girls' hut left nothing to be desired.

Much of the success of the camp was undoubtedly due to the untiring efforts of Miss Fleming.

Mrs. Griffith and Mrs. Smith really excelled themselves as chefs and the tasty food, well prepared in a spotless kitchen, was always very well received.

Mr. Norman Perry, who officiated as handyman, never seemed to go to bed, for he could always be seen round the camp doing something, whether it was 5 o'clock in the morning or 10 at night.

One of the most pleasing features of the camp was that, on this occasion, there were no accidents or cases of illness.

We would like to thank Allen's Sweets, Barratt's Pty. Ltd., Orange Crush, Schweppes, Ireland's Ltd., Gartrell White, Mick Simmons Ltd., J. R. Love & Co., Kellogg's Pty. Ltd. and the Milk Board for their many generous donations.

When the camp was eventually over, and it seemed far too short for everyone, all the children boarded their various trains to return them to their homes in the far outback and, in numerous ways, they expressed their thanks to the Board and to all those people who looked after them at the Camp.

I would like to offer my own sincere thanks to Mr. McCaffery for his unstinted assistance and hours of work freely given.

It must be remembered that this was my first camp and, without the loyal support of both Head Office and the camp staff, I could not have done the job, and if the camp was successful, it was solely due to the staff.

The behaviour of the children left nothing to be desired and just as they look forward to coming back next year, we look forward to having them once again.



A Cootamundra group. Lexie Ellis, Lorraine Turnbull, Tessie Kirby, Olive Mitchell, and Graham and John Buckley

A CAMP VISITOR

Sir JOHN NORTHCOTT



I was very pleased to have the opportunity of visiting the Summer Camp at La Perouse where the Aboriginal Children from the Far West of N.S.W. were visiting Sydney for the first time.

All the Far West areas and many schools from which these children came I had visited several times as Governor of N.S.W. and I was very interested to see the children again and to learn something of their reaction to their first contact with the busy city of Sydney and all the various attractions which they had not previously seen.

I was surprised to find that so many of them remembered my visits and some from Moree reminded me that I had lunch with them in the new Home Science Block at their school, and that I carried a walking stick that was also an umbrella.

The spontaneous and happy laughter of the children as they played was an indication of their enjoyment of the visit and the only thing they did not like was the salt water at the beach, so they told me, as they were not used to this sort of water when they went to swim at home.

I was pleased to see the comfortable camp conditions under which they lived, the Nissen Huts with the modern double decker beds, the dining room and the well-balanced menu. Also the many trips arranged, the Zoological Gardens, Luna Park, etc., all of which the children will visit as guests of the Management.



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.



Valda Toomey and Esther Nicholls, of Pilliga, paddle to keep cool



Helen Clarke, of Cootamundra, poses for the cameraman



Les Clark, George Nicholson and Bobby Britten, of Swan Hill



Meet George Smith, of Balranald



Glamour from Matilda Williams and Janet and Pam Ingram, of Cowra



Digger Terrick, of Moulamein



Mrs. Eric Webb, daughter of Police Tracker Sergeant W. Robinson, of Armidale, with one of her father's paintings



Cecil James and Johno Johnson, builders of the fire-tender at Murrin Bridge



A happy group of youngsters at the Cootamundra Home



Olive Mitchell, Tessie Kirby and Lorraine Turnbull, of Cootamundra



Janet Ingram, Phyllis Kennedy, Bob Merritt and Barry Kennedy, of Cowra



Guess where these two have been? The Royal Easter Show, of course!

HELP YOURSELF

Jewellery

To prevent losing a piece from a mosaic brooch, paint over the entire surface with colourless nail varnish. This will hold it in position without affecting the colour.

* * * *

To clean pearl and amber beads, rub olive oil on them with a chamois cloth, remembering to go lightly on the amount and the pressure of rubbing.

Woollies

To prevent moths and to keep your woollies tidy, store them in plastic bags, which are also excellent for travelling as they are light. When you arrive at your destination unpacking will be easier, as you merely transfer the plastic bags into the drawers.

* * * *

Sweaters keep in better shape if they are hung on coat-hangers instead of folded and put in drawers. Women's blouses, too, should be put on to coat-hangers after ironing so they will not be creased by folding away.

Be Your Own Valet and Save Dry-Cleaning Bills

To keep clothes immaculate—and make them last longer—be your own valet every time you take them off.

* * * *

Keep handy in a cupboard a tray equipped with a clothes brush, a suede brush, and a little rubber brush to get fluff off dark materials.

* * * *

With it keep a bottle of cleaning fluid, some clean rags.

* * * *

Once a week go through your wardrobe, cleaning and brushing all your clothes.

* * * *

Brush your shoes every night when you take them off. Set aside time at the weekend to clean all your shoes.

Brushes Last Longer

After using a scrubbing brush or nail brush, stand it on its bristles so that the water won't penetrate into the wooden handle and cause it to rot.

Nylon Washing Notion

When washing only a few nylon garments at one time in a washing machine, place them in a pillow case or mesh bag. Add other items to complete the load that will act as buffers.



A fine black and white sketch by Melva Kennedy, of St. Columban's Seminary, Braeside Street, Wahroonga

In far-off tropical Atiu, they still tell the story of . . .

The Woman Who Vanished

by W. H. Percival

JEALOUSY has often wrecked married life and caused much innocent suffering. Here is a story handed down for generations as part of the wisdom and lore of the Cook Islands. It tells of a quarrel between a young husband and his devoted wife, of her disappearance and of the heart-rendering sequel.

Much of the old wisdom and lore of the Maori race is being forgotten as the younger generation in the Cook Islands is increasingly influenced by European ideas, but some of the old stories based on fact will always live. The following one, which dates from heathen days, is still told to the youth of Atiu Island as a warning of how causeless jealousy can wreck married life . . .

Paroro frowned. From where he sat near the door of his hut repairing a fishing net, he could hear the roar of the surf against Atiu's reef-bound coast. The thatched roofs of Areora village showed beneath the darkening green of coconut and tamanu trees, and hunger pangs told him it was past the time for the evening meal.

Inutoto had not yet returned and the fish were still uncooked. What devil had possessed Inutoto to talk to him the way she had? She was no longer the gay, carefree girl he had married more than a year ago. Unpleasant memories crowded his mind.

Turi had spent the previous afternoon at home with Inutoto, as she often did. Big handsome Turi had laughing eyes and happy ways. Paroro had asked Turi to come often to his house so that she might bring the smile back to Inutoto's gloomy face. He had come home wearied with the day's work, relieved to find Inutoto in a cheerful mood and for a while the three of them had laughed and chatted: then Turi rose to go.

"What a pity it is that you two have not a child," she said mischievously.

He smacked her playfully. "Be off with you," he grinned. When he returned into the room he felt uneasy at the bitter stare of Inutoto.

"That—that girl," she said, and her small hands clenched. "How can she mock me so?"

"Mock you? Turi does not mock, Inutoto. She is our friend. She does not mean to hurt."

Hardness chased the beauty from Inutoto's girlish face. Her lithe body trembled with emotion. "Not my friend, Paroro, but yours, perhaps."

She passed her hand across the flatness of her stomach and said: "She mocks me. Is it not true that she was your lover before you married me?"

Anger flared in him.

"That is not true," he said, "You know that. If she flirted with me a little it was only her teasing way."

He fought down his anger and went on in a more gentle tone: "You must be unwell to say such things, Inutoto. You are the only woman in my life. There has never been another. All those happy years we spent together, ever since we were little—you cannot have forgotten them."

He spoke to her soothingly, smothering the pain her words had caused him, recalling their younger days when as a bright eyed little girl, she had run to him and begged him to take her fishing, or climbing, or searching for bird's nests.

The past lived again as he reminded her how he had taught her the name and habits of all the birds and fishes and had shown her the flowers, shrubs and trees of the bush or which fruits to eat. He'd given her the best of all he'd caught, and her hero-worshipping fingers had made him bright flower garlands.

"When we grew older, Inutoto," he said, "when we sang out tribal songs together, when we danced and worked and feasted, you remember how I fought Revi and Toa, and all those others who tried to make love to you?"

He sat close beside her on the mat, but still she did not speak. Her long, glistening hair hid her face and her firm young body.

"There were never bad words between us then, Inutoto," he continued. "When I became a man and my parents tried to find me a wife, I made them angry because I said that I would marry none but you. For six years I waited, watching you grow skilled at cooking and learning to make fine hats and mats. You told me then that you wished to be a perfect wife, to be my wife."

He paused, waiting for her to speak, but she remained silent. Her face was turned away. Sternness came into his voice. "Are my words true, or false? Answer me!"

"True," she said in a small choked voice.

"Then what has come between us? We were so happy until only a little while ago." He gripped her arm. "What ails you, Inutoto? Speak!"

"I am ashamed," she whispered. "We have been married long enough now, but still we have no child."

He looked at her surprised. Was that the reason for her strange scolding moods, and the times when she had wept?

"I have never reproached you," he said quietly. "I desire a son greatly, but do not worry. A child will be given us in time."

She swung round to face him and her eyes glittered with tears. "You think I am not fit to be your wife. At first you always stayed at home in the evenings. Then you found other things to do—things that kept you away."

"I told you," he said irritably. "Now that I am older I have to take my part in village affairs."

"Affairs!" Her voice was sharp with scorn. "Affairs with other women."

His smouldering resentment blazed into rage. He opened his mouth to speak.

"Do not deny it," she broke in, "Do you think I am blind? If it was not Turi you spent your evenings with, why do you bring her home?"

"By Tangaroa!" he said through his teeth. "I brought her here because I could see you were unhappy. I thought you were lonely, and that Turi's company would be good for you. She is such a pleasant, happy girl."

"Ha!" she said. "You never cease to praise her. You shame me with the way you carry on with her before my eyes. If you like her so much you had better go and live with her."

He sprang to his feet. "Inutoto! I am warning you. I will not listen to your false accusations any longer. If you do not heed your tongue I will not keep you as my wife."

Then she hid her face between her hands, and he strode out of the hut with the sound of her sobbing in his ears.

Now she had gone. Paroro became aware of the chill of approaching night. He must go to the village and find her. He must put an end to all this foolishness.



Inutoto was not in Areora. Nobody had seen her since that morning. He went from house to house with worry driving out his anger. Where was she? She might have got lost in the bush—or fallen among the rocks and been badly hurt. With premonition building up inside him he roused the villagers to search. Soon hundreds of flaring palm-frond torches drove back the blackness of the night.

The tribes which lived on the flat-topped hills of Atiu's interior had not seen Inutoto, so they searched the other hills, and the cliffs, and probed the dark recesses of the bush, filling the tangled forest with their shouts.

Dawn flooded the eastern sky with rose and gold, but Inutoto had not been found. The weary islanders returned to their homes.

During the next two days Paroro led the men in further searches that covered the rugged eleven square miles of Atiu. There was no sign of his missing wife. The islanders despaired of ever finding Inutoto. A burial tangi was arranged.

"She is not dead," Paroro cried. "Inutoto still lives. I feel it in my breast."

He carried on his search alone. He searched every day, losing strength through lack of proper meals and going without sleep, until one day his friends found him unconscious in the bush. He became delirious and almost died.

When he finally recovered he had changed. He spoke seldom and when he mentioned Inutoto his unvariable words were:

"Inutoto? She's gone out visiting. She's coming home tomorrow."

Turi married and she and her husband took Paroro in to live with them. The years crept by, but Paroro still kept his empty house in good repair, because, he said, "Inutoto's coming home."

It was hot and no trees threw their shade across the open stretch of taro swamp. Paroro worked up to his knees in black, muddy water. Sweat stung his eyes as he straightened up, an old man bent with years, his age-bleached hair glinting in the sunlight.

A little bird, a ngotare, of which flocks live in Atiu's limestone caves, alighted on the bank nearby.

Attracted by the bird's boldness, Paroro went towards it. The ngotare fluttered a little down the bank and stopped. As he came up to it, the bird flew off a little, then stopped again and watched him approach.

"This bird wishes me to follow," Paroro muttered. "I will do so, and see where it leads me."

The ngotare led him through wild bush to an un-frequented place in the makatea, a spot where spikes of dead coral tore his feet and where the surf pounded against the cliffs.

The rough, wild top of the reef was covered with fern, and tamanu, miro and utu trees. The bird fluttered over a chasm in the rock. Paroro ran up. He stared, amazed.

The pit was hidden by trees. It seemed to be thirty feet deep, and a tamanu tree had grown from the bottom, close to one side. The ngotare flitted down into the dimness of the cave. Paroro followed it by climbing down the tree.

He stood on the floor of a limestone cavern. Several other cave openings led into the pit. The bird darted into the largest gallery, and Paroro followed.

There were stalagmites and stalactites, and water that dripped from the arched roof on to the glittering, petrified waves on the floor. A flock of ngotare birds flew out and startled him. He went forward. A voice cried out in terror, and icy fingers played up his back.

In the cavern's dim light he saw a blanched old woman crouching on the floor a few yards from him. She was naked, covered only by loose, long white hair. She was motionless and only her eyes showed life. They glowed, dark with fear, as he stood there trying to recover his voice.

"What—who are you?" he said at last. "Are you ghost or human? Where are you from?"

She opened and closed her mouth, groping for words.

"I am Inutoto. She who lived in Areora many years ago."

He fought to grasp the meaning of her words. "Inutoto!" he gasped. It was beyond belief. But it had happened. The god, Tangaroa, had at last answered his prayers.

Trembling he approached her. "I am Paroro—Paroro, your husband." She peered at him closely. Then her face lit up.

In a voice filled with emotion he told her of the searches, of how he had lived, of the death of most of their friends, of how Tangaroa had sent the ngotare to lead him to her. She tried to tell him her story, but he raised his hand. "Later, Inutoto. First I must get food and clothes for you."

He hurried back to the village and shouted the news of his discovery. People gathered round him, talking excitedly, then went with him to the cavern—and old friends greeted Inutoto. They lifted her up to the makatea, for one of her legs was badly crippled. They took her home on a litter.

Later, when Inutoto had recovered she told her story. She had left home to give Paroro a scare, but had intended to return that evening. She wandered aimlessly in the bush and then went to sleep. The voices and torches of the searches awakened her, and full of shame and unreasoning fear, she ran off further into the bush. In the darkness she fell into the cave. When she recovered consciousness she found her leg was badly broken.

For days she was unable to move. Then, sick with pain and dying from thirst, she managed to crawl into a cavern and drink from a pool.

She lived on fruit and seeds that fell to the floor of the cave, but although her leg knitted and she was able to crawl, she was unable to climb the tree to freedom.

Nobody approached the place and her cries for help were unheard. Most of her time was spent searching for food, and there were times when hunger and despair were so acute that she prayed for death.



Time dragged on in lonely misery. Cave crabs, young birds, bird's eggs, wild pumpkins, seeds and leaves kept her alive, and there was always plenty of water. It dripped from the roof and was caught in the hollows of the floor.

Most of her food was eaten raw, for seldom did dry wood fall into the pit to enable her to make a fire. Only rarely were her fires big enough for the smoke to rise above the trees. Nobody ever came. She abandoned all hope of seeing a human face again.

The cave that Paroro discovered was named "Ana Takitaki"—The Cave to which Someone was led. It is Atiu's largest limestone cave, winding for almost two miles underground. The Areora people made it their business to look after the old couple for the rest of their lives. Today this story is still told to the youth of Atiu.

HOME



HINTS

FLOORS, WALLS, WINDOWS

Windows

To save trouble when threading a curtain on to its rod, place the finger from an old glove over the rod's end. The curtain will then slip on easily.

* * * *

If a sash window is hard to raise, pour a little hot oil or melted butter between the window frame and the casing, and also on the roller rope.

* * * *

Windows and mirrors sparkle if washed with plain bluing water. For very dirty windows, add 1 table-spoon ammonia or washing soda to a bucket of water. Polish with a lintless cloth or crumpled newspaper.

* * * *

To tint and rejuvenate curtains, put dye or tint in the washing machine with the soap powder. The tint is whirled around and evenly distributed through the curtains in this way.

* * * *

When ironing curtains, never iron up and down. Always press across and they will hang straight.

Chairs

Cane seats which have sagged can be tightened and cleaned if you wash them with warm salt water and lemon juice, and follow this by completely saturating with hot water and turning upside down to dry in the sun.

Shelves

Narrow shelves are better for storing household linen as you then don't have to sort through heavy deep piles. To make sure all sheets, pillowcases, and towels get equal wear, put away clean laundry at bottom of each pile so each article is used in rotation.

Floors

To settle curled rug corners, wring a bath-towel out in cold water, place over curled spot, and leave overnight.

Take scratches off varnished floors by rubbing over with a little lard, then polishing off with a clean cloth.

* * * *

How to clean under the piano or other heavy pieces of furniture without having to move them: Wrap an oily piece of cloth around the end of a yardstick, and run the stick under the pieces.

* * * *

To prevent a floor from squeaking, sprinkle talcum powder between the boards.

* * * *

To repair holes in cork carpeting, fill with powdered cork mixed to stiff consistency with glue or melted beeswax. Seal or polish in the usual way.

* * * *

Rub your dustpan over with floor wax. It keeps the pan clean and makes the dust and dirt slide on and off more easily.

* * * *

Small cracks in lineoleum can be filled with melted sealing wax. Sealing wax comes in many shades, one of which should match.

* * * *

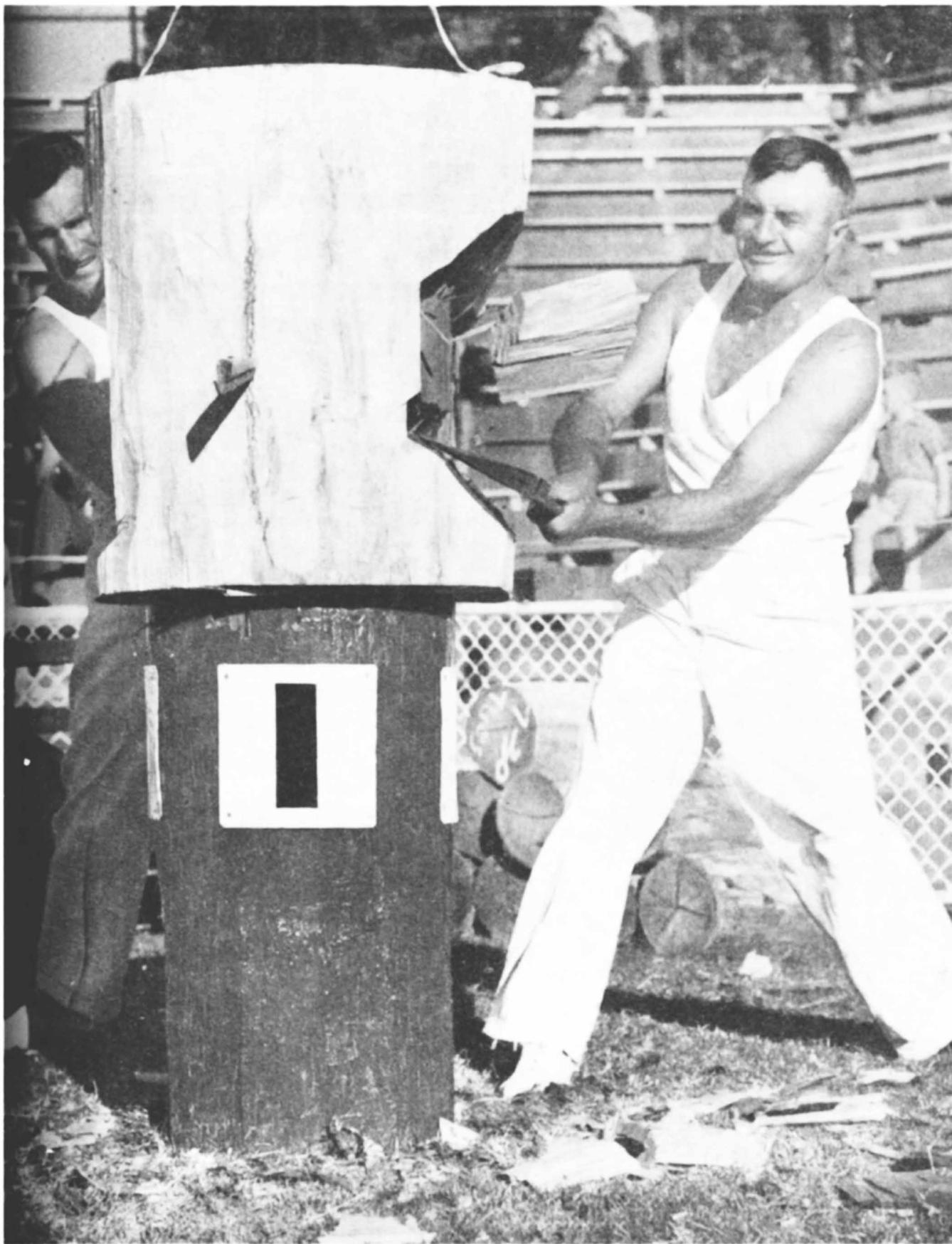
When measuring for stair carpets, always allow an extra half-yard so that the carpet can be moved periodically. This prevents it wearing thin on the edges of each stair.

* * * *

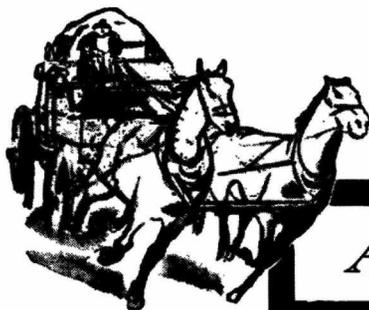
If needing to sweep dust on to a piece of newspaper, dampen the edges of the paper. It will adhere to the floor and allow the dust to slide on easily.

* * * *

Revive colour of faded carpets by rinsing with warm water and vinegar.



Brawny axemen make short work of this big standing log at the Royal Easter Show



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

FORMER NOWRA BOY STARS IN BIG U.S. SHOW

A former Nowra bean-picker who earned 30s. a week only four years ago is being hailed as a star by a visiting American promoter, the man who "discovered" Elvis Presley.

The former Nowra boy is part-aboriginal Jimmy Little, 21, now living in Lackey-street, Granville, Sydney.

He shared top billing with American stars in a Western show called "Grand Ole Opry", at the Sydney Stadium on March 5, 6 and 7.

The American promoter who thinks Jimmy Little has a great future in show business is Oscar Davis, a well-known theatrical entrepreneur in the U.S.

He found Elvis Presley singing in a small cabaret in Memphis, Tennessee, in 1956, made him a star and was his exploitation manager for three years until last October.

Mr. Davis arrived in Sydney recently on the lookout for talent to support the U.S. stars who appeared in "Grand Ole Opry"—including Roy Acuff, known as "King of Country Music" in the U.S., where he has sold more than 40 million records; the Wilburn Brothers, top Western recording artists; and lovely blonde June Webb, whose discs have figured on both the popular and Western hit parades in the U.S.

Mr. Davis said: "I spotted Jimmy on T.V. just after I arrived in Sydney. I found out that he was singing in a hall at Auburn the next night, so I went out to see him. I signed him up immediately for 'Grand Ole Opry'."

He explained, "Grand Ole Opry" is a Western show which has been staged in America for 33 years. It is also broadcast over 400 stations every Saturday night.

"The show has been the birthplace of such stars as Dinah Shore, Pat Boone, Jerry Lee Lewis, the Everly Brothers, as well as Elvis Presley.

"I have already booked Jimmy to tour New Zealand with the show when we finish our Australian season.

"I think he has a great voice, and real 'star quality'

"Jimmy has a lot in common with Elvis. His singing style is different, but he has the same dedicated attitude towards his career.

"Elvis never got too big for his boots, and I know Jimmy is the same."

DEATH OF JOHN SPENCER

The death occurred in Canberra on Monday, 9th March, 1959, of Mr. John Spencer.

Mr. Spencer joined the staff of the Aborigines' Welfare Board on 2nd January, 1952, and was appointed as Manager to Burra Bee Dee Aboriginal Station at Coonabarabran. He subsequently was Manager at Brewarrina, Moree and Caroon until his resignation in May, 1958.

Many of his aboriginal friends will join with the Board in expressing sympathy to Mrs. Spencer and Hugh.

MISSING PERSONS BUREAU

An enquiry has been received from a friend desiring to contact the following:—

Mrs. Ron. Grant (nee Patricia Barden);

Mr. Les. Williams, Forbes Street, East Sydney;

Yvonne Barden, and John David Barden.

Do you know where they are? If so, kindly send their addresses to the Board.

OUT BACK

by Henry Lawson

The old year went, and the new returned, in the
withering weeks of drought ;

The cheque was spent that the shearer earned, and the
sheds were all cut out ;

The publican's words were short and few, and the
publican's looks were black—

And the time had come, as the shearer knew, to carry
his swag Out Back.

*For time means tucker, and tramp you must, where the scrubs
and plains are wide,*

*With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a mountain
peak to guide ;*

*All day long in the dust and heat—when summer is on the
track—*

*With stinted stomachs and blistered feet, they carry their swags
Out Back.*

He tramped away from the shanty there, when the
days were long and hot,

With never a soul to know or care if he died on the
track or not.

The poor of the city have friends in woe, no matter
how much they lack,

But only God and the swagmen know how a poor man
fares Out Back.

He begged his way on the parched Paroo and the
Warrego tracks once more,

And lived like a dog, as the swagmen do, till the Western
stations shore ;

But men were many, and sheds were full, for work in
the town was slack—

The traveller never got hands in wool, though he
tramped for a year Out Back.

In stifling noons when his back was wrung by its load,
and the air seemed dead,

And the water warmed in the bag that hung to his
aching arm like lead.

Or in times of flood, when plains were seas and the
scrubs were cold and black,

He ploughed in mud to his trembling knees, and paid
for his sins Out Back.

And dirty and careless and old he wore, as his lamp
of hope grew dim ;

He tramped for years, till the swag he bore seemed
part of himself to him.

As a bullock drags in the sandy ruts, he followed the
dreary track,

With never a thought but to reach the huts when the
sun went down Out Back.

It chanced one day when the north wind blew in his
face like a furnace-breath.

He left the track for a tank he knew—'twas a shorter
cut to death ;

For the bed of the tank was hard and dry, and crossed
with many a crack,

And, oh ! it's a terrible thing to die of thirst in the
scrub Out Back.

A drover came, but the fringe of law was eastward
many a mile ;

He never reported the thing he saw, for it was not
worth his while.

The tanks are full, and the grass is high in the mulga
off the track,

Where the bleaching bones of a white man lie by his
mouldering swag Out Back.

*For time means tucker, and tramp they must, where the plains
and scrubs are wide,*

*With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a mountain
peak to guide ;*

All day long in the flies and heat the men of the outside track,

*With stinted stomachs and blistered feet, must carry their swags
Out Back.*

SIDELIGHTS ON THE SHOW



A prize Hereford cow takes her place in the Grand Parade



A competitor in the World's Camp Drafting Championship chases a steer



Dark Radium easily clears the jump



Every year hundreds of youngsters get "lost" at the Easter Show and are accommodated in the Lost Children's Tent until they are claimed. They have such a good time there, and are so well looked after they are usually not over anxious to be "found"



Sample bags are always such fun

HOW UNLUCKY CAN YOU BE?

by Malcolm Streit



HAVE you ever heard of a pedestrian being hit by an aeroplane while crossing the road, or a cricketer being knocked down by an exploding beer keg, or a man being thrown into a fire by a freak whirl-wind? These are only a few of the strange accidents that happen every day.

Been in any level-crossing disasters lately? Fallen down any elevator shafts? Walked into any revolving doors? This is a crash-happy age, according to the claims files of insurance companies and you can't run away from the evidence.

Accidents happen in the most unlikely places, under conditions so fantastic that no self-respecting fiction writer would dare use them. In 99 per cent. of accidents it is safe to say they do not *happen* at all; rather are they *caused* through negligence or plain carelessness.



The curious fact about the other one per cent. is the element of sheer bad luck they have in common. Were the unfortunate parties really involved through the momentum of their own actions? Or were they pushed by some personal and wholly disagreeable little gremlin?

Recent happenings have stretched coincidence so far and have had so little contact with all previous experience that it's not too much to suspect that the entire Arunta tribe has risen from its councils out there in the desert and pointed a bone—the biggest bone they could find.

It would have to be a big one to account for what happened on the Hume Highway, eight miles north of Goulburn (N.S.W.), one Monday night. Police called to the scene of a road smash found not one car, not two, but 40 vehicles involved.

The Hume's biggest pile-up was an insurance man's nightmare and a traffic cop's headache. It took five hours to untangle the wreckage.

The crash, to use the word lightly, occurred in heavy rain on a dark night with the cars travelling Indian file in close formation. According to the police the leading car stopped suddenly. Cars No. 2 to 40 inclusive skidded on the wet macadam and cannoned nose-to-tail like a string of shunted railway trucks. That's the story and we're sticking to it. Most of the cars received only slight damage. The only casualties were three women and a six-year-old boy, who between them collected a broken leg, a broken arm, cuts and shock. Everybody had a smashing time!

Most people think accidents on the roads wouldn't happen if all drivers gave strictly correct hand signals. Tell that to Norm Smith, who signalled with his hand and two men wound up in hospital. It happened in Ipswich, Queensland.

Norm was driving down Main Street. He put out his hand to indicate to traffic behind that he was stopping at the intersection. Traffic stopped, but Claude Stephenson, a pedestrian didn't. Result? Both parties got a chance to swap hardluck stories on the way to hospital, Claude with facial injuries, Norm with a fractured arm.

A man driving in South Australia went to throw his cigarette butt out, caught his elbow on the door handle and threw himself out instead.

You can't run away from it . . . Reg Holfer was strolling along Sydney's Pitt Street—he and 10,000 others—when destiny singled him out. Destiny took the form of a 2 lb. spanner dropped from the belt of a carpenter working high up above the street. The spanner fell 120 feet, negotiating safety scaffolding and unerringly found Holfer in the middle of a lunch-hour crowd. It punched a large hole in the top of his skull and turned a leisurely stroll into an emergency operation.

Even if you do, there's no place to hide . . . as Kevin Bazely, a 33-year-old Melbourne man, discovered one afternoon on Elwood Beach. A perfect day, no sharks in the bay—heck, he wasn't even in the water. What can happen to a chap sitting on a beach? It takes a little gremlin to find the answer. A freak gust of wind whipped a beach umbrella from the sand. It threw it straight at him and he was pierced in the head.

Fire and wind contributed to fatally injure a man in Perth. He was on a truck pumping water on to a grass fire when a freak whirlwind struck, flung the truck into the air and pitchforked the man into the fire.

Look what happened to Stanley Watts up in Tuggerah Lakes (N.S.W.). This is a quiet neck of the woods where occasionally a drowning or the odd case of blood-poisoning precipitated by a rusty fish hook enlivens the off-season. What happened to Watts wouldn't happen to him again in a lifetime.

He was crossing the road. A careful chap and well versed in the road code, he looked right, then left, then right again, stepped out—and was skittled by an aeroplane.

The plane, a light Auster, was on a joy flight with three passengers when its engine cut out and the pilot had to set it down hurriedly. The road was the only place. He made it, knocking Stan Watts for a loop in the manoeuvre.

How unlucky can you be, mate . . . ? South Australian truck driver George Mitchell was treated for chills after being trapped in a packing house refrigerator. Three hours later he was treated for burns when his truck caught fire.

Peter Makeham, hitch-hiking in Victoria, thumbed a lift in a car which shortly afterwards struck two motor cyclists. Makeham was thrown 20 feet on to the roadway. A Policeman came to assist and was insisting an ambulance was needed when a passing car knocked them both down. Makeham climbed shakily to his feet and didn't argue this time. The policeman had a broken leg.

Melbourne driver claims he was involved with a hit-and-run pedestrian. The jaywalker stepped off pavement. Motorist slammed on brakes. Crunch! Too late. He clumbed out to observe dented fender and pedestrian legging it swiftly down street.

Is there a perfectly rational pattern behind all this?

“It's got me scared,” admitted a Sydney housewife. She was doing the washing up and picked up a glass to dry it when phfffft!—It exploded in her hands for no earthly reason. A few nights later, awakened by a loud noise, she found three glasses shattered in the sink. That wasn't all. A bottle of tablets exploded ; a milk bottle disintegrated at the back door. There was a simple explanation for this strange behaviour of inanimate objects, but don't let's spend time looking for it. Run, do not walk for the nearest exit.

Brisbane woman climbed out of bed to investigate strange noise in her back yard and was charged by a wild-eyed steer. She fled in panic for the street, and stopped a block away dressed only in her nightie and slippers. Only her dignity was injured.

Accidents happen every day, but not all are everyday accidents . . . as Dennis Higgins, Berne Day and Norman Chivers found one Sunday afternoon.

The three men, all hotel workers, were at a cricket match and there was a barrel of beer. It was a Sunday cricket match between Albion and Tattersall's hotels in Wentworthville, a Sydney suburb. It's not clear whose side Higgins, Day and Chivers lined up for, but it's obvious they'd won the toss, for they had taken up positions around the keg intent on knocking it for six. Everybody's stumped as to what actually happened, but one of the men was using a gas cylinder to put a little life in the pitch, you might say, and somebody must have sent down a wrong 'un. The roar did *not* come from the Members' Stand when the boys picked themselves off the floor and wiped the froth from their eyes. The dressing shed roof was missing, dozens of glasses had been shattered and the keg had been square cut to the boundary . . .



Bob Hunter, Harry Mitchell, and Dougal McFarlin on their "First Citizens" float at the Wilcannia Show



Mother and daughter. This prize Shetland pony from the Loch Lomond Stud, Tenterfield, and her two week's old daughter attracted a great deal of interest at the Easter Show

PAPER . . .

The product with a thousand uses

By Douglas Melward

WITHOUT paper we couldn't smoke a cigarette, hold an election, travel by bus or train, or fight a war, but have you thought of some of the unusual uses for paper today? By cutting costs and speeding construction or production, paper is really changing our way of life.

One of the oddest jobs paper has been called in to do highlights the "little war" now raging in New Guinea, where scientists at the Lowlands Agricultural Experimental Station, near Rabaul, are battling an army of killer snails that are attacking the island's rich cocoa plantations.

The Giant African snail, six inches long, as big round as a grapefruit, though not as succulent, was liberated by the Japanese during the Pacific campaign to supplement the rations of their ground forces.

When the war rolled by they were left to multiply. Now an army is on the move again, a guerilla army which is causing destruction "worse than any scorched-earth policy the Japanese could have imagined".

In an attempt to stem this invasion, agronomists hit back with liquid poison. Poured around the base of a seedling, this sets hard and makes an impregnable defence, but a tropical deluge quickly covers the poison with mud, enabling the attackers to storm in and carry the objective.

The position looked desperate until a communique brought Australian Paper Manufacturers Ltd. into the picture.

From that day the battle took a turn. A.P.M. technical men devised a "bait ring" made from chipboard, a tough, light cardboard. Impregnated with poison and slipped over the seedling, it formed a three-inch high barricade.

Now all the New Guinea planter has to do is to turn these rings every few weeks, exposing the untouched side, and collect the enemy dead.

This is one of the more unusual jobs paper is called upon to do, but have you ever given thought to what would happen if it were suddenly withdrawn from its traditional uses?

Commerce would grind to a halt. Trade would be reduced to the status of stone-age barter. Administration, at all levels, would be impossible.

Take one example—that rail ticket you ride to work on each morning. An entire industry swings into action to produce that little pasteboard.

Australians alone buy 22 million tickets each month. One State, Victoria, issues 500 different tickets, from simple, 2nd class one-way rides to complicated concession tickets, though, with the switch to one-class travel, this will be halved.

Victorian Railways has its own printing plant where a staff of 103 turn out about 1,500,000 tickets a week. The board is first coloured, guillotined and made up into one of the 500 blanks. Final printing is carried out by five men working behind locked doors. These tickets are checked as carefully as bank-notes, all misprints being destroyed under supervision. A week's output is worth about £200,000.

Apart from its orthodox uses, paper now goes to work on the farm and in the factory. It helps build houses, bridges, and furniture. Refrigerator engineers make doors out of it. Automobile men depend on paper-felt to soundproof cars.

Despite the shadow cast by the multi-purpose plastics and other synthetics, it is still our hardest working, most adaptable material.

Tough—but, oh, so gentle !

Did you know that a strip of kraft paper six inches wide will tow a Holden sedan at 20 mph from a standing start? Should you ever have to tow any sort of sedan and find only a six-inch strip of kraft where your tow rope ought to be—here's how you go about it!

Cut the paper into several strips, twist tightly together and before you can say General Motors you have the foundation of a cord tough enough to see you through.

Australian firms now use thousands of miles of paper string, piping cord and tacking strip for car upholstery.

Paper cord is woven into chairs, pram bodies and shopping baskets. Cord garden chairs have been known to stand up to 20 years' hard wear. Hand-craft experts now recognise this material as superior to imported cane and say it is more versatile than the new plastic cord. It is inexpensive, does not require soaking or pre-treatment, and is marketed ready for use.



Industry is finding new uses for tube-winding papers. Chipboard, the paper winning the war against the snail menace in New Guinea, is also used to make cores for piano rolls, protective tubes for aviation spark plugs and pins, those slightly tapered tubes used in textile spinning mills.

Embossed and waved, chipboard goes into cores for automotive cable spools and damper tubes in tail shafts.

Have you painted any interior walls in your place lately? The chances are the tube of your new paint roller is a specially treated chipboard.

Chipboard finds a down-to-earth application in the storepedo the RAAF uses for dropping supplies from the air. The storepedo looks like a huge howitzer shell, is fitted with a delayed-action parachute, ensuring an accurate drop, and has an air-cushioned percussion nose to soften its impact on landing. These tough board containers have proved so effective that even light globes and eggs can survive this air-to-ground delivery.

New Developments

Paper's increasing uses are due partly to the development of a converting industry which has grown up in the wake of paper manufacturing. These firms convert chipboard, kraft, plastic base papers and other special grades into a wide range of new commodities.

The Formatube, a chipboard cylinder promoted by Textile Cones and Tubes Pty. Ltd. in N.S.W., has been hailed as one of the most significant advances in post-war building.

The Formatube is used as a mould, positioned over reinforcement and filled with concrete. When the concrete hardens, the mould is stripped away leaving a perfectly formed column or ornamental pillar, an easy way of doing what was once a difficult and costly job.

This system meets all engineering specification, speeds construction and cuts costs. It is literally moulding the current building boom in Sydney and Melbourne, from office blocks, banks and hospitals, to churches, sports arenas, bridges and elevated highways.

The development of the kraft honeycomb slab for use in the construction of veneer flush doors indicates just what can be done with paper.

A Sydney firm, Corinthian Joinery Pty. Ltd., dissatisfied with the standard of veneer doors turned out in N.S.W., approached Australian Paper Manufacturers Ltd. with the prospect of developing a paper core that wouldn't warp or twist.

APM technical men worked two years on this one and finally came up with the honeycomb slab made from kraft paper. To produce this new material, APM had to design a special machine, but this honeycomb looks like being a sweet thing for the building industry.

Corinthian was so impressed as to place an initial order for 40 tons, doubling it before the first delivery came through. One of the first buildings in which paper-core veneer doors were fitted was Sydney's giant Unilever House on the harbour front.

Strange Bedfellows

Paper is now taking over in storage battery manufacture, and that's really one for Ripley! How can paper possibly prove effective here?

APM technical men and Amplex Pty. Ltd., a Sydney firm producing separators, got together on this one.

In storage batteries, strict control of physical, chemical and electrical properties is essential. To prevent the lead-plates short-circuiting, wooden separators have been used and there was every indication this method would continue.

Amplex has its own timber leases in New Guinea, a sawmill, veneering plant and a factory to convert the veneer into plate-separators. Now it also has machinery to produce the new paper separators.

APM cracked through with a special paper pulp, then added wet strengthening agents, and the batch came out as a strong, pliable felt.

In the converting plant the felt is soaked in resins, then transferred to an oven and baked to a hard, wood-like consistency. This new material has now been taken up by 90 per cent. of the storage battery manufacturers in Australia.

Felt is one of the most important of paper's end-products. Normally used as linoleum underlay and a roofing base, it has been modified and redesigned to serve many purposes.

The automobile industry uses thousands of tons of anti-drumming felt to insulate car bodies. Your sleek 1958 model with its syncro-mesh gearbox, "shockless" shock absorbers and non-skid balloon tyres may provide featherbed comfort, but take up the carpet, remove the insulation and you can't hear the rock-and-roll on the radio.

The modern car-body is a hollow metal shell that acts as an echo chamber magnifying the sound of every moving part. To eliminate noise, anti-drumming felt .06 inches in thickness is glued to the steel panels. It has the same effect as a hand placed over a clanging bell.

Plastic base papers, a relatively new development, are already finding acceptance in many diverse fields. Electrical manufacturers use them to produce high-resistance laminates for switchboards and high voltage equipment. They're pressed into table tops and soft-moulded into refrigerator doors.

Paper finds its way into every home and is used in a thousand indirect ways by every person. Our way of life revolves around paper

WHEN OLD MAN RIVER COMES TO TOWN

by Kendrick Howard

HOW would you react if your town were branded a dangerous flood area? Would you move out, demand Government action, or learn to live with the menace? Here is the story of flood-battered Lismore, one of New South Wales' "unsinkable towns". A late-season cyclone and torrential rain gave the author a dramatic view of what happens.

Rain squalls hit the North Coast towns around noon, Saturday. Over the weekend the storm mounted, bringing gale-force winds and whipping up rough seas all along the coast.

When I drove into Lismore late on Monday night it was raining steadily. The streets glistened like a black macintosh, were deserted and the town looked as if it had been suddenly evacuated and everyone had gone off neglecting to turn off the lights.



It was still raining next morning and the forecast was for further rain. Despite *The Northern Star's* front-page assurance that flooding was not imminent—a straw which, over the next 24 hours, this town was to clutch as did the proverbial drowning man—the situation took a new turn and rapidly deteriorated.

The storm had flattened several acres of sugar cane and aircraft were being diverted from nearby Casino airport. Altogether, seven inches of rain had fallen and now, presumably, the deluge was heading this way.

I remember thinking at the time: "Well, I'm glad I brought my coat!" It became apparent over breakfast that my reaction was far too mild. A man at the next table was worried about the Byangum bridge and whether he could get back to his cows before the flood cut the road.

In the bar lounge, untidy with the debris of last night, the hotel staff gathered around the radio and listened to the news: "... more heavy rain with possible flooding. As the tropical cyclone heads out to sea streams are rising ..."

There is something almost sinister in the interest this town displays in a weather report. It gives a stranger the impression that there's something going on he doesn't know about—something that is building up out there in the back country, gathering strength by the hour, eventually to come roaring in to overwhelm the town.

There is something. People in this valley call it "the Richmond"—a mean moody waterway that, periodically, drinks more than it can hold and goes off on a wild, bank-busting rampage.

This river has unleashed its fury more times than the people in the valley can recall. Lismore has experienced an average of two big floods every decade for the past 100 years, the worst in February, 1954, when during a

terrible weekend, the water reached a record height of 43 ft. 11½ ins. This flood swept through several towns, drowned more than 5,500 farm animals, left 13 people dead and caused damage estimated at £3 million.

Almost every person in this city has his own personal record of disaster. Some point out the veraadahs where they took refuge to escape the swirling water. A shopkeeper points proudly indicating the highwater line on the walls of his storeroom.

However, the most vivid recollections are not of the flood, but of the scenes that followed when the water subsided . . . of lamp posts twisted at crazy angles in the streets, mud inches deep in houses, food queues, the RAAF dropping medical supplies and everywhere debris piled high, baking in the sun, the stench hanging like a shroud over the streets.

The North Coast is one of the wettest parts of N.S.W., though the average rainfall in the Richmond catchment, 54.22 ins., is not high. What gives these North Coast rivers their power are the cyclones which almost every summer, sweep in from the Coral Sea. A slow-moving cyclone, bringing torrential rain for days on end, creates abnormal conditions.

In the 1954 flood, whipped up by a three-day blow, the river around Lismore carried so much water it actually flowed backwards.

When the flood reached its peak rain was falling at more than an inch an hour.

The Richmond rises in the McPherson Ranges near the N.S.W.-Queensland border and in its 160-mile journey to the sea is supplemented by two branches known as the North and South Arms. The North Arm is formed by several small creeks feeding down from surrounding ranges. These converge near the city of Lismore, then flow on to join the main stream a few miles to the east. Heavy rain over the high country channels down these waterways to meet the tremendous body of water that advances on Lismore.

I got my first closeup of the creek which winds behind the town right after breakfast. The rain had stopped. From the bridge the muddy water surged and fought, squeezing its way between the banks far below. Those seven inches could pass this way stacked one on top of the other—you could put another 20 feet in here and no one need take up the carpets.



As it turned out, another 20 feet were put in here. Lismore floods quickly. Even as I watched the river hurry furtively past one end of the town, less than a half mile away at the other end floodwater creeping across low-lying flats cut the road to hubcap depth on cars. No one was taking up their carpets, but then—this town doesn't go in much for carpets.

By 1948, the Richmond's habit of roaring into town like a drunken sailor on a three-day shore leave was becoming monotonous and the Richmond River Flood Mitigation Committee was set up to determine what methods of dissuasion could be used. Its report is not likely to cheer town and country planners or make for better homes and gardens.

The committee reluctantly came to the conclusion that "subject to further investigation by the Water Conservation and Irrigation Commission, it appears impracticable to reduce floods in the Richmond Valley by flood control dams . . . levee banks . . . or flood escapes . . ." (By now, the river's 1954 visit had been disastrously recorded.)

The Committee made several recommendations that could protect Lismore against all but a 33 ft. flood. (Its four main streets now flood at 26 ft. 9 ins.) No major engineering feats are demanded—only a great deal of money.

That in itself is a problem, but one which should not be insurmountable when it's to secure the futures of several thousand people. Any attempt to tackle flood mitigation work, though, immediately touches numerous Commonwealth, State and local government organisations.

The Public Works department, for instance, deals only with tidal sections. Water Conservation and Irrigation handles non-tidal sections, while the department of Soil Conservation and Forestry deals with catchment areas as a whole. The authorities of all these departments must be integrated.

This is more than one town's problem. To prevent flooding at one point may require work to be carried out 10 miles upstream. At least seven shires, apart from the Municipality of Lismore, are involved in this valley. Who pays? How is the cost to be allocated fairly?

The N.S.W. State Government is prepared to provide a subsidy on a £2 for £1 basis towards the cost of the work, if the towns involved will get together and form a Council to levy equitable rates. Some shires are for it, others are not.

While these and other issues were being debated, the Richmond came to town again in 1956. The old story; farmers lost heavily and business people had 30 inches of water in their shops.

Since 1857, 21 floods have hit Lismore and, on the basis of all evidence, will go on hitting it.

Seventeen thousand people live in this pleasant little city. It is an important road transport junction and centre of a rich dairy industry. Its farms contribute one-third of N.S.W.'s butter production. Along this valley are rich sugar and banana plantations.

There are the usual security measures of course—the warning system linking the valley towns, the flood boats for rescue work, the control headquarters set up to boss operations from an upper floor of the Post Office. These measures don't prevent floods, they only make them more tidy, a fact which leads one Lismore cynic to remark: "We have some of the best organised disasters in the country!"

A Council ordinance decrees that all houses must be at least one foot above the declared flood level, but, as Old Man Richmond shows scant respect for the affairs of men, this is no guarantee that you won't have to take up the carpets.

Nor can the average householder buy protection.

"One of the few things higher than the flood level in this town," says a Lismore resident, "is flood insurance".

This type of cover is not favoured by private companies as it is too selective.

"As only those liable to be affected by floods take out policies" an insurance manager told me, "and as payouts are invariably large, we would have to charge premiums that would be virtually prohibitive".

It has been left largely to the people to find their own solution. When your town has been branded a dangerous flood area, you can do one of two things—move out, or learn to live with the menace. Lismore, I found, doesn't give up easily.

The rain had started again. By noon, the cyclone which only a few hours ago was reported heading out to sea, had doubled back. The downpour came in long bursts, the rain, curtaining the road, bounced off the roofs of parked cars, hammering furiously on the pavements, then easing away to a steady drizzle.

Lismore people know they cannot prevent these cyclones or hold back the Richmond, but they are conscious that they have taken all this river can dish out and many are confident they can slip the punches in future.

Murray Osborne, a 53-year-old chemist, has sat out seven floods. The big one in '54 wrecked his shop and left him squatting on the street verandah.

"It came up in an hour, so that we had no time to move stock," he told me. "Four feet 10 inches of water came through my dispensary. When it subsided, counters had overturned, there were dangerous drugs floating around, bottles were a foot deep on the floor, mud was everywhere. You wouldn't have given ten bob for the lot!! People pitched in and helped me clean up and somehow we came out of it."



Undaunted, Osborne moved to new premises. When the '56 flood struck he was ready for it.

Now, when the "abandon shop" warning comes through, he cranks a handle on a small reduction box and a glass display case rolls smoothly up the wall. He can raise two 27 ft. display cases, packed with stock, 5 ft. 3 in. in 30 minutes.

This equipment designed by a local shopfitting firm cost £700 but will save him thousands. "Flood loss is not only in stock destroyed," says Osborne, "it's in time spent cleaning up before you open your doors again."

His dispensary is now six feet above ground and has 60 feet of laminex-topped benches for holding stock. The staff uses big clothes baskets to gather up drugs in alphabetical order.

A few doors away, Cox Brothers, department store owners, plan to put the Richmond to work next time it comes to town. The local manager, Herbert R. Cornford, explained the method for taking a rise out of this irate river.

The store interior is designed so that the staff can pull it apart and wheel it upstairs. All counters are on castors. When flood warning is broadcast, these are rolled to the elevator and hauled to the upper floor. With counters gone only the display racks are left.

Here ingenuity reaches its peak. These are ten 14 ft. racks, of which the bottom "stock compartments" are really big copper buoyancy tanks. As water rises on the sales floor, the stock, safe on the racks, merely floats ceilingwards.

"In the 1956 flood, we started moving stock at 1.30 on a Saturday afternoon. The water rose 30 inches and went down overnight. We were open for business as usual on Monday morning," smiled Cornford happily.

Some stores use metal tubes to construct meccano-style racks for holding stock above floodwater level. Others use big meat hooks to hang goods on. A few new offices are built above flood level and approached by flights of stairs. One way or another they are out to beat the Richmond.

I left town next morning.

The rain had ceased, the cyclone, the last of the season, had broken up, but overnight the river had risen alarmingly. The furtiveness displayed as it hurried past the bridge 24 hours ago had gone. Now this yellow flood had seething power and authority. It had cut the back roads, put the Byangum bridge four feet under, and had come within hours of lapping into Lismore.

Next year, when the cyclones come, the Richmond will be back, but Lismore will be waiting for him.

NEW APPOINTMENTS

It is advised that the following appointments have recently been made :—

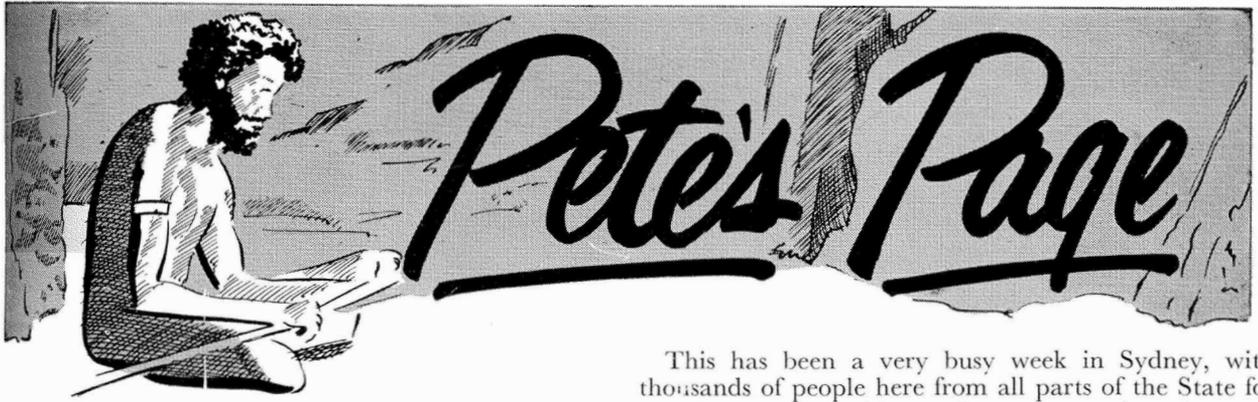
MOREE : Mr. S. Preston Walker—Appointed Welfare Officer.

BURRA BEE DEE : Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Nicholls—Appointed as Manager and Matron.

KINCHELA : Mr. and Mrs. W. T. French Appointed as Attendants.



John Bates and Jeff Hunter looked really fierce on their prizewinning float at the Wilcannia Show



Pete's Page

Hello Kids,

And a Happy Easter to you all. Hope you all have lots and lots of Hot Cross buns.

Just had a very nice letter from Helen Clarke of Cootamundra. Helen said "The Festival week started last Saturday and will finish on Sunday. On Saturday, we had the Southern Slopes Schools Olympics and Athletics and Cycling. Kapooka Band has been here during Festival week and they are very good. The Trade Fair which started yesterday will be on for three days. Also there will be open air carnivals, concerts and a car trial. The marching girls will also give displays during this busy week in Cootamundra. On Tuesday we had two visitors who came from Africa. They were the Right Rev. Yokana Omai, Assistant Bishop of Tanganyika and school teacher Mr. Festo of Kivingere. They are two visiting African Church leaders who have already endeared themselves to people all over the world."

Thanks indeed Helen, for a very interesting and well-written letter. I will look forward to some more.

I also had some very nice coloured sketches from fifteen year old Jennifer Atkinson of Galways House, Barham. Just missed out on a prize this time Jennifer, but try again will you?

This has been a very busy week in Sydney, with thousands of people here from all parts of the State for the Royal Easter Show. I was very pleased to see so many of my young friends too, from far distant parts.

I have quite a few letters to answer, but we are rather short of space this time, so I will keep them over until next month. That's all for now Kids, so all the best from your sincere Pal,

Pete



Eddie Sampson and Beverley Porter, of Carroona, pose on the old cart



Johnny Quayle, of Wilcannia, "cuts a rug"



Vegetable Seed Sowings at a Glance

This table has been designed to assist mainly the home gardener but will no doubt also be valuable to those who cultivate rather larger areas than the average-size building block. The recommendations are approximate only and your own experience and that of others under local conditions are always valuable as a guide.

The time required for vegetables to reach maturity varies according to the variety, and the time of the year, and is calculated from the time of transplanting or, if direct sowings are made into permanent beds, from the time of sowing.

The depth to plant depends on the type of soil and whether water is freely available for keeping the ground moist after sowing. Deeper planting is necessary when the weather is dry and hot, or if rainfall only is depended upon.

IMPORTANT : Measurements between rows and given mainly for home garden conditions and not for market gardens, where mechanical or horse-drawn implements are used. Under such circumstances greater spacing would be necessary. Commercial growers are advised to write for our leaflet "Vegetable Seed Sowings."

In using this table local experience should always be taken as a guide.

Vegetable	How Usually Sown or Planted	Amount to Sow 100 feet of Row	Amount to Sow an Acre	Between Rows (in feet)	Space (in inches) Between Plants in the Rows	Depth to Plant (in inches)	Approx. time Till Mature (in months)
Artichoke (Jerusalem)	Drills	80 tubers	4-6 cwt. tubers	3	15-18	6	9
Beans, Dwarf	Drills	Small seed, 1 lb. Large seed, 2 lb.	Small seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ bus. Large seed, 1 bus.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2	4-6	1-2	2-2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Beans, Climbing	Drills	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	$\frac{1}{2}$ bus.	4-6	6	1-2	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3
Beans, Broad	Drills	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ bus. (50-90 lb.)	2-3	6-9	2-3	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ -5
Beet	Drills and thin out	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	6-10 lb.	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4-5	2-1	2-3
Beet, Silver or Spinach	Drills and thin out	1 oz.	5-8 lb.	2	6-9	$\frac{3}{4}$ -1	2-3
Brussels Sprouts	Transplanted	50 plants	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	2-2 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	—	5-6
Cabbage (seed)	Transplanted	Packet	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 $\frac{1}{2}$	15-30	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cabbage (plants)	In rows	60-100 plants	7-12,000 plants	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 $\frac{1}{2}$	15-30	—	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Carrot	Drills and thin out	$\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.	3-4 lb.	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3-4	$\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Cauliflower	Transplanted	40-50 plants	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb., 5-7,000 plants	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3	21-30	—	(See varieties)
Celery	Transplanted	200 plants	4-6 oz.	2	6-8	$\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$	5-6
Egg Plant (plants)	Transplanted	50-70 plants	5-7,000 plants	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3	24-30	—	4-4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Kohl Rabi	Transplanted	$\frac{1}{4}$ oz.	2-3 lb.	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4-6	$\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3
Lettuce	Drill and thin out or Transplanted	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.	2-3 lb.	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	9-12	$\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$	2-3
Onion (seed)	Drills and thin out	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1 oz.	3-4 lb.	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3-5	$\frac{1}{2}$	7-9
Onion (plants)	In rows	200-300 plants	40-60,000 plants	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3-5	—	—
Potatoes (tubers)	In rows	14 lbs.	6-8 cwt.	2-2 $\frac{1}{2}$	12-18	4-6	4-5
Parsnip	Drills and thin out	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1 oz.	4-6 lb.	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3-6	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1	5-6
Peas	Drills	1 lb.	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ bus. (60-90 lb.)	2-2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2-3	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$	3-4
Radish	Drills and thin out or Broadcast	1-2 oz.	2 lb. per 500 sq. ft.	$\frac{1}{2}$ -1	1-2	$\frac{1}{2}$	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$