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Dawn



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

MARCH, 1962





Our Cover . . .

This lovely young aboriginal lass is Nurse Betty Powell, of "Compton", Narromine

The photograph was taken when she made her debut at the Church of England Blossom Ball.

Truly a picture of radiant beauty!



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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In This Issue . . .

	Page
A Chance for Every Child	1
Our Roving Cameraman	2
Help Yourself	4
They Say	5
Famous Artists	6
Colour In Picture	7
Health Hints	8
In the News	9
Outward Bound Scheme	10
The Armada	10
The Rooster Crossword Puzzle	11
Home Hints	12
Winning Stories in N.A.D.O.C. Writing Quest	13
Destination Barrier Reef—A Special Article	17
Pete's Page	Inside Back Cover
In the Garden	Back Cover

A Chance for Every Child

Pressing on with education

EVERY aboriginal child is afforded the opportunity of attaining the educational standard which is open to white children. Assistance is given by the Board in the liberal award of bursaries and grants towards purchase of uniforms, text books, travelling expenses and similar items associated with school life. Wherever possible the aboriginal child is enrolled at State schools and only attends aboriginal schools when his place of residence is at such a distance which precludes his attending the local State school. Aboriginal schools, of course, are staffed by teachers of the Department of Education and the pupils follow curricula of a similar standard to that adopted in public schools.

Since 1946, when the first one was granted, seventy-five bursaries have been awarded by the Board. Of this number eleven of the holders relinquished their bursaries for the purpose of engaging in employment, usually of a casual nature. In nine cases it was necessary for the Board to cancel awards, mainly because of persistent absenteeism by the bursars.

Of the 55 remaining, 27 passed their Intermediate Certificate examination and 28 were unsuccessful. Six of the successful candidates continued to the Leaving Certificate, which they passed.

An outstanding case among those obtaining the Leaving Certificate is that of a girl, who was subsequently granted a University bursary by the National Union of Australian University Students and recently was successful in obtaining an overseas travelling scholarship. Another outstanding case was a girl, who, having gained her Leaving Certificate, completed a course at the Teachers' College and was appointed as a teacher by the Department of Education. She remained in this position for seven years, but then resigned to care for an invalid mother. Two girls accepted employment in the State Public Service and after some years service left to take up employment with private firms. Another girl obtained a position in a city Bank and one boy was apprenticed to an engineering firm and is still in this position.

Of those obtaining only the Intermediate Certificate, one was accepted by the Royal Australian Air Force as a radio mechanic trainee, one joined the Australian Navy and one was apprenticed as a motor mechanic. The latter did not persevere with his studies and returned home. Another boy was afforded the opportunity of undertaking a diploma course in agriculture at a technical school, while boarding at a hostel, but he was unable to settle down and it was necessary to have him removed from the hostel. Suitable alternative employment was found and he is now progressing favourably. One boy is in employment as a Junior Clerk in the State Public Service and one girl obtained employment in the Government Insurance Office, but left for private employment. None of the other bursars successful at the Intermediate Certificate endeavoured to secure any benefit from their attainment by seeking positions commensurate with the standard of education reached.

In any critical analysis of the success of the Board's policy in awarding bursaries, it must be borne in mind that such awards are not determined entirely by

educational qualifications, such as is the case when the grant of scholarships is made by the Department of Education. Such attributes as good personality, prowess in sport and possession of qualities of leadership do influence the Board in many cases, as it is considered that such candidates could be an inspiration to others, and themselves profit socially and educationally by contact with fellow students.

In view of the small number of aboriginal children completing a secondary course of education—even to Intermediate Certificate standard—field officers were directed to discuss this aspect with Headmasters of secondary schools throughout the State, particularly in respect of the pronounced tendency of aboriginal bursars and aboriginal school children to finish schooling when they reach the statutory school leaving age and of those who do not elect to continue, but go no further than the Intermediate.

It was suggested that this trait might be caused by several factors, the principal one being that aboriginal children, as a whole, do not possess an intelligence quotient comparable to that of their white counterparts, lack of recognition by parents of the advantages accruing from a better education and a desire that their children assist in the maintenance of the family, the inclination of the children themselves in this regard, unsatisfactory home conditions and study facilities and, finally, the apparent sense of isolation felt by aboriginal children when enrolled at a predominantly white school and, in particular, at High Schools. The full findings of Headmasters and field staff are still in preparation.

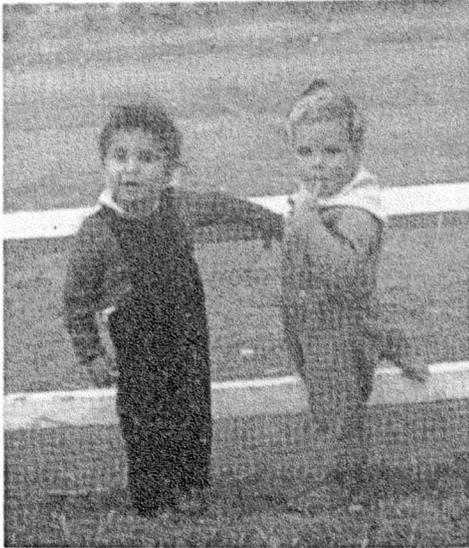
At the conclusion of the year 1960-61, there were approximately 760 children enrolled at Aboriginal schools, 1162 at Public Schools and 254 at High Schools, compared with figures as at the same period during the previous year when 1072 attended Aboriginal Schools, 856 at Public Schools and 170 at High Schools. It will be seen that enrolments at Aboriginal Schools have declined and that a pronounced increase in numbers has occurred in respect of children attending Public Schools and High Schools.



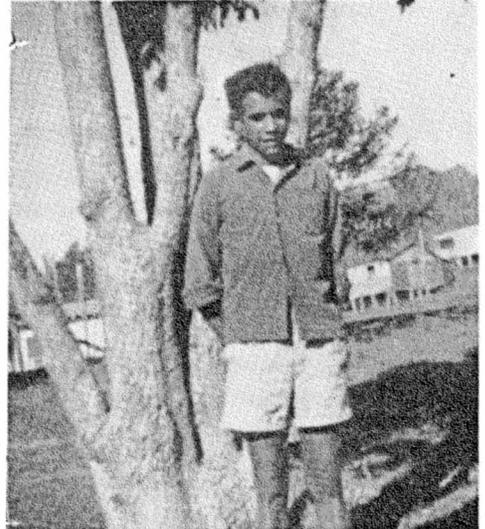
OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN

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.



Robert Monaghan and Keith Johnston, of Griffith



Meet Victor Williams, of Wollongong



Dorothy Wilson (16), C/- Post Office, Bourke, wants some pen friends



Pretty Grace Monaghan, of Griffith



Rita Williams, of Guyra



Margaret Wilson, of far west Bourke



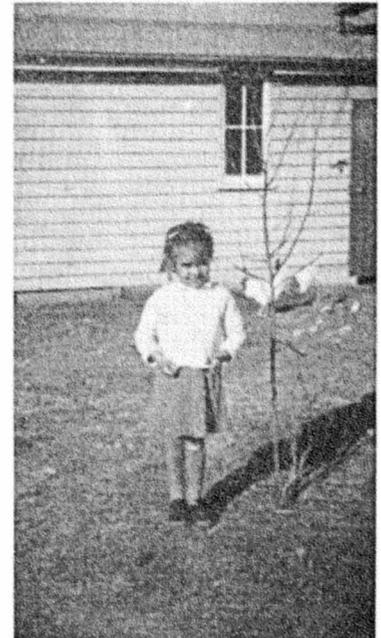
Mrs. Annie Cross, of Tingha



This lovely little lass posing for the cameraman is Valda Connors, of Tingha



It was a hot day in Inverell but Mary Macdougall preferred not to stand in the shade

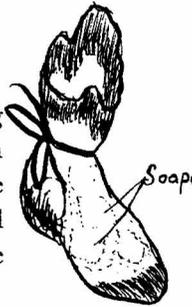


This little lass is Esther Williams, of Guyra. Will she be a famous film star like her namesake?

HELP YOURSELF

A Home Economiser

Economise on laundry soap by saving small scraps of soap and tying them in an old sock. In this way suds are obtained from the scraps without small pieces of soap being caught in the clothes.



Where neatness of lettering is not too important, shoe polish applied with a cloth swab will be found more convenient for doing temporary signs than a brush and paint. It saves the job of cleaning a brush, the polish will not run, and opening and stirring paint is eliminated.



The swab is made by wadding a piece of cloth around a pencil or piece of stock, and tying it with string.

Fruit Juicer Quickly Improvised

When you find you have no lemon squeezer, it's no trick to improvise one from four nails and a piece of wood, as illustrated.



Cut Flowers Will Last Longer If Stems Are Singed

If the stem ends of a bouquet of cut flowers are singed slightly it is claimed that they will last longer than when just cut and put in a vase of water. Singing closes the pores in the stems so that the liquids inside don't escape, thus keeping the flowers in a fresh condition.



Raise Your Own Bait Worms

A plentiful supply of bait worms will be available even in dry weather when they are hard to find, if you start a worm farm in a wooden box or half of a barrel. If the container has large cracks or knot holes, line it with window-screen wire and then fill it with a mixture consisting of equal parts of leaf mould and rich, loamy soil. A farm the size of a half barrel will accommodate about 300 worms. Dig them from rich garden soil, if possible, and place them on top of the earth in the barrel.

The healthy worms will soon dig themselves into the soil, those that have been injured remaining on top. The latter should be removed and discarded. Keep the soil damp, but not too wet and store the barrel in a cool place. Baby-chick meal boiled for about ten minutes is an excellent food for the worms. When cool, this should be placed just below the surface of the soil. The worms are fed only once a week, and the uneaten food removed after twenty-four hours, as it otherwise will rot and cause the soil to become sour.

For The Fisherman

Fitting the neck of a large-mouth jar with a length of inner tube provides a handy container for live bait, such as grasshoppers, and permits them to be removed, one at a time, without danger of any of the bait escaping.

In addition, the fisherman can tell at a glance just how much remains in the container. Tie one end of the inner tube over the jar mouth with cord, and clamp the other end shut with spring-type clothes pegs, as shown in the illustration.



Workers Wear Towel On Arm

In shops and factories where workers must handle materials which keep their hands soiled, the problem of wiping perspiration from their faces on hot days is solved by wearing towels on their arms. The towels are sewn up in the form of sleeves, which are large enough to slip over the hands.





WRECK BAY FUNCTION

Another very enjoyable evening was spent at the Wreck Bay Hall recently. The occasion was the Annual Nativity Play and Presentation of School Prizes.

A very large crowd of people attended. Visitors came from the Royal Australian Naval College at Jervis Bay, Huskisson, Sydney and Nowra.

The Nativity Play was acted by the children of the Upper Division of the school. All the tutoring was done by Chaplain and Mrs. Were of the R.A.N.C. Costumes were also supplied by the same good people.

Amongst those who took part were:—

Betty Ardler as the Blessed Virgin.
 David McLeod as Joseph and later as Herod.
 Eric Ardler, Tom Moore and Robert Chapman as the Wise Men.
 Phillip McLeod as the Innkeeper.
 Mary Moore as his wife.
 James McLeod as the High Priest.
 Tom and George Brown and Denis Brown as the Shepherds.
 Kevin McLeod as the Shepherd's boy.
 James McKenzie as the Messenger.
 Patricia Brown as the Archangel Gabriel.
 Dawn Brown as Ann.
 Brenda Thomas as Elizabeth.

In between scenes Carols and appropriate hymns were sung by all present.

In his address the Headmaster, Mr. J. Gersback, welcomed the visitors and thanked everybody who had helped the school during the year—Chaplain and Mrs. Were for their interest shown by their weekly visits, the manager, Mr. L. Browne and Mrs. Browne, not forgetting the men who did so many odd jobs at the school, Mr. J. Sutton, the assistant teacher, who has been transferred to Sydney, the people at Jervis Bay who looked after the boys from Wreck Bay who belong to the Cubs, the donors of the book prizes, and finally the parents who kept their children in regular attendance at school and dressed them so well whenever the school had to appear in public.

Mrs. J. Peel, wife of the Commanding Officer of the R.A.N.C., then handed the prizes to the successful pupils.

At the conclusion Mr. Browne presented Xmas presents to Mr. and Mrs. Gersback, Mr. and Mrs. Were and Mr. Sutton.

The evening concluded with the Anthem.

PRIZE LIST—1961

Sixth Class—

First in Class—Eric Ardler.
 Most Improved—David McLeod.

Fifth Class—

First in Class—Tom Moore.
 Most Improved—Dawn Brown.

Fourth Class—

First in Class—George Brown.
 Most Improved—Robert Chapman.

Third Class—

First in Class—James McKenzie.
 Most Improved—Mary Moore.

Second Class—

First in Class—Ian Chatfield.
 Most Improved—Peter Moore.

First Class—

First in Class—Elizabeth Brown.
 Most Improved—Errol Mundy.

Kindergarten—

Best Boy—Michael Williams.
 Best Girl—Rhonda Brown.

Neatness—Upper Division—

Phillip McLeod.

Neatness—Lower Division—

Andrew Williams.

Best Helper—Lower Division—

Alf Chatfield.

Best Helper—Upper Division—

David McLeod.

Consistent Good Work—

Phillip Chatfield.
 Tom Brown (L.D.).
 Patricia Brown.
 Tom Brown (U.D.).

FAMOUS ARTISTS

By Rita Wenberg, of
Cobbity

Let's take a peep at the Sydney National Art Gallery, which contains a number of valuable paintings, including canvases by such celebrated artists as Landseer, Herkomer, Van Prinseps, McWhirter, David Murray, Colin Hunter, Tennyson Cole, Clausen, A. C. Cow, T. Sidney Cooper as well as statuettes by Hamo Thornycroft, R.A. and fine samples of bronze repoussé work.

One of the best known works is George Lambert's famous Australian painting called "Across the Black Soil Plains". The artist has caught the very spirit of that remarkable area around Pilliga, known as the Black Soil Plains, in which he depicts a fine team of horses hauling a wagon laden with wool.

When it was first exhibited critics went into ecstasies over the masterpiece, but the first bushman to see the picture was horrified at the artist's mistake; not one horse in the team had a belly-band. Incidentally, the horses are still without them. Perhaps you'll say you have seen horses in the country working without a belly-band. Sure, but never in a team hauling such a load as in Lambert's painting.

Hans Heysen was another Australian painter, who painted "South Australian Pastoral" which shows the very fine work done on the Australian Gum Trees. He painted with water-colours. There are more famous paintings from all over the world. One of my favourite artists is Leonardo da Vinci, who lived in Florence.

"The life that is well spent is a long life." Leonardo da Vinci wrote these words. In addition to being one of the greatest painters in the golden age of painting, he was also a multiple genius of Science. He was a modern man, born in that morning of today which we call the Renaissance. He foresaw or invented much that science, since his time, has spent 400 years in finding out. Da Vinci was left handed, eccentric in style of writing from right to left. To read what he wrote one would have to view it in a mirror.

His mother was Caterina, 16 years old daughter of a peasant family and his father was Piero da Vinci, a lawyer.

During Leonardo's early years he was an only child, and spoiled, but his startling beauty and quick wit made it easy to forgive his faults.

When Piero da Vinci discovered his boy's first drawings, he placed him as an apprentice in the studio of Verrocchio in Florence. Verrocchio was jack of all trades, at which Leonardo was to become master-painter, sculptor, architect, musician, natural historian. In and out of Verrocchio's studios were other young artists—among them one named Botticelli, who we can remember became Leonardo da Vinci's best friend.

From the memories of his boyhood was born "Virgin of the Rocks", where landscape and flora enhance with their wild sweetness the holiness of the adorable Mother

the Angel as beautiful as we dream an angel to be, and the child curling baby fingers in blessing over his play-mate, St. John.

This painting was commissioned by a religious fraternity in Milan for a niggardly 20 ducats. He believed the finished work was worth a hundred ducats, but finally the King of France bought the picture and hung it in the palace.

What was once one of the world's greatest paintings, "The Last Supper", Leonardo painted on the wall of a convent refectory, on plaster unsuited to pigments. Within 20 years a creeping damp caused mildew and flaking to disfigure the painting.

Da Vinci learned why birds take off into the wind, understood how the slotted wings help them mount more steeply. His earliest plans for a flying machine suggest a dragonfly or again a bat.

He expected the wings to flap, and so planned an articulated fuselage of stitched leather. Having no power, save the man in the machine, he imagined his aviator as lying face down in the frame and rowing the air with the wings. Then, first of men, Leonardo hit on the idea of a propeller for locomotion. In his model the 'prop' beats, horizontally, with the fuselage hanging below it, like a helicopter. But in his cardboard model he used a tightly wound spring for power. As da Vinci saw it, the machine would rise straight into the air, his theories were sound, but lacking a light engine, he could never see them realised.

He designed prefabricated portable houses, rolling mills, a screwcutting machine, a bulldozer, a spinning machine, and a harbour dredge. He was the first man to mount a magnetic needle on a horizontal axis, thereby giving us the compass as we know it today. He was the inventor of what we now call a differential gear, and of an anemometer, or wind gauge.

He devised a diving bell and a life preserver, and planned large cruising submarines, but destroyed his plans for he said there was too much wickedness in the hearts of men to trust such a secret to them, lest they 'practice assassination in the bottom of the sea'!

Leonardo was the first scientist to understand fossils as being the impression of extinct animals that lived when the rocks in which they are found were by sediment on the bottom of the sea, for the earth, he told men, was not just 5,000 years old. His pioneering studies in geology persuaded him that it must have taken the River Arno 200,000 years to build its flood plains.

From the self-portrait, done about 1510, Leonardo was an old man at 58. He had to flee to Milan when it was invaded by the French and the Sforzas were driven out, but he escaped to Mantua, wandered to Venice, and

sojourned unhappily in Rome. When it was safe, he returned to Florence and accepted a job as an engineer and chance commissions as a freelance artist.

One of these was a portrait of Lisa Gherardine, wife of Messer Giocondo of Florence, whence this, his last great picture, is known to us as the "Mona Lisa" or "La Gioconda". Though a lady of wealth and fashion, the Mona Lisa wears severe black and no rings—signs of mourning for her baby recently dead.

She was 21 when she began to sit for the portrait, but when Leonardo ceased work on it, six years had passed, it is less the likeness of an actual woman than the embodiment of one of da Vinci's daydreams.

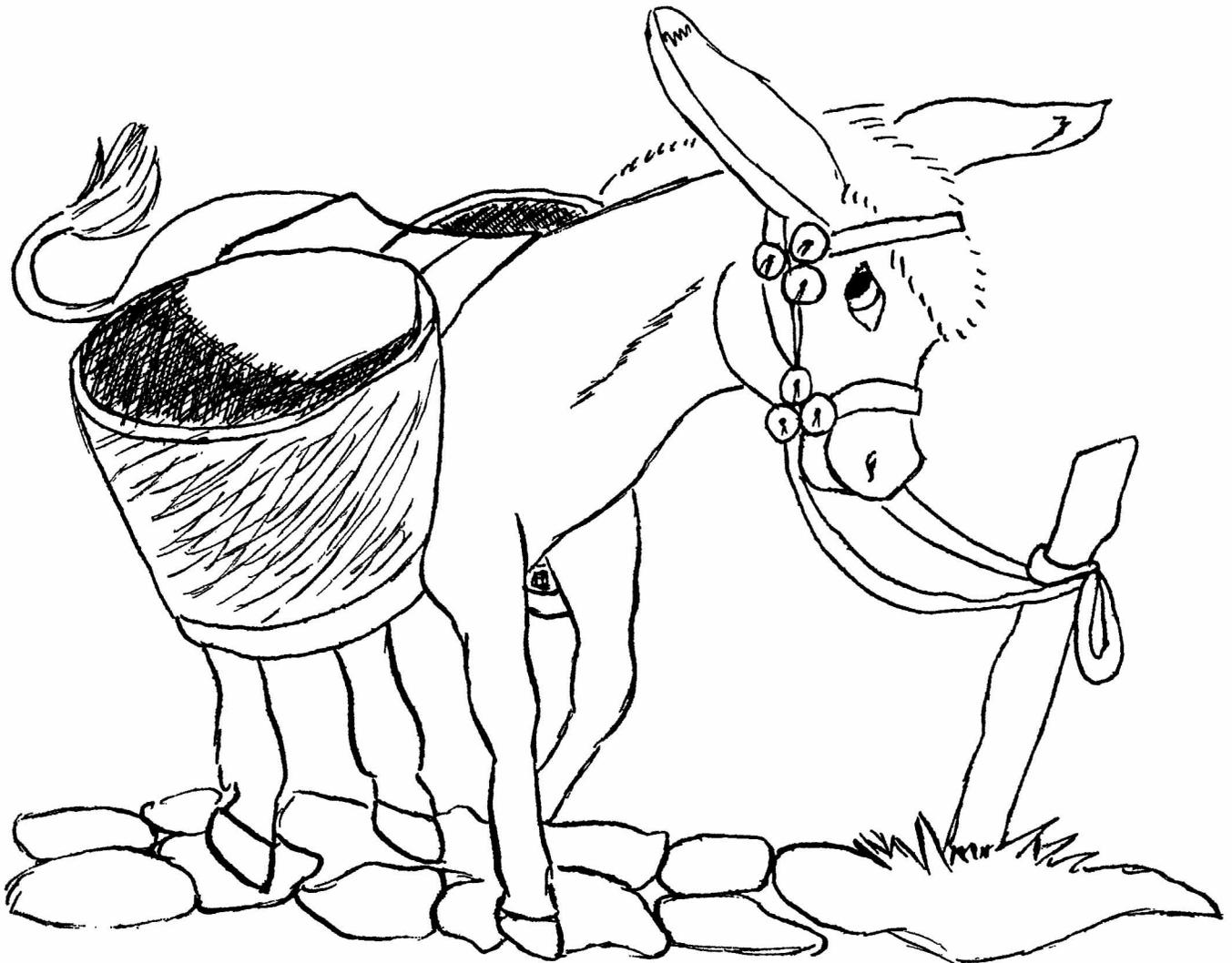
The Mona Lisa smiles enigmatically at something just behind one's right shoulder. Mysterious, too, is the fact that the picture was never delivered. Da Vinci took it with him as his most prized possession, when he accepted the invitation of King Francis I to take up residence in France. Eventually King Francis bought the picture for 12,000 francs, and hung it in the Louvre.

Note:—Rita Wenberg, a young aboriginal lass who now lives at Cobbity, is quite a good artist herself and several of her drawings have appeared in *Dawn*.

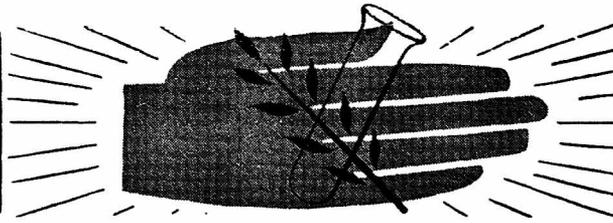
It is her ambition to one day make a name for herself in this sphere.

COLOUR IN

Get out your paints or crayons and colour in this picture.
See how neatly you can do it !



Health



Hints

THE SKIN AND ITS CARE

Your skin has many important functions in keeping you healthy, quite apart of course from the fact that your appearance depends a great deal on its condition.

Its main purpose is to act as a protective covering against the entry of germs and irritating substances into the body. It also helps the kidneys in removing waste products from the blood. It is important too in the heat regulation of the body.

The skin is composed of two layers—the outer epidermis and the inner dermis. The epidermis consists of a number of layers of cells. No blood vessels enter it, but it receives fine nerves between the cells of its inner layers.

The blood temperature of the body has to be held close to 98.6° F. A little over that and we have a fever. A little less, a chill. The maintenance of this even temperature is helped by the action of the sweat glands in the skin.

Sweating is the process whereby water is carried to the surface of the body where it evaporates. This evaporation has a cooling effect on the body. If the air is moist there is less evaporation. For this reason sweat on a humid day brings little relief from the heat. Sweat glands also help to rid the body of wastes.

The tiny sebaceous glands yield an oily substance called sebum which helps keep the skin soft and supple. If these glands are overactive one has an oily skin. If they are not active enough one's skin is too dry.

Care of the Skin

Keeping the skin healthy requires adequate washing, frequent changes of clothing, suitable food and sufficient exercise.

People with average skins should wash their face at least once a day using warm water and a mild soap. People with oily skins should do this more frequently, especially in warm weather.

Roughness and chapping of the skin most commonly occurs in cold weather, usually affecting skins which normally are not oily. Excess use of soap and water, particularly if the soap is strong, will increase the likelihood of this condition occurring.

Well-groomed men and women make a bath a part of their daily routine. Cold baths are stimulating and do you good, providing you feel warm and glowing after their use; however, if they chill or tire you they should be avoided.

The feet need special care because of perspiration. They should be regularly washed and changes of socks and stockings carried out. After washing, thorough drying is essential, because tinea or athlete's foot is more likely to occur in damp conditions. The application of powder between the toes is also a helpful measure.

The Sun and Your Skin

Sunlight is of great value in the maintenance of general health and physical well-being. Many of the beneficial effects of outdoor activities are due to the action of the sun's rays. However, in summer care must be taken that over-exposure is avoided.

Excessive exposure can cause sunburn which results in burning of the skin, often with blistering.

Skin cancer may be the result of prolonged exposure. This most commonly occurs on the uncovered areas of the face and hands. Outdoor workers and people with fair complexions seem more likely to be affected than others.

Constant sunning may result in drying of the skin, possibly causing premature wrinkling.

Skin Disorders

There are many causes of skin disorders. Some are rashes that accompany diseases, such as chicken-pox and measles. These usually disappear as soon as the disease is cured. Rashes may also result from poor nutrition.

Some skin disorders are caused by tiny animals that live in or on the skin, such as lice or mites.

Other disorders such as acne, boils, and impetigo are due to infections by bacteria.

Some, such as ringworm and tinea, are caused by small plants called fungi. Some, like hives, are caused by allergies, while the causes of some skin disorders are not known.

Diseases of the skin are at times very resistant to treatment—many forms of dermatitis and acne being particularly so. It is wise when a skin disease appears to be other than a simple transient rash, or an easily recognisable minor condition, to seek medical advice.

Cosmetic preparations do not nourish the skin in spite of the claims of many manufacturers. The only effective way to feed the skin is to eat sensible well-balanced meals. Vitamin A, found especially in milk, butter and liver and coloured vegetables, has a healthy effect on the skin.



A FINE COUPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Constable

It was our privilege recently to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. R. Constable, formerly Manager and Matron of Pilliga Station for over 20 years, and at one time Manager and Matron also of "Burra Bee Dee". Pilliga Station is just a memory as it was closed some years ago.

As they both were very deeply attached to the town of Pilliga, they decided to spend their retirement there, where they are still residing today. A painting on the wall of their home of the Pilliga Station is very proudly displayed to one and all, showing a very neat Station indeed, with beautiful gardens and orchard.

Many of our older readers will remember Mr. and Mrs. Constable, we feel sure. Mrs. Constable is not enjoying the best of health, and it is our sincere wish that they may both have better health from now on.

It was certainly a pleasure meeting them both, and taking away with us not only pleasant memories of our short stay, but tangible proof from the orchard of the sweetest grapes that we have tasted for years.



THANKS TO DOCTOR AND HOSPITAL STAFF

Mr. Jim Munro, aged 60 years, of Moree, desires to express his heartiest and warmest appreciation for the "wonderful treatment" shown to him by Dr. Buckley and the nurses and staff of the Narrabri District Hospital, when he met with a serious accident some little time ago.

Jim was driving with Alick Thompson near Wee Waa when two horses he was driving bolted flinging him between the spring cart and the wheel. Jim was hit by the brake and every time a spoke passed his face he was thrashed, breaking his collar bone, and fracturing his skull and his nose. Jim was in a bad plight and was placed on the danger list by Dr. Buckley. However, by a bit of very clever surgery and medical attention coupled with wonderful nursing care, he gradually recovered and is now discharged from Hospital but will not be fit for some time yet.

Jim asks the Editor of *Dawn* to convey his thanks to these "wonderful people at Narrabri, and not forgetting the many kind visitors who brought me oranges, smokes, and the like", he concluded.

Jim is now searching for diamonds at Tingha.

Roseby Park News

Roseby Park Parents & Citizens' held a most successful Christmas Party for all children on the Station during December.

All the work of catering was carried out by the ladies and children, with the advice and assistance of school-teacher Mr. G. Shaw. Many items of interest were displayed by the children, including dancing, much to the enjoyment of all present.

At 8.30 p.m. Santa Claus arrived, unexpectedly, but of course to the delight of all the children who could not have appreciated any person more. Santa had a very much loaded bag of presents for the children and a kind word for each and everyone.

Early in December the U.A.M., under Mrs. Fishe, also had a Christmas Party at the Mission House, next to Roseby Park Station.

This party was also a great success—and all present thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon.

Roseby Park residents are most appreciative of the generous donation of toys for each child at Xmas, by the Nowra Ex-servicemen's Club, as well as a large quantity of sweets from Senator Jackson.



Darcy Baker and little Ellen Johnson

OUTWARD BOUND SCHEME

Dubbo Boy Selected

Neville Toomey, of Morgan Street, Dubbo, has had the memorable experience of spending a month with 50 other boys at an "Outward Bound" school at Fisherman's Point on the Hawkesbury River.

He and another lad from La Perouse were able to attend through the efforts of the Aborigines Welfare Board and "old boys" of previous schools who contributed £60 bursaries to enable two lads of aboriginal descent to take part.

Neville, who is 17 and one of a big family, was selected for his good character and background.

He told Aborigines Welfare Board officer Mr. Kitching on his return to Dubbo that he had a wonderful time and enjoyed every minute of the course, especially the sailing instruction.

He said that he had been particularly impressed by the spirit of comradeship among the boys—who came from all walks of life and many different places—and that he had appreciated the help given by instructors on the course.

The Outward Bound movement originated in England 20 years ago when a sea school was established by Kurt Hahn, Headmaster of Gordonstoun School, and Lawrence Holt, of the Blue Funnel line, to equip boys between the ages of 16 and 19 to cope with the hazards of life and become active citizens.

So great was the success of the school that a trust was formed to perpetuate it and "short term" schools were founded in England, Germany, Austria, Africa and Malaya.

Australia ran its first Outward Bound course in 1956.

Neville is the first Dubbo boy to attend.

Training during the month's course is severe but balanced and discipline stern—but it is self-discipline based on a high conception of honour and the power of the individual to overcome his own weaknesses.

The movement aims to develop the right qualities of character through the natural love of adventure and to encourage self-discipline, self-control and service to others.

The first Australian school, at Fisherman's Point, is set in eight acres of bushland and, under the control of a resident warden, is capable of training at least 500 boys a year.

(Acknowledgements to Dubbo *Liberal*)

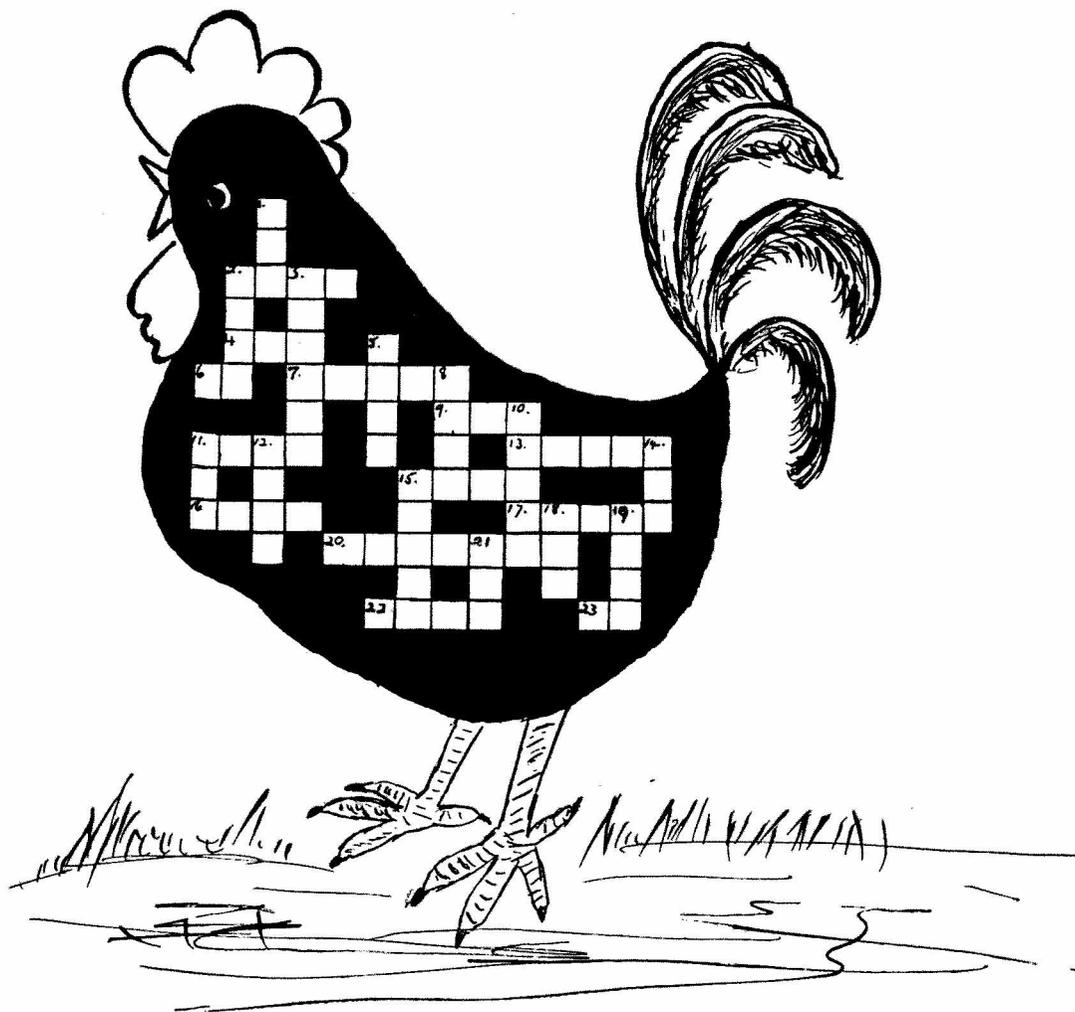
THE ARMADA

By Kath Walker

I was born on an island which abounds in beauty. Nature must have been in one of her most creative moods when she decided to create my island and all its beauty. Beauty is everywhere, from small springs to mountains covered with wild flowers, there are ferns of every variety, added to the exotic beauty of many varieties of orchids. But of these I will tell no more for the most magnificent sight of all this beauty has yet to be unfolded.

We used to saddle our horses by the early light of dawn and make our way along the shoreline of the island for roughly eleven miles. On reaching our destination, we would tether the horses a mile away from the shore and creep like errant children towards the line of rocks jutting out into the sea. Here the surf would come up and smash itself to pieces against the rocks guarding the shore. We always prayed for a fine day, so that the surf, instead of angrily tossing itself to pieces, would roll lazily towards the rocks and caress each crevice, before returning to the sea. If the sea were angry, we would have to go home disappointed, as we would not be able to see the sight we so patiently awaited, but if the sea were calm, we would patiently take up our positions behind the small hills, at different points along the shore and settle down, lying full length upon our stomachs, and wait in complete silence for our Armada to come up out of the sea. We called it our Armada for such it was, as you too will see as my story unfolds. Sometimes we had to wait for hours, sometimes less, then suddenly we would see a whole fleet of little ships coming up out of the sea. We would stay very quiet, holding our breaths as they came closer. Suddenly, each vessel would unfurl to the light breeze, a sail of mauve, which caught in the sun's rays and shone like silk. As they came skimming across the water and closer towards the shore, we could see the little vessels were trumpet-shaped shells and their sails of delicate mauve, a living tissue, from within their very bodies. We would feast our eyes upon this sight, knowing it would not last for long, for as soon as any noise is heard, the creatures, with their shy nature and delicate hearing, would immediately draw in their silken sails, and drop like stones to the bottom of the ocean. Alas; we see no more our Armada of long ago, for civilisation, with all its noise, has driven them all away and we no longer see our magnificent Armada of Nautilus Shells go sailing over a tranquil sea.

The Rooster Crossword Puzzle



Across

2. Opposite of front.
4. Nickname for Nancy.
6. Do, - - - -, mi, fa.
7. Short for underneath.
9. Frozen water.
11. To twist.
13. When a fire starts an - - - - - should be given.
15. An old car does this.
16. Plate.
17. You - - - - - to read in school.
20. Hen.
22. Happy.
23. Opposite of she.

Down

1. This grows in a pod.
2. Dogs chew on this.
3. Some of the food you eat is c - - - - -.
5. Sweet potatoes.
8. Far up.
10. This bird is bald.
11. You sleep on this.
12. You breathe through this.
14. More than one man.
15. The train goes - - - - -.
18. Finish.
19. Sweep up leaves with this.
21. Baby goat.

Solution on page 19

HOME



HINTS

Sunstroke

The immediate treatment for sunstroke is to take the person affected into the shade or the coolest place available. The clothing should be stripped from the trunk and the body and head should be soused with cold water. As soon as possible, the patient must be taken home where, under the instructions of a doctor if necessary, an effort will be made to lower the temperature by rubbing with ice or an ice pack. As a stimulant in heat prostration, a teaspoon of sal volatile in a wine-glass of water, hot tea or coffee, or diluted spirits may be given.

Lotion

There are lotions for various purposes: an evaporating lotion is used for cooling certain parts of the body; for a headache it may be used on the brow or it may be comforting for a sprained joint. A tablespoonful of vinegar in half a pint of water or one part of eau-de-cologne in two parts of water makes a lotion suitable for this purpose.

Eye Bath

An eye lotion for bathing any kind of sore or inflamed eyes may be made by dissolving as much boracic acid as can be taken up by a small quantity of hot water and then adding as much water again.

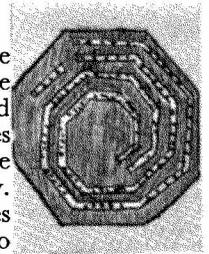


Sabelle Johnston, of Griffith, and brother Keith



A Better Crib Board

Crib players who often experience difficulty in knowing whether they are coming up or down the score board will find that this octagonal one solves the problem as the counting is done forward and in one direction only. Four players can keep separate scores on the board which makes it easy to compare the count.

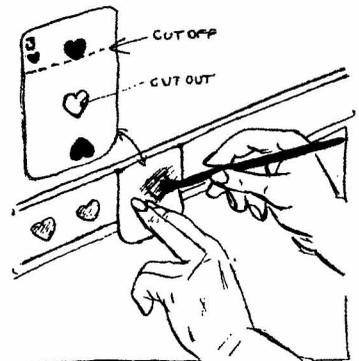


To assemble the board, a piece of plywood is cut to an octagonal shape, after which the scoring holes are drilled, so that each succeeding five are slightly closer to the centre than the last five. This gives the spiral effect necessary to get the complete number of holes. Coloured lines make it easy to follow the holes, especially if pegs used are of the same colour.



Painting an attractive border around the chair rail in the kitchen or bathroom is easy if you use stencils made from playing cards.

Cut out the centre heart, spade, diamond or club with a sharp knife or razor blade and then trim the top edge so it can be lined up with the top of the rail to serve as a height gauge.



Variety in design is secured by alternating the cards and choosing contrasting colours. To avoid smearing the paint, use old linen-finished cards and replace them whenever necessary.



N.A.D.O.C. WRITING QUEST

THE WINNING STORIES

Consolation Prize. Kathleen Nolan, Little Flower Mission, N.T. (Aged 11 years)

UP IN THE TREE

One morning two little girls got ready for school. They combed their hair. After combing their hair they went to school. Their school was not near their home. When they got to the school they went in and sat down and did their work with the others. After school they came back to their home.

In the afternoon they went to play with a ball. After playing ball they went to see the little birds in the nest. One little girl climbed the tree and she fell down and got hurt. The other little girl ran to her mother and told her that her little sister was hurt and the mother ran and picked up the little girl and they took her to the hospital. She stayed in the hospital for two days.

After two days she came back to her mother. She stayed with her mother, sister and father and helped them. And they lived happily ever after.

Judge's Remarks: Very neat and correct work. Well done, Kathleen!

Consolation Prize. Kevin Rogers, Roper River Mission, N.T. (Aged 13 years)

HOPPITY-HOP

One day a kangaroo started to hop. It started from Yellow Water and it went through Narlwarn. Another brown kangaroo came from Lemmen and came to Narpura Gorge. They went hopping so fast that they bumped in the middle of the gorge between two hills. All the people who go through that gorge see the big rock where the kangaroos bumped!

Judge's Remarks: Interesting story. A little short.

Consolation Prize. Valmai Rogers, Roper River Mission, N.T. (Aged 15 years)

BATTLE WITH A CROCODILE

A true story about two brothers who fought against a crocodile.

During the time when the native people used to fight each other, there were two tribes fighting at a place called Waigujaja near Kangaroo Island. When the fight began there were five rows of men surrounding the camp of the Wandarung tribe. The other tribes fought against them and killed many of the tribesmen.

Two men were left and they were brothers. When they saw all the other tribesmen they jumped into the river and swam for safety. When they were in the

middle of the river a crocodile swam after them. The crocodile came closer and the two men dived under the water. When they came to the surface one of the men said: "I am tired now brother, I think I will not go any farther. I think the crocodile will gobble me up."

Directly the other heard and saw what was going to happen he swam away and made some queer noises and told his brother to swim to the bank.

The crocodile swam after the man who made the queer noises and sprang on him but he dived under and swam closer to the bank. When he came to the surface he dived under and crawled on the mud and jumped out and caught hold of some mangrove trees. The men came out of the water and were saved.

Their enemies didn't kill them but one of the enemy speared one of the men at the ankle and made friends with them. During their supper time they had a dance.

Judge's Remarks: A fine account of a brother's heroism which seems to be founded on fact.

Consolation Prize. Cherry Mathews, Roper River Mission, N.T. (Aged 15 years)

A TRIBAL WAR

This is a true story of my grandfather and his brother who went into the bush and killed several people of another tribe.

They went to a billabong beside a very high mountain where the people had made their camps. My grandfather and his brother said to each other: "Now we've got these people who are always stealing from our place. They thought that that part of the area was where only Nundy people can roam because they were Nundy."

They went to the other end of the billabong and painted themselves all over with brown mud, then they gathered their spears and went to the crowd. Most of the men weren't there. They were out hunting for wallabies.

Then my grandfather ran and stood on the plain ready for fight. He was marking things on the ground to show that he was ready for fight. His brother was with him too.

Suddenly a crowd of men ran towards them. My grandfather and his brother weren't at all afraid of those people because they could dodge every spear that came whirling to them.

My grandfather and his brother won the fight because they waited for the other men to finish throwing their spears and then threw their spears at them which made the other men flee for their lives. They killed most of the women and children.

From that time onwards those tribes never came back. They went away for good.

Judge's Remarks: This is a reminiscence of people of the stone age.

1st Prize Equal with The Speaking Spear. Walter Rogers, C.M.S. Mission, Roper River, N.T.
(Aged 17 years)

ABORIGINAL LIFE AND CUSTOMS

When an aboriginal baby boy is born his parents and relations are happy and glad. They are glad because he will provide for them and help them when they are in trouble. His parents will call him by his Grandfather's name.

When the boy learns to speak the language, that's the time his father will teach him the tribal law and stories about Dreamtime.

When the boy is twelve years old he should be circumcised. It is a great time. The women and girls are busy getting lily seeds, lily roots, white berries, black currants, yams and wild honey. They get food for the dancers who will dance for the boy.

At night time the older men with the younger men go to the dancing ground with their boomerangs. Many strange things happen before they go into the dancing place. As soon as the sun has gone to rest the men begin to sing the Mermaid song. The women dance from then till dawn. Next night the men will do likewise but a different dance and a different song. If the boy's Totem is Catfish, they'll sing the Catfish song but if his Totem is Goanna, they'll sing the Goanna song.

When it is dawn the boy is circumcised.

This is the first ceremony the boy will have seen. He is a member of the High Men of the tribe, but not fully because he has yet to see another three or four ceremonies. The circumcision ceremony and the other ceremonies the women, the girls and the boys who are not circumcised are not allowed to see. The men dance a secret dance.

After the circumcision ceremony the boy is allowed to hunt with the men. If he's a good hunter he will be praised by his people for his skill. He is not allowed to eat big birds and fish such as the Jarburu and Barumundi after circumcision. He is allowed to eat when the men of the tribe have wiped his mouth with their hands.

If the boy behaves properly he is allowed to see the other ceremonies.

Marriage is a big thing in aboriginal life. If a girl is promised to a boy and another boy takes her as his wife there will be a big fight between the two boys. Girls are sometimes married when they are ten or twelve years old.

During hunting time the hunters have to be clever and quick. Before the hunt starts the men cover themselves with mud from head to toes.

When a man sees a kangaroo he always has to keep against the wind. When the kangaroo keeps on eating, the hunter moves too, but if the kangaroo is looking, you have to stand still and imitate the trees. If you have branches from the trees you put them up in front of you. It is sometimes two or three hours before you can spear the kangaroo and you have to be patient.

Sometimes the hunter misses the kangaroo and the families go hungry if the mothers don't get something from the billabongs.

I am pleased the white men came. It doesn't matter that the first white men were a bit cruel to my grandfather and my tribe. It has changed now and I'm very glad.

Judge's Remarks: This is quite an important piece of writing with its fine description of black man's lore. Well done!

J. Johnson, A.I.M., Singleton

This story shared first prize in the over 18 section.

The story has been handed down from generation to generation in the writer's family. It is entirely fictitious and the writer does not believe in any of the superstitions connected with it.

THE SPEAKING SPEAR

Down through the corridors of time, until now, the eerie story of the Speaking Spear comes right into the talk of the little group seated in their modern, comfortable home.

The eldest member of the group, a grey-haired, wrinkle-skinned old woman, has those with her drawn into a quietness which is almost ghostly.

Eyeing her listeners, the old woman's mouth moves, her lips part and out come these words: "Your father and his brothers and sisters were only young when bad news came that someone we loved much had been killed. This person lived ten miles or more away. We wanted to go, however, and make a visit of sympathy to the living relatives. The distance was too much for us to travel before sundown. Then suddenly in a wattle tree right next to our bush-style house, our Uncle Jimmy's almost human "Speaking Spear" began to quiver and the wattle tree shook.

"Uncle Jimmy! Come quickly! Your Speaking Spear is moving about, it is becoming restless!" Uncle Jimmy runs quickly to the tree and says many words in his tribal language. Instantaneously the spear becomes still and quiet.

The Speaking Spear tells Uncle Jimmy in the Wikka Wikka tongue how and by what person his loved one

had been killed. Then Uncle Jimmy said to the Speaking Spear: "You will take us to this place." The Speaking Spear shakes itself in approval.

We prepare our family of ten or more and all become quiet as Uncle Jimmy speaks to the spear again. "We want you to get us to this place before sundown."

Starting out, we follow the shade of the trees and somehow, by a strange, unseen power, we seem to be floating along, our feet not even touching the ground.

This was the power of the Speaking Spear, carrying us faster than any horse could have taken us!

By looking at the landmarks and familiar spots in the bush, we could tell that we were close to our destination.

On arriving we saw many people, some came and welcomed us.

Looking up we noticed the sun still high above, in its journey to the west, we were not late, thanks to the power possessed by Uncle Jimmy's Speaking Spear, which is made from bones, flesh and hair of departed warriors.

Continuing, the old woman seems to have been drawn into a deep, deep reverie and now becomes silent.

Those around her become aware of a new era of sounds and noises which contrast with what they have imagined while listening to the story.

Stirring slowly and rising from their positions, each is brought face to face with the world of today into which they must mould themselves, while within their hearts they remember the fantastic, unbelievable story of "The Spear that Talks."

Judge's Remarks: Excellent.

Consolation Prize. Ray Geoffrey, Roper River, N.T. (Aged 18 years)

Long ago, even before the white men came to Australia, the native people around Arnhem Land said that a goanna, a totem one, had travelled from the North East, from a place which my tribe had named "Wurindi".

When it started the journey it was travelling under the ground and not on top as you would think. It had been travelling under the ground for days till at last it just poked its head out at a place called Mount Moore at the mouth of the Roper River. This goanna must have had very big fingers to dig that far because I know these places are not close together.

This goanna left Mount Moore and travelled Southwards till he came and stopped at a place called Nga-ma-lal-ma-lal which means "Lightning hits a

tree". From there he travelled through plains and thick scrub till he came and stopped at a place called Nu-roo-din-goo-yana, at the bank of the Roper River. In this place he and his wife were greatly worried, wondering how they would cross the river. Then one of them said: "Let us make a crossing out of rocks and stones". When they had finished they started to cross and they heard a mighty noise coming down the river.

Suddenly, round the bend of the river, they saw two big snakes coming towards them. They said to the snakes: "Please don't knock over our crossing". But the snakes, who were singing as they came down the river, knocked it over.

The husband goanna had to carry his wife over the river because she was expecting a child.

When they came to the other side they just went on. They travelled through a big plain and at the end of the plain they went through more scrub and on the other side of the scrub was a bigger plain. They travelled Westward till they came to the bank of the Roper River. When they came to a place which they named Wul-wun-gool-wun, they had a little rest.

They travelled through sand-ridges and gullies towards another plain and on this plain they lifted the Milky Way up to the sky. They came to a place called Dun-glo-min-din-ni.

From there they travelled through ti-trees and scrub and came to another place called Mar-dun-gu and went towards Mount Roper. There they cut the neck of a groper with a stone knife. After they had eaten the groper's head they followed a big road or a plain leading to a place called Ga-lar-wige-na. They travelled on through sand-ridges and scrub till they came to another place called War-lar-lar-nul-ber and they travelled across another plain till they came to a group of trees and from there towards another place called War-da-na-ja and an English name, Lake Margaret. Here they met another travelling goanna which travelled on but they stayed at Lake Margaret and that is the end of my story.

(There is a song which follows this track for circumcision.)

Judge's Remarks: Good, but not enough incident.

Consolation Prize. Ross Samuel, Roper River Mission, N.T. (Aged 17 years)

HOW I MADE A SPEAR

One bright Saturday morning in the month of November I went to a place called Kangaroo Island. I went there to look for a spear which will be of good use when I go hunting in the bush.

Roseby Park News

During the year 1961, the following new babies arrived at Roseby Park Station and are all well.

Beverley Cooper, daughter of Ruby and Stan.

Phillip Lonesborough, son of Kath and Phillip.

Noel Wellington, son of Jean and Frank.

Anthony Longbottom, son of Eileen and Doug.

Virginia Mary Pender, daughter of June and Norman.

Congratulations are extended to Brenda Longbottom of Roseby Park for her most successful first year at Nowra High School.

Brenda was second in her class at the end of the year, and all wish her the best in her future studies.

Anyhow, I started on my journey down the river with a dug-out canoe to look for a good spear. When I reached the island I had to go into the jungle to look for the spear. In the thick part of the jungle I saw a straight spear which I immediately cut down. Then I made my way to camp. When I got there I started to gather sticks to make a fire. The fire was blazing up making black smoke, into which I put the spear to take the skin off. After I'd taken the skin off I took it out for drying in the sun. Then I had to put wires in the spear and tie it up with strings which are carefully made by the women.

When I had finished making my spear I made my way home with the dug-out canoe.

Judge's Remarks: A very competent description.



Well-known radio and television commentator Eric Baume greets an old friend, Freddy Skinner, of Through Street, South Grafton, and congratulates him on the outstanding success of the many "mixed" dances he has organised for various charities.

Destination—Barrier Reef

By Richard Martin—a talented Queensland aboriginal writer and artist

It was February '58. I was net fishing at Mackay, North Qld. There were four of us, and about that time fishing was poor and I was thinking of joining the league of deep-sea fishing, namely the outer Barrier Reef. During the last few months fishing boats have been coming in with their catch and as the season was coming to a close about April, all small ships were making their last dash to the reef. I always thought of going to the Reef, not only to catch big fish, but because the Reef itself was to me an attraction.

My chance came one morning after my friends and I were repairing nets and doing other minor jobs that required attention. It was then I saw a friend of mine I had known coming down the waterfront looking for me. Although he was 18 or 19 he was an "old hand" at reef fishing, and had been "outside" on a number of occasions. He and the Skipper of the "X" were about to depart for the Reef at high tide that night. He said the Skipper of "X" wanted to see me, so we made our way to the wharves where a 28 foot launch was tied. Les was the Skipper and was also an old hand at fishing and handling small ships. He was an ex-navy man and knew his ships and fish.

We boarded the boat and found the Skipper doing the final check of fishing gear, emergency fuel, ice-water, oil, food, etc. He came straight to the point and asked me to come "outside" with them as they were a hand short. I told him I would and we discussed the matter and settled everything. He expected to be back in a fortnight.

At full tide that night Les started the engine, letting it idle for a few minutes, tested the rudder per steering wheel, returned to the engine, revved it a few times, then being satisfied with it, he went into the cockpit and told Bill and I to stand by to cast off.

I went to the stern and Bill to the bow. Les called to us to cast off, and gave the all clear. The powerful engine gave a roar, as white foam stirred at the stern, then slowly the boat lurched forward and at long last, we were on the first step to the Great Barrier Reef.

After we sailed out of the Pioneer River and past Flat Top Island, the Skipper said everything would be O.K. and to go and have a sleep. Bill and I went below where there were three berths, and we crawled into our bunks and with the constant rocking of the boat and the engine throbbing in our ears, we were soon fast asleep.

I awoke at 5 a.m. At this time Bill was steering and the skipper was in his bunk asleep. Bill said he was steering since 2 a.m., and asked me if I could steer by compass, and as I could he left instructions with me to wake the skipper as soon as we got aside of Tern Island.

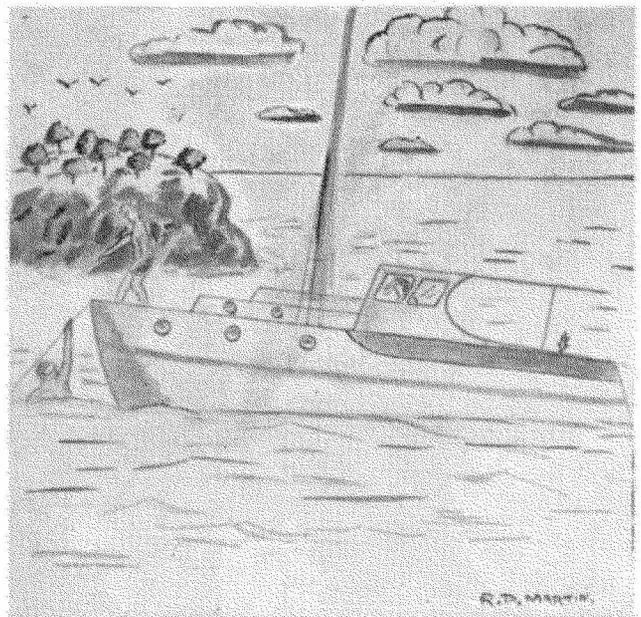
I noticed by the charts that Tern Island was to be the last bit of land we were to see for a fortnight, also it was about 4 hours steady sailing. Most of the islands we were passing were surrounded by coral reefs.

At last when Tern Island was ahead about a half mile I went below and woke the Skipper, and he told me to bring the boat in about a hundred yards off Tern Island, which I did. Then Les and I prepared to make breakfast, which consisted of steak, bacon and eggs. He noticed the boat was drifting and he asked me if I had put on a reef anchor and taken off the ordinary anchor. I told him I hadn't, but he didn't seem to mind. He said, "I meant to tell you to put a reef anchor on, but don't worry, the anchor will catch", and it did.

On the starboard side about a short mile away was a small island called Bushy Island. It is covered in green bushy trees, presumably mangroves, and surrounded by a beautiful yellow beach. It is one of the prettiest little islands I have ever seen on the Reef, next to Pine Island in the Whitsunday Passage.

Tern Island is a great rock about 60 or 70 feet above sea level with sparse vegetation and a few trees. It is well named, as terns, seagulls, and other sea birds inhabit it.

As we wanted to leave then, Bill and I were told to get ready to pull up the anchor, while the skipper started the engine. It was then the trouble started. The boat



was in about 4 or 5 fathoms, the water was clear and the colour of the reef below us was easily seen. Colours of the rainbow could be seen from every point as pretty fish darted among the coral.

Unfortunately the anchor had slid down one of the holes in the reef where it held fast. We tried using the engine to break the anchor clear, but to no avail. Then it was suggested that one of us had to dive down and free the anchor by lifting it clear of the hole. I said I would do it. I don't mind admitting being a bit scared as I know that groper, octopus and shark lurk around these reefs, especially around the holes, and I would rather be in the water with a shark any day, than with a groper (as I will tell you of my experience with a groper later on). However, I put on a pair of goggles and grabbed the anchor chain and slipped into the water. A cold shiver ran up my spine, but it wasn't from the water.

As I went down my fear left me as I gazed at the glorious wonder of the reef. As I went deeper the pressure on my ear-drums was terrific. I thought they would burst any minute. I got the anchor clear of the hole and stayed there a few moments longer, the reef was much more brilliant there looking from under the sea than on top. Everything was quiet and I gazed up at the top and saw the bottom of the boat, then came to the top and climbed out of the water.

We pulled up the anchor and left Tern Island about 10 a.m. I steered all day by compass and soon there was nothing but sea all around us.

We reached the first reef about 4 p.m. The reef was on a point of North East from Tern Island. As we approached the reef the skipper and Bill prepared the lines and lures and other gear, such as gloves, trace lines, gaffs, and other required items. Bill was to have worked the dory, which is a small craft about 10 or 12 feet with a diesel motor, used for going close to the wall of

the reef, where the use of the larger boat would be too hazardous. As we dropped anchor and Bill prepared to board the dory to check it, I noticed a great dorsal fin moving towards the boats. It was a great tiger shark. The monster must easily have been about 15 feet long. I shouted out to Bill and Les, and we watched as the shark slowly moved towards the dory. It came so close to the dory, that one could have reached out and touched it. It then circled the both crafts and slowly moved out to sea.

At first I was a bit scared and was talking to Les about it, but he just said, "Don't worry about them, that's nothing to what you will see of sharks".

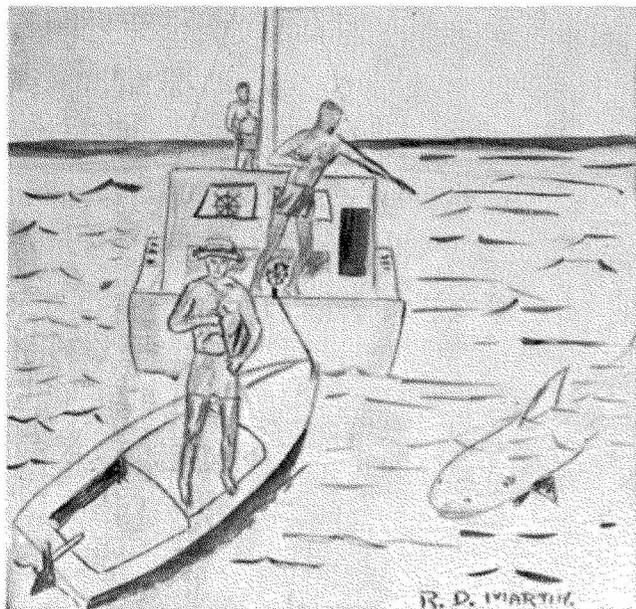
After Bill had gone in the dory, Les and I started fishing. The lines consisted of heavy cord, on the end of which was a fine steel trace, with a double hook covered with pretty coloured string, made in such a manner to form a lure. We sailed at about half throttle and continually jerked the lines, so attracting the fish. We had gloves on our hands, with the finger tips clear. Without these gloves one's hand would soon be torn and cut. We then started catching a few fish, most of which were coral trout, weighing up to 6 and 8 lb. Others were sweet-lip, yellow-lip, Spanish mackerel, wrasse, turrum, an occasional runner, and — shark. Only a certain species of school shark we would keep for the market. They were usually about two to three feet long, and were quite edible. Fish were so numerous that as soon as we pulled one in and threw back the line, it wasn't very long before we were pulling in another.

Just before sunset we anchored. We had about three or four dozen fish, mostly coral trout, and Bill came in with about two dozen fish, mostly of the same variety. Les and Bill cleaned the fish while I prepared supper.

The blood and intestines of the fish attracted sharks and it was nothing to see nine or ten great man-eaters swimming around the boats and taking the left-overs. I often wondered how long a person would last if he accidentally fell over while these hungry monsters were there. After tea was over and the fish were put on ice, I decided to fish with a hand line. I then caught my first shark. It was a species of school shark, and was small compared with other species of the man-eater size. It measured 5½ feet. It was too big for market, so I killed it with a mallet used for the purpose and let its intestines out with a knife. These school shark are a nuisance to reef fisherman, as they generally snatch a hooked fish off a line before one can get the fish clear of the water.

I watched the body of the shark sink to the bottom. In about five or ten minutes, sharks came to the scene attracted by the blood and as I watched, in the light of the setting sun, the other sharks tore pieces of flesh from its body. I thought to myself, only half an hour ago, if that shark were still alive it would probably be with the school joining in the feast of another comrade.

On our boat we had a two-way radio and we would listen to different countries broadcasting. We turned into bed about 7 o'clock as the next day would be a long, hard one.



Pen Friends Wanted !



20-year-old Margaret Reid, of 29 Whitton Park Road, Peak Hill, would like some pen friends. How about some letters for her?

We were on a reef about 150 miles east of Ayr, when we saw a great manta-ray lying on top of the water. As we neared it the engine disturbed it, and it threw its wings into the air and then brought them down with a tremendous thud. Water splashed all around it, and as it began to swim out of sight, I noticed its wing movements were the same as a bird in flight. Its graceful movements reminded me of a giant hawk flying in the air.

We went north as far as Bramble reef, which is situated about 70 or 80 miles east of Townsville. During the morning we talked to another fishing boat over the two-way radio.

Finishing with this reef, Les decided to head back to Mackay. We had been at sea for seven days without sighting land.

I had noticed birds such as terns way out at sea, even at points of over 100 miles from the coastline of Australia.

On the way back to Mackay, we got a good catch, and soon had one ice-box filled with fish. There was about 1,400 lb. of fish in one box alone.

The next day, after leaving Bramble, Les decided we would go near the outer edge. He said, "This is where the horizon has mountains on it." When we reached there I saw what he meant.

Although the day was calm, the swell of the Pacific Ocean was tremendous. Instead of a level horizon as one would expect, the horizon was like a wavy line, and although the waves of the Outer Pacific were not breaking, it gave the appearance of a topsy-turvy ocean.

The reef was between us and the outer edge. It was here that we caught a lot of turrum, which are about three feet long and weigh in the vicinity of 70 lb., although bigger ones have been caught.

They are a great fighting fish and inhabit a point between two reefs where the current of the sea is apparently stronger than any other part of the reef. When there is a school of these fish and one is hooked, the others follow the hooked fish as it is pulled into the boat. When they are near the boat we then throw about 20 feet of line over and catch them.

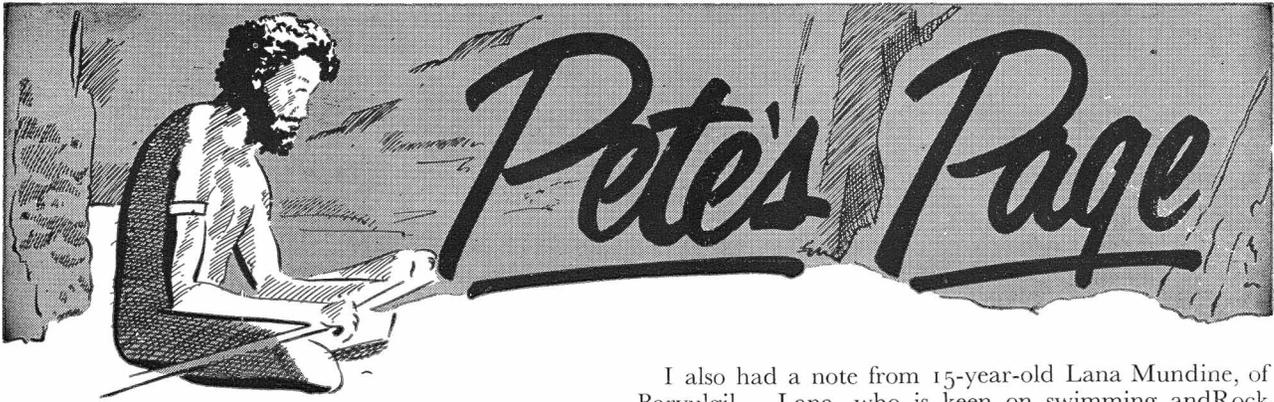
That night, just after tea, a storm struck. The wind brought in the rain, and although we were anchored in a lee, the ocean was a turmoil. The boat rolled and the anchor chain was hitting the bow of the boat very hard. The skipper put a rope on the anchor chain, about two feet from the water-level and tied it again to the coil, where the rest of the chain was on deck. This formed a cushion on the chain, and stopped the noise, and also prevented the anchor chain from breaking. After that everything was all right.

Next day, after breakfast, we continued our trip South again, along the reef. At one reef fish were not biting well, so Les suggested we use hand lines, because there were many red emperor in this part of the reef waters.

The boat was drifting and we dare not let our lines drag on the ocean bottom as the reef would break the line after snagging it. Les showed me how we had to have heavy weights for sinkers, and after letting the lines into the water we would feel for the bump the weight made as it struck bottom, then we would hold our lines so that the weight would be about a foot or so from the bottom, preventing the hook from snagging. If the weight came in contact with a reef, the vibration would be felt and so we would shorten the line by pulling it in until we had the required length needed to reach about two feet from the bottom. If it got deeper we would know, as at short intervals we would jerk the lines up and down to see if they were at the required depth.

Here the fishing wasn't too good, and we soon decided to call it a day. Bill was over on the next reef, so we called him in, tied up the dory behind our boat and headed further in.

To be continued next month



Hello, Kids,

Well we've really been having some hot weather all over the State, haven't we? But after all that is what we must expect this time of the year. It's great weather for swimming though, isn't it?

In this issue you will see a splendid article on Famous Artists by Rita Wenberg, of Cobbity.

In a little note Rita said:

Dear Pete,

Just a short note hoping you enjoyed reading this article on Art. As you know, I love art very much, and my hobby is cutting old masterpieces of paintings I see in the newspapers.

I spend quite a while at the Art Gallery when I go into the city. I like all kinds of paintings.

Well, so much for painting!

At the moment it is raining. I wish it would stop. I guess we shouldn't complain though, as there are other countries that don't get rain at all.

I will close now.

Yours sincerely,
 Rita Wenberg,
 "Yarraman",
 Cobbity, N.S.W.

Thanks very much indeed, Rita, for a most interesting article.

Audrey Joyce Morris, Box 68, Post Office, Walcha, would like some boy pen friends about 13 years of age and John Olsen, C/- Box 88, Post Office, Walcha, would like some girl pen friends between 18 and 22. How about some letters?

I also had a note from 15-year-old Lana Mundine, of Baryulgil. Lana, who is keen on swimming and Rock 'n Roll, would like some pen friends 15 or 16 years of age.

I hope you all liked our special Rooster Crossword puzzle in this issue. If you do we will have some more novel competitions for you next month.

How about some letters to let me know what you think about them?

Well, kids, I guess that's about all the news for this month so until next month, and looking forward to lots of letters and photographs from you.

Your sincere Pal,



Rodney Towney and Eunice Peachey, of Nanima, with the cup they won at the school sports at Wellington

PHOTOS

If you have any good clear photographs of yourself, your friends, or your pets, send them to THE EDITOR, DAWN MAGAZINE, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney. PHOTOS MUST HAVE BEEN RECENTLY TAKEN.



GET YOUR GARDEN READY

With autumn just around the corner, most gardeners will find lots to do—seeds and bulbs to sow, lawns to put in shipshape and kitchen gardens to tidy.

We've been a little short of sunshine this summer and had far too much cloudy weather and rain.

But the temperatures and humidity have been high with the result that most shrubs and trees have made enormous growth.

The southerlies that blew up during the second week of last month caused much damage. Trees and shrubs will need putting shipshape.

Erosion was bad again as a result of the heavy rain. I suggest getting as much manure as possible for digging in during winter, to make up for the loss of humus in the soil.

I'm now preparing to sow border plants from seed. Livingstone daisies, nemesias, nemophilas, linarias, pansies, violas, dwarf ageratum, bellis perennis, should all go in now.

I managed to plant a lot of small bulbs that I lifted very late owing to the waterlogged condition of much of my soil.

They included lachenalias (several colours), ixias, babianas, sparaxis, freesias, anemones and scillas. Many of them already were showing growth when lifted, but it just couldn't be helped.

Lawn care hasn't worried me much lately, but the kikuyu runners and the bristly Mullumbimby couch, which is a sedge and not a grass at all, have caused me serious misgivings.

Blackberry brambles which crept through my fence and under it, from a vacant allotment next door, will need to be sprayed with 2,4,5,T.

I tried a new pellet herbicide on them that was supposed to knock brambles over, but all it did was to kill my chokoes and cause serious chlorosis in a flowering peach tree yards away from the treated area.

Perhaps I gave the ground too much and didn't allow for the fact that these weedicides, herbicides and other killers will flow through the soil in very wet weather—of which my district has had plenty since last October. However, I gave the peach some iron chelates, and also a good dose of poultry manure—and am now awaiting results.

Cleaning Up

Browsing round the garden I found plenty of perennials that needed cutting back: pyrethrums, marguerites, columbines, salvias, hellebores, day lilies, and many others, and they will be cleaned up and put shipshape for winter. Most gardeners will find delphiniums, spent perennials, and probably a lot of annuals and biennials that need cleaning up.

Nothing makes a garden look shabbier than a lot of spent plants with dead flowers and dying leaves, or shrubs that have grown lank and left unpruned.

It's time to sow sweet peas, too. I've had quite good results from the old Spencer (winter flowering) types, and less luck with the floribunda varieties, although a few last year "threw" stems bearing up to 8 and 9 blooms. This year I shall try a new spot and prepare the ground very well for them.