



NEW DAWN

MARCH 1972

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

There are many areas of the State where the *NEW DAWN* camera has never been. Because New South Wales is such a huge State, with so many centres of Aboriginal population, it is likely to be years before *NEW DAWN* gets to your area—especially if you live in a place where there are not many Aborigines. Nevertheless there are many old friends—who also get *NEW DAWN*—who would love to see your face again. So do keep those photos coming in for the “Smoke Signals” section?

NEW DAWN A magazine for the Aboriginal people of New South Wales

March 1972 Vol. 2 No. 12

A monthly magazine produced by the N.S.W. Department of Child Welfare and Social Welfare



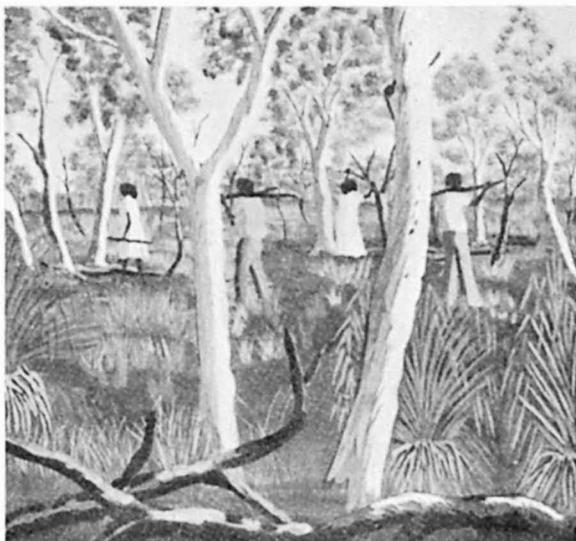
IN THIS ISSUE

- 1 Sydney's Aboriginal art exhibitions.
- 3 Prize winners at Nanima.
- 4 What were the tribal people like?
- 6 Doug Scott—owner-driver.
- 6 Departmental News.
- 7 Offices of the Department of Social Services.
- 9 Dennis Doolan.
- 11 Three from Joe.
- 13 The Australian Aborigines.
- 14 Smoke Signals.
- 16 Letters.
- 16 1972 Junior Secondary Bursaries.
Children's Corner (Inside back cover).

FRONT COVER: *A couple of cuties—Mrs Bostock and daughter Phemie photographed at the Dick Roughsey exhibition last December (see article inside).*

BACK COVER: *Another photo from Detective Sergeant Don Tischenko. This time it is a portrait of Archie Walford, who is Dubbo's first parking policeman. According to Don, Archie is a popular figure in Dubbo, despite his position. Maybe it's that certain-brand-of-toothpaste smile?*

EDITOR: Mrs C. Gilbert, Dept of Child Welfare and Social Welfare, Box 18, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. 2001



One of Dick Roughsey's European-style paintings.



Dick Roughsey—at the exhibition.

—doing a tribal dance.

SYDNEY'S ABORIGINAL ART EXHIBITIONS

Two art exhibitions of tribal Aborigines were shown in Sydney within a week of each other over November-December last year.

The first was an exhibition of paintings at the Artarmon Galleries by Dick Roughsey, whose tribal name is Goobalathaldin. Dick, who comes



from Cairns, showed works done in both European and Aboriginal tribal styles. He has had a colourful life as a hunter, fisherman, cattleman, sailor, artist, and tribal elder. During the opening night he was available to autograph copies of his book *Moon and Rainbow* which was on sale at the exhibition.



Left to right: Mayawara, Nelly, Tjikalyi, and Patjiparan who gave demonstrations of Pitjantjatjara craft skills at their recent Sydney exhibition.

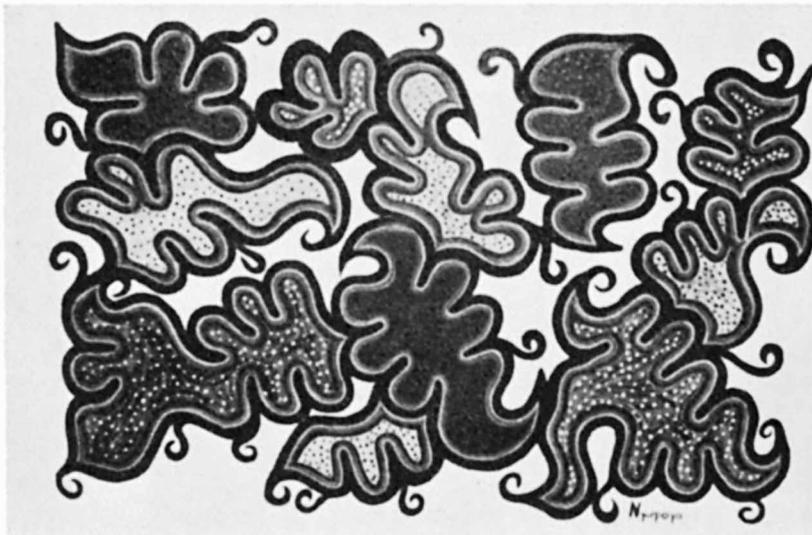


A close-up of Nelly

On 7th December, Dr H. C. Coombs, Chairman of the Council for Aboriginal Affairs, opened the first Sydney exhibition of contemporary art by Pitjantjatjara artists from Ernabella and Amata, at the Argyle Arts Centre. Carvings, paintings, and prints in rich, lush reds, yellows, oranges, umbers, browns, greens, blues, and pinks lay heaped all over the gallery. The people at Ernabella and Amata make wall hangings, thick and chunky rugs with bold, exciting designs and wooden

artifacts which have traditional designs carved and burnt into them.

Miss Winifred Hilliard told *NEW DAWN* that the products of the Pitjantjatjara people had been criticized as "not Aboriginal". But as she pointed out, their work is a natural evolution of Aboriginal traditional styles. "How else," she argues, "could they have their tremendous sense of colour and shape? These things are all around them, in the



Musgrave Ranges where they live. All they are doing is putting it into their art. Soon the people at Ernabella will be starting on batik work—and they can't wait to begin!"

Regular sales of these lovely art and craft products are expected to make a big difference to the Pitjantjatjara people. As Mr Abrams pointed out "The situation of the Aborigines is deplorable. Of the 400 at Amata, half are children. Only about a quarter of the tribe is employable. This means that about 400 people are living off the earnings of about 50. The Pitjantjatjara have worked it out so that everybody is responsible for a certain number of their tribe, so everyone is looked after. But this often means that a family of grandparents, children, wives, nieces, and nephews are all living on the earnings of one man—and this less than the basic wage." Added Miss Hilliard "The world owes no one a living, but it *does* owe everyone a *chance* to make a living. That is why the sale of these art goods are so important to the people."

But there is more to it than just the earning of a living. Winifred Hilliard has pointed out how the people delight in producing the fine quality goods and how obvious their pride is. As Dr Coombs pointed out at the opening of the exhibition, Aboriginal tradition has never been static or frozen into unchangeable form. When Captain Cook

came here, the Aborigines' life was vigorous with religious, dramatic and artistic impulses. The "dreaming" expressed by these impulses is changing, but it can still be a thread which links Aboriginal people with their past and gives meaning to their present.



PRIZE WINNERS AT NANIMA

On 14th December, Nanima School, Wellington held its annual Prize-Giving ceremony. The following prizes were awarded:

FOR LEADERSHIP, LOYALTY, AND CO-OPERATION:

Lawrence Peckham.
Shirley Stanley.

OUTSTANDING IMPROVEMENT:

Lawrence Peckham.

NEATNESS IN BOOKWORK:

Room 1: Tania West.
Room 2: Teresa Elemes, Shereera Ah See.
Room 3: John Ah See.

CONDUCT AND EFFORT:

Girl: Carol Toomey.
Boy: Geoffrey Toomey.

CONSTANCY AND APPLICATION:

Cynthia Amatto.
Anthony Amatto.

SPECIAL INFANTS' DIVISION—

CLASS SPIRIT AND CO-OPERATION:

Room 1: Karen Amatto, Walter Toomey, Raymond Peckham.
Room 3: Michelle Ah See, James West.

CLASS SPIRIT AND ATTITUDE:

Lucy Amatto.

NEEDLEWORK:

Grade 3: Deborah Ah See.
Grade 4: Lynette Peckham.
Grade 5: Shereera Ah See.
Grade 6: Vicki Stanley.

HANDCRAFT AND WOODWORK:

Grade 3: John Ah See.
Grade 4: Derek Peckham.
Grade 5: Mark Toomey.
Grade 6: John Riley.

IMPROVEMENT:

Room 1: Peter Stanley.
Room 2: Jessie Stewart, Colleen Toomey.
Room 3: Dean Toomey.

OUTSTANDING ATTENDANCE:

Shereera Ah See (for 6 years' unbroken attendance).

ONE YEAR ATTENDANCE AWARDS:

Room 1: Tania West, Edward Carr.
Room 2: Shereera Ah See, Shirley Stanley, Jonathon Amatto, Lucy Amatto.
Room 3: Judith Stanley, Andrew Carr.

What Were The Tribal People Like?

by Professor A. P. Elkin

What were these people like, these tribal Aborigines whom I got to know in the course of many trips into the outback? First of all, to get any real contact with them, a white man has to forget his clock time. Time, as the white man knows it has no meaning for the Aboriginal. For him, the time to finish a job is when it is finished and the time to arrive at a place is when he arrives. Dates and times have no meaning for him. Mrs A. Y. Hassell, of Esperance Bay, W.A., writing last century, mentions a young couple who had just been married and were about to leave on walkabout. They said to Mrs Hassell "We'll see you when the snakes come out of the ground again"—in other words, the beginning of next summer. She commented that the couple might be gone for two or three years, for they take no count of time.

In the same way, when Aborigines decide to meet somewhere no precise date is fixed. Nor could it be. Groups arrive by dribs and drabs and neither they nor the "host" group considers this odd. After all the visitors have to hunt for, and gather, their daily food on the way, probably turning aside here and there in order to do so. No one minds. The "host" group and the visitors who have already arrived do not grumble. They go on living: hunting, food-gathering, rehearsing ritual and having corroborees. The others will come.

The absence of a time sense is the reason why I have been greeted by an Aboriginal after an 18 years absence, as though the 18 years time gap had not occurred. It was completely gone. Everything went on as though there had been no gap whatsoever.

I suppose the other end of it is when, only 3 years or so ago, I paid the last of my many visits to southern Arnhem Land. I particularly wanted to see an upright old lady whom we called Laurie. Her husband had been one of my great friends and helpers on expeditions in that area, before he died. We talked for awhile and then, as we were saying goodbye, she said to me "I won't see you again". Two weeks later, back in Sydney, I got a wire that she had died in hospital. That was the end for her.

You had to admire what to a white man was the sheer courage of these people. In the Elsey Station area, I remember one morning, a man

going off with a little boy. He was going about 200 miles north into the middle of Arnhem Land. He had with him a spear and spear thrower, *and not one other thing*. Going out into that place, without food and elaborate equipment. . . . Yet he could go and this was not many years ago. If he wanted a knife after spearing a kangaroo, he'd only have to pick up two stones and with a few taps they'd flake off, leaving a sharp edge. If he wanted a fire, he'd make it with sticks. He knew all the signs and places to go for water. Both of them knew where to look for food. Indeed, all the tribal people do. You think they're not watching, but they are—all the time.

All over Australia, the effect of kinship on behaviour is obvious where Aborigines are still reasonably tribal. Between a man and his wife's mother there must be no association, as far as possible not even by sight and never by word or touch. It is very, very strong. And that goes onto her brother and the whole clan, for they are all in one relationship. It's a very old thing. The mother-in-law avoidance certainly stops a lot of friction and is probably a very wise thing, humanly speaking.

The Aborigines' spiritual life centres a great deal around symbols of wood or stone which might be engraved or painted. I can say that I have been shown such symbols very many times, but on no occasion without the Aborigines dropping down on their haunches and chanting the rituals belonging to that object.

In 1930, in the Flinders Range, I visited a camp of Aborigines every day for about a week, talking about kinship. Then one day I decided that I really must talk to them about their sacred life. I sat down with them and waited for them to gather around as usual. There were some old men there—greybeards. Twelve o'clock came. I made no effort to go and have any lunch. One o'clock came. I wasn't going then, either, until I had been left alone with the greybeards. I was hoping that the young men would leave, even if they might know a lot. I couldn't take the risk of asking something that one of them didn't know anything about. So, I waited. Gradually, one by one, the younger men did leave, until I was left alone with the greybeards. Then they told me that they knew what I wanted, and that they had decided not to tell me anything. But the care

that I had taken, to wait until the younger men had gone, had given them confidence. Had I not done this, and dropped some information which I shouldn't have, then my foot would have been in it and opening an oyster would have been easier than getting any further information. In the end though, they did agree to show me their bullroarer—the only one they had with them. In return, I promised to show them a holy object from a different country, about 1,500 miles away.

We met that night and they unwrapped the symbol most carefully. It was engraved with circles and lines. They said it was very pretty and rubbed their fingers on it. Then down they went, onto their knees and the chanting started. It was the most sacred thing you could've seen anywhere. It couldn't have been more sacred if it had been a high mass, this quiet, deep chanting. These men couldn't possibly see, or show me, a sacred object without chanting. These things are sacred. They are not something to be brought out and just looked at. They are to be felt and experienced.

I have known occasions, when one of a group of Aborigines will fall down unexpectedly. The others would ignore him. When I asked what he was doing, they explained that the man had got a twitch somewhere in his body. At once he would go into a receptive mood and the twitch would

warn him that a relation, perhaps his father, would arrive later on. This sort of thing governs a great deal of the Aborigines' lives and apparently it works—quite enough for them to act on, at any rate. Birds give signs of events happening hundreds of miles away. So, the Aboriginal people seem to live on two levels. There is the ordinary level of everyday life, and this other level, this inner meaning of things, which is present all the time.

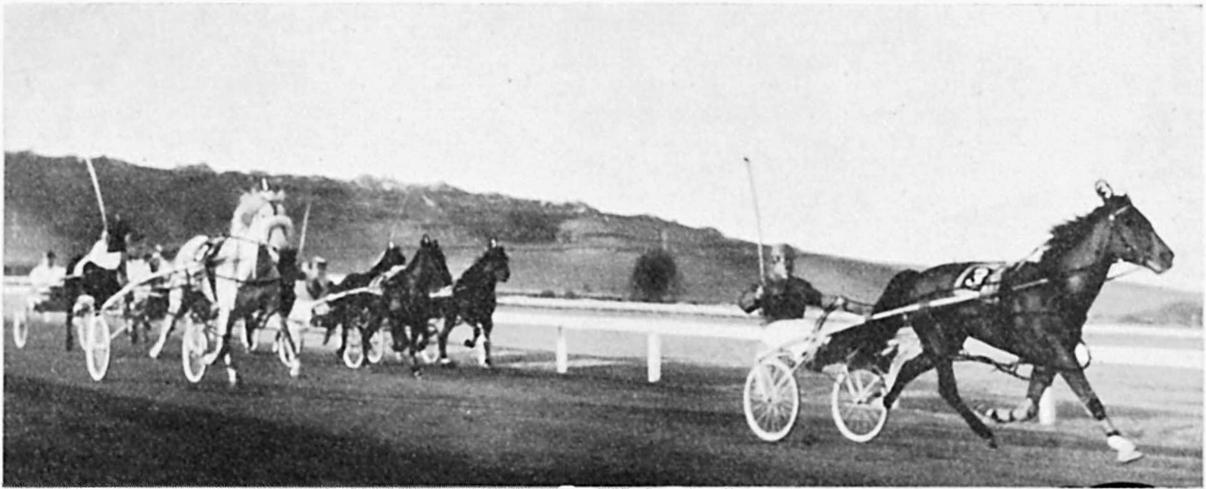
The thing that I treasure most was my personal links with tribal Aborigines. In the old days, I might get a message to go to some station. I might have to cross a river to get there. On one such occasion, I was wondering how on earth I was going to get across with all my equipment. I was starting to worry about it, when an Aboriginal man, who had been out with me often, stuck his head between my legs. He carried me and the gear across a wide stretch of water as though I'd weighed nothing. I'd said nothing to him, but he hadn't liked to see me worried. It's these kinds of memories that I treasure. These personal memories were what made my work so worthwhile. In the places where these old friends are still alive, I could still get the same warm welcome from them. It doesn't matter how much water has flowed under the bridge, I know that if I were to land in the middle of Arnhem Land tomorrow, they'll say "G'day, old man."



Above: Mrs Ruth Walker, Mrs Val Hinton, Mrs Greg Potts, June Potts and family, Seven Hills.

Top Left: Alan and Nola Roberts and family, La Perouse.

Left: Donnoleen Campbell and Michelle Campbell, La Perouse.



Kembla Grange 14-6-69, Beginners Handicap 10 furs less 24 yds. Mr D. Scott's Hal Tiger (Congruent-Joyce Raider) 12 yds—1st, Lolita Ayr front—2nd, Rawson Magic front—3rd. Won by 7 yds. Time 2.45 $\frac{3}{4}$. Trained and driven by D. Scott.

DOUG SCOTT—OWNER-DRIVER

Doug Scott is a man who has lived with horses all his life. He learnt to ride and handle them as a youngster at Narrandera in the Riverina, where his dad was a shearer, drover, and "jack-of-all-trades".

In 1964 Doug's interest in horses took a new turn when a friend at the Warragamba Dam, where Doug now lives, began to notice how good he is with them. The friend suggested that he should try training horses for professional trotting. He introduced Doug to P. J. Hall, who is one of the best owner-trainer of trotting horses in Australia. Perc Hall agreed to teach Doug and put him on his feet in racing.

That is how Doug Scott's interest in trotting began. Since then, he has raced at Bulli, Canberra, Gosford, Parramatta, Penrith, Kembla Grange, and Harold Park. He has never driven for anyone but himself, and has won at least ten races with his favourite horse, Hal Prince.

The plum win in trotting is at Harold Park, but Doug still counts a win at Parramatta as his most memorable. It was there that he beat his old teacher for the first time. Perc Hall was driving Brushwood Guy, the odds-on favourite. But Doug and Hal Tiger led the field to win a trotting gig worth \$250 and \$400 prize money as well as Perc Hall's wry comment "You're too good on the night, boy!"

Doug has to train his horses every morning before he goes to work and also has to exercise them at night. You can get some idea of what it takes to keep a trotting horse in prize-winning condition by the diet he feeds his horses: lucerne chaff, lucerne hay, oaten chaff, oats, cracked corn, bran, whole linseed meal, molasses, brown sugar, powdered milk, glucose powder, epsom salts, table salt, and carrots. There is a lot of hard work, but there are big rewards, too. After winning the Graduation Stakes from Perc Hall at Harold Park recently, Doug said: "It's a big thrill, a big thrill to beat the man who taught you! And it's a big thrill to look up and see 14,000 people watching you bring one home."

DEPARTMENTAL NEWS

The Department of Child Welfare and Social Welfare has recently approved of the building of the following homes for Aborigines in country and city areas.

Armidale, Lot 2, Erskine Street, 3 bedrooms.

Armidale, Lot 6, Niagara Street, 4 bedrooms.

Broken Hill, Lot 137, Duff Street, 3 bedrooms.

Mt Druitt, Lot 198, Batavia Place, 3 bedrooms.

OFFICES OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES

Below is a list of offices of the Department of Social Services. Readers are reminded that it is necessary for people to lodge regular income statements with the Department. Many people appear to be under the impression that it is only necessary to lodge the original application. This is not so. Where delays occur in the payment of unemployment benefits, the cause is often traced to failure to lodge the necessary statements.

District Employment Offices and Agencies	Name of Agent	Occupation and Address
ARMIDALE:		
Dumaresque Shire Council Building, Beardy Street, Armidale 2350 ('Phone 2411), P.O. Box 100, Armidale.		
Glen Innes	R. V. Saunders ..	Secretary, Pastures Protection Board, Grey Street 2370.
Tenterfield	B. Muddle ..	C.P.S. Court House 2372.
BANKSTOWN:		
1st Floor, Compass House, Cnr North Terrace and Featherstone Street, Bankstown 2200 ('Phone 7093977), P.O. Box 339.		
BLACKTOWN:		
1st Floor, 34-38 Campbell Street, Blacktown 2148 ('Phone 6211900), P.O. Box 402.		
BEGA:		
Cooma	J. C. Davey ..	Assistant C.P.S., Court House, Cooma 2630
Moruya	M. Hogno ..	C.P.S. Court House 2537.
Eden	D. H. Balmain ..	Balmain Brothers, Travel Agents, Imlay Street, 2551.
BROKEN HILL:		
Oriental Arcade, 279-381 Argent Street, Broken Hill 2880 ('Phone 6055), P.O. Box 490.		
CANBERRA:		
4 Mort Street, Canberra City, A.C.T. 2601 ('Phone 487333), S.T.D. 062, P.O. Box 120.		
CARINGBAH:		
1st Floor, 7-9 President Avenue, Caringbah, N.S.W. 2229 ('Phone 5255711), P.O. Box 401.		
CASINO:		
Kyogle	F. W. Birbeck ..	Mercer, 143 Summerland Way 2474.
CESSNOCK:		
Kurri Kurri	F. Rhodes ..	Secretary, Kurri Community Credit Union Ltd, Lang Street 2327.
COWRA:		
Young	J. R. Barton ..	Stock and Station Agent, 77 Main Street 2954.
DUBBO:		
1st Floor, A.W.U. Building, 34 Church Street, Dubbo 2830 ('Phone S.T.D. 068), P.O. Box 733.		
Bourke	J. B. McMorrow ..	C.P.S. Court House 2840.
Cobar	K. J. Irvine ..	C.P.S. Court House 2835.
Coonabarabran	H. Rustin ..	C.P.S. Court House 2857.
Coonamble	E. J. Ryan ..	Taxation Consultant, Nash Street 2829.
Narromine	F. B. Harmer ..	Mercer, Dandaloo Street 2821.
Nyngan	P. F. Moore ..	C.P.S. Court House 2825.
Wellington	D. Becker ..	C.P.S. Court House 2820.
FAIRFIELD:		
1st Floor, "Alassia House", 27 Spooner Street, Fairfield 2165 ('Phone 7270433), P.O. Box 267.		



District Employment Offices and Agencies	Name of Agent	Occupation and Address
GOULBURN:		
Moss Vale	D. B. Mackay ..	C.P.S. Court House 2577.
Yass	T. M. Clayton ..	C.P.S. Court House 2582.
GOSFORD:		
Potts Building, Burns Crescent, Gosford, N.S.W. 2250 ('Phone S.T.D. 043), P.O. Box 409.		
Wyong	Mrs R. F. Mitchell	Florist, 136 Railway Street 2259.
GRAFTON:		
Cnr Prince and Victoria Streets, Grafton, N.S.W. 2460 ('Phone S.T.D. 066), P.O. Box 349.		
Coffs Harbour	T. J. Slack ..	C.P.S. Court House 2540.
Maclean	G. J. Gallagher ..	W. H. Dougherty, Auctioneers & Valuers, 199 River Street, Maclean 2463.
GRIFFITH:		
102 Yambil Street, Griffith, N.S.W. 2680 ('Phone S.T.D. 069), P.O. Box 1440.		
Hay	D. Winter ..	Grazcos Agent, 119 Lachlan Street 2711.
HORNSBY:		
1st Floor, "Hornsby House", 32-34 Florence Street, Hornsby, N.S.W. 2077 ('Phone 470361), P.O. Box 150.		
HURSTVILLE:		
2nd Floor, 12-14 Ormond Parade, Hurstville, N.S.W. 2220 ('Phone 5794733), P.O. Box 410.		
KEMPSEY:		
Macksville	C. A. Dawkins ..	C.o. Mr Ulrick, Dentist, Wallace Street 2447.
Port Macquarie	J. A. Morton ..	C.P.S. Court House 2444.
Wauchope	R. B. Marchment ..	Mercer, 48 High Street 2446.
LEETON:		
Deniliquin	R. B. Gentle ..	C.P.S. Court House, 2710.
Jerilderie	K. Kitchen ..	Accountant, Jerilderie Street 2716.
Narrandera	O. G. Rose ..	Insurance Agent, 68 East Street 2700.
LISMORE:		
218-232 Molesworth Street, Lismore, N.S.W. 2480 (Phone S.T.D. 066), P.O. Box 131.		
Ballina	R. L. O'Neill ..	Auctioneer, Shop 9, Wigmore Arcade, River Street 2478.
LITHGOW:		
205 Main Street, Lithgow, N.S.W. 2790 ('Phone S.T.D. 06351), P.O. Box 111.		
Mudgee	R. L. McDermid ..	C.P.S. Court House 2850.
Portland	E. Toyer ..	Estate Agent, 3 Wolgan Street 2847.
LIVERPOOL:		
1st Floor, 45 Moore Street, Liverpool, N.S.W. 2170 ('Phone 6029481), P.O. Box 123.		
MAITLAND:		
1st Floor, 1 St Andrew Street, Maitland, N.S.W. 2320 ('Phone S.T.D. 049), P.O. Box 317.		
Muswellbrook	C. V. Conroy ..	C.P.S. Court House 2333.
Scone	W. Hall ..	C.P.S. Court House 2337.
Singleton	R. S. Taylor ..	Stock and Station Agent, 173 John Street 2330.
MURWILLUMBAH:		
Byron Bay	S. J. Johnston ..	C.o. Patch & Taylor Estate Agency, Johnson Street 2481.
Mullumbimby	J. E. Fitzgerald ..	C.o. Council Chambers 2482.
Tweed Heads	P. Stubbs ..	C.P.S. Court House 2485.



DENNIS DOOLAN

Almost 18 months ago, at Cowra, Dennis Doolan, 23, dived into shallow water and broke his spine. The accident left him totally paralysed from the hips down. Now Dennis is at a convalescent home in Mortdale learning to adjust himself to a very different kind of life. No longer is he able to see his friends at Erambie Mission when he likes, or pop up to Coonamble to see his father, Peter Doolan. This loss of freedom was probably the most difficult thing to which Dennis has had to adjust. Nevertheless, he is one of the most easy-going and popular patients at the hospital. Despite his handicaps, it is difficult to see him remaining at any hospital for the rest of his life. Already he is talking about getting a job and about training to be an artist. Somehow it is doubtful whether the people of Cowra or Coonamble have seen the last of Dennis Doolan.

Dennis Doolan busy at his part time job in a sheltered workshop at Taren Point, Sydney.

OFFICES OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES

District Employment Offices and Agencies	Name of Agent	Occupation and Address
NARRABRI:		
Gunnedah	A. Trevallion ..	Town Clerk, Town Hall 2722.
Moree	C. D. Swan ..	C.P.S. Court House 2400.
Walgett	D. B. Pike ..	C.P.S. Court House 2400.
NEWCASTLE:		
526 Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2300 (*Phone S.T.D. 049), P.O. Box 156, Newcastle West.		
ORANGE:		
146-148 Lords Place, Orange, N.S.W. 2800 (*Phone S.T.D. 063), P.O. Box 436.		
PARKES:		
Condobolin	L. Kallmire ..	C.P.S. Court House 2877.
Forbes	R. Sutton ..	C.P.S. Court House 2871.
West Wyalong	T. G. McGill ..	C.P.S. Court House 2671.
PARRAMATTA:		
68 Macquarie Street, Parramatta, N.S.W. 2150 (*Phone 6354888), P.O. Box 2.		
PENRITH:		
1st Floor, Commonwealth Offices, 407-411 High Street, Penrith, N.S.W. 2750 (*Phone S.T.D. 047), P.O. Box 293.		

(continued page 12)

People from all over

1. Yvonne Agius, Foundation.
2. Michael Fernando, Walgett.
3. Mrs Margaret Gowans, Newtown.
4. Mrs Valli Simpson, Mrs L. Ingram, Ned Simpson, and Mrs Janet Hamilton of Cowra.
5. Doug Hume of Narrogin, W.A. and his mate Stan Lamb of Collarenebri.
6. Drug Dixon, Walgett.
7. Ava Longbottom, La Perouse.
8. Trevor Hall, Walgett.



1



8



2



5



3



6



4

Three from Joe

Well-known La Perouse identity Joe Timbery was feeling pretty generous the other day and that is why *NEW DAWN* managed to get an old photo and some poems from him. They took a bit of getting, with Joe saying that "maybe he would" and "perhaps we ought to skip it" and "how about coming back another time". Joe Timbery has never been keen on giving out his poems. Yes, they did take some getting, but anyway, here they are for the enjoyment of Aborigines who know Joe and who remember the people and events he writes about:

Joe Timbery's photo of the last full-blood at La Perouse, Jim Major. Jim was a good draughts player who hated to lose. According to Joe, he would lock the door on anyone who could beat him and make that person play until he had won. Here Jim Major is shown with Mrs Bungery.



JIM BROWN

About 1920 was the year,
I still remember it very clear.
I knew a bearded old man,
Who lived on the mission land
He was a poor old dark feller,
Chased the lads with a stick or nulla.
They tormented him just for fun,
But gee! . . . the old man could run.

One afternoon he chased six
Some got in barbed wire, what a fix!
Pieces of cloth were left in the wire,
The old man would not retire.



He surely made them move,
As he started to improve.
He even chased them to Conwong beach
That's where they got out of reach.

He sat down to have a rest.
"Just for now I'll give them best,
That ought to quiet them for awhile"
As he scratched his beard and smiled.

Now one morning in the cold,
He tried to make a fire in the coals.
All he had on was a long shirt
While making a fire in the dirt.

A bungler went off in the fire-place
To the mission house he raced!
To Miss Baker he did go,
And what he thought, he told her so

(Stone the crows, that guy could swear . . .
What he said, he did not care.)

A parrot close by would say
 "Jim Brown the loafer" many a day.
 With a stick, Jim'd beat the cage,
 Whenever he was in a rage.
 From the mission house he got his meals,
 He knew it was a real big deal.
 Sometimes to town he would go,
 A soldier's uniform on—what a show!
 In a tram he'd dodge the fare
 And kid he was deaf—I wouldn't dare!
 Speak English? He'd not understand,
 Kept it up 'til home was at hand.
 All the people here liked him
 A hundred years of age, old Jim.
 They took him to the old men's home
 But there he felt all, all alone.
 Away up there at Liverpool,
 Sure to be back, he was no fool.
 Because he did not want to go back,
 To hide his tracks, he left his shack.
 Then he made a cave his home,
 He did not want to go, to roam.
 Should never have left the mission
 For after that, he lost condition.
 So he camped in that cave close by.
 It was sad, you could really cry.
 He was dead when they found him,
 The last I saw of my friend Jim.

(August 1970)

TIMBERY

Among the men, on bay and lake,
 And thousand miles of coast,
 The name of Timbery ranks supreme,
 Yes, that's no idle boast.
 That rank was won long years ago,
 When Cook first sailed in Bay,
 Then Joe, the last king on his side,
 A great man in his day.
 He caught not fish with thin gut line,
 Nor cast one of fine thread,
 But woven bark, and carved shell hook,
 More oft the spear instead.

He died, alas, that fine old man,
 His age I cannot tell,
 Museum house his brass plate,
 And tomahawk as well.
 But previous to his death, I'm told,
 Son George wed queenly girl,
 Reared sons of fame to fishing world,
 Where the combers break and curl.
 I've known those sons, and nephew Bill,
 For many, many years,
 Bill most of all, then Joe and Bluche—
 I'll vent three hearty cheers.
 With eagle eye and patience rare,
 That's how these men were wrought,
 Endowed by nature for such task,
 The stormy seas they've fought.
 The cleanest finest fishing crew
 That ever sailed about,
 No fish could ever swim across their haul,
 With Bill on high look-out.
 They're ageing now, those dusky sons,
 Time takes its toll of all.
 And Bill has joined the city throngs
 But Joe and Bluche still haul.
 And so 'twill be, as years roll on,
 For men born to the flood,
 They'll fish to last remaining breath
 For lure flows deep in blood.

(1942)

THE WHITE SLAVE

White fellar work for himself all day,
 He do it in a big, big way.
 Him time himself, to the minnit,
 Black fellar wouldn't be in it.
 Some time work day *and* night
 He worn out—"Is it right?"
 His close relations will cry,
 But share lots of money, when he's die.
 It's not the colour of our face
 That keeps us fellars out of rat race,
 But we a different tribe by far,
 And more to nature, than motor car.

(December 1971)

OFFICES OF THE DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL SERVICES

District Employment Offices and Agencies	Name of Agent	Occupation and Address
TAMWORTH:		
Quirindi	K. Press	C.P.S. Court House 2343.
TAREE:		
Gloucester	B. Swartz	Brian Swartz & Co., Stock and Station Agents, 44 Church Street 2422.
WAGGA WAGGA:		
Cootamundra	E. A. Boyce	Public Accountant, 99 Wallendoon Street 2590.
Gundagai	Mrs E. M. Ferguson	Estate Agent, 288 Sheridan Street 2722.
Junee	D. J. Patch	C.P.S. Court House 2593.
Temora	W. J. Evans	C.P.S. Court House 2666.
Tumut	L. E. Webb	Stock and Station Agent, 38 Wynyard Street 2720.
WOLLONGONG:		
86-88 Market Street, Wollongong, N.S.W. 2500 (*Phone S.T.D. 043), P.O. Box 86.		

THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

Part XXI

by Professor A. P. Elkin

INQUESTS

In almost every case of death, Aborigines hold an inquest. This is because of their magical and personal explanation of illness and death in particular. It is seldom a case of *something* causing a death, but of *someone* doing so. If the death occurs during a fight, there is rarely an inquiry held, and generally speaking, the holding of an inquest depends on the social value of the dead person. Thus, though parents of a dead infant may be very grieved, a magical cause is seldom looked for. Nor is it if the deceased is very old.

If however, a male dies in the prime of life, then an inquest is held and revenge is sought. The commonest form of inquest consists of an examination of the ground around the grave, which was cleaned and levelled at the time of burial. Any hole appearing in this, that is not the work of an insect is examined. This is because it might give the direction of the country of the murderer—a hint from the dead man's spirit. Once they know the group amongst whom the culprit may be found, the old men must determine on the basis of old grudges who should be selected as the cause of death. Or, the medicine-man decides who it is by dreaming of him or seeing his spirit around the grave. Indeed, he may succeed in doing this at the time of the burial and then further inquiry is unnecessary.

In some tribes, the medicine-man may "dream" the culprit at the time of burial, but postpone revealing his name until some time later. This allows him to be well acquainted with all the circumstances of the death and the likely reactions to any decision he may announce.

There are many different ways of holding an inquest amongst the Aboriginal tribes of Australia. Inquest by examination of the internal organs after death is usual in eastern Australia, more especially in northern and eastern Queensland and the Darling-Murray River tribes, where it is associated with a form of burial which may be described as mummification. Questioning the corpse is the chief method used in north-eastern Australia and New South Wales, though usually several methods are used in each tribe.

The forms of inquest show that the spirit of the dead person is still in control of the body. The

body may move in answer to questions put to it. Not until revenge has been taken or satisfaction obtained, and the burial and mourning rites are completed, will the spirit finally leave the body and go to the home of the dead or its spirit home. This belief is, of course, an expression of the urge that something must be done about the cause of the death, before society can regain its sense of well-being and return to normal ways.

The forms of inquest, apart from the medicine-man's vision of the murderer may seem to depend absolutely on chance and therefore appear to be purely divinatory in nature. But this is not necessarily so. True, the holes on the ground around the grave and other such signs may be purely a matter of chance, but we should remember that the signs have to be interpreted, and this is normally done some days, often many days, after death. By this time, emotions have settled down, at least partially, and the "coroner" or "coroners" have had time to think who the likely murderer could be and what group it would be wise or expedient to implicate in a charge of sorcery. There is no doubt that these and similar considerations do control the interpretations of signs, and also the vision of the medicine-man. Social facts *do* influence the interpretation of magical signs and it is because white folk do not realize this unless they have a very long and intimate knowledge of Aborigines, that they think that the inquest decisions are based purely on chance and are therefore unfair.

REVENGE AND SOCIAL DUTY

As with the inquest, so with revenge. It is seldom a blind passionate outbreak which sends a revenge party against another group or tribe, to kill the murderer. When a party does go, weeks or months may have gone by, and the members of the party will have been carefully selected and prepared. They are usually successful because the attack is made at dawn, and because it is a magical venture. However, a revenge expedition is not always sent. A settlement may be made in milder ways such as by the "payment" of a woman and so on. This suggests that the endless vendetta is not a general principle of Aboriginal life, nor is the principle "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" always literally interpreted.

Smoke Signals

▶ Here's a little yarn about this grumpy party in Canberra who doesn't like women drivers. Mr Charles Perkins was peacefully driving to work at the Office of Aboriginal Affairs when . . . CRASH! . . . another car ran into his back bumper bar. Charlie got out of his car to do the usual roaring and raving, but was struck dumb when he saw that the culprit was none other than fellow-worker from the Office of Aboriginal Affairs, Margaret Lawry. Apparently Charlie could only stand there and sadly shake his head. After all, what would YOU have said?

▶ Heard recently about a court case in Queensland where a bloke was accused of stealing a cow. In his defence, he told the magistrate that he hadn't intended to steal the animal. Said he, "I only took a piece of rope, your worship. But when I got home, I found that there was a cow on the end



Stan Roach with boomerang and admirers in Fiji.

of it!" Anyway, he got 12 months for stealing the cow and 6 months for contempt of court. Bet those last 6 months came hard!

▶ In September last year, Stan Roach of Glebe enjoyed a 10-day holiday to Fiji. The trip was sponsored by the Fiji Show Committee which "imported" Stan to give boomerang throwing demonstrations to Fijian people. Wherever he went, the people were fascinated, especially a group of 6,000 school children. Some of the folk reckoned that the boomerang came back because of black magic and Stan reckons that he had a tough time trying to convince them otherwise. During the trip he was asked into a lot of homes and ate meals sitting with his hosts on the mats on the floor. Stan commented on how similar the people were to Aborigines in attitudes, ways of thinking, humour, and family closeness—things that made him feel at home wherever he went in Fiji.

▶ Would Lora May O'Rourke (nee Carter) contact the Public Solicitor, 272-282 Queen Street, Melbourne, Vic. 3000, please? They are holding some money in trust for you.

▶ Over the past few months, the Paulian Association, co-operating with the Department of Child Welfare and the Aboriginal Medical Service have been organizing food and cooking demonstrations in Aborigines' homes in the Newtown-Erskineville area. A home that is often used for the demonstrations is that of Margaret Donovan (pictured). Here some of the mums who have been attending the sessions are shown at St Mary's Social Centre, Erskineville, where they had an enjoyable Christmas get-together.





► Shown lining up for their presents are some of the kids who attended the Foundation for Aboriginal Affairs' annual pre-Christmas picnic at Alexandria Park last December.



► Mrs Pansy Hickey of Marrickville has two young daughters whom you'd swear are of Italian or Greek descent. Both have that typical olive skin and bone structure of the Mediterranean people. In fact, when I saw them at Mrs Hickey's place, I thought they were visitors to the house and commented. "Oh, no, they're mine," said Pansy. "They're black, but everyone thinks that they are Greeks, same as you did. Why, the other day one of my newly moved in Aboriginal neighbours saw me slap one of them. She yelled to me 'Stop hitting that wog kid! Don't you know that her old man might stick a knife into you?'" So Pansy had to reassure her "Relax, that kid is mine, black, and is only getting what she had coming to her!"

► And here's Mrs Hickey's son, Mark, starring in an advertisement for towels on Redfern Railway Station. It's an advertisement which has gladdened the heart of many a weary train traveller passing through Redfern.

► In November Mrs Lee Howey of Ronald Street, Dubbo was sworn in as a justice of the peace at Dubbo Quarter Sessions. One newspaper report said that Mrs Howey was the second Aboriginal woman to be admitted as a J.P. in N.S.W. Now I know that is wrong. Mrs Eileen Lester of Newtown is a J.P. and Aboriginal. So is Mrs June Johnston, of Marrickville—and I've got an idea that I've heard of at least one other one, somewhere. Say, if YOU'VE heard of any, let "Smoke Signals" know?

Letters

Dear Editor,

Recently the town of Goondiwindi had its first art festival, which we all enjoyed. Some of us from Boggabilla went in the fence painting contest. There were over 200 entries. We didn't win because we did ours in black and white, but I received a special prize and was interviewed by a radio reporter from Moree. Senator Bonner was invited to Goondiwindi for this special occasion. He gave a speech and then presented us with the prizes. I copped a kiss.

I'm a little tired of sketching for awhile but I hope to try oil painting in the new year. I'm sending you one of my sketches as a Christmas present and I hope you like it.

Carmel Richardson, Bruxner Highway,
Boggabilla.

(Thanks, Carmel. Your present has pride of place in the *NEW DAWN* office. Readers will remember Carmel's cover sketch on the January *NEW DAWN*.) *Ed.*

Dear Editor,

I am a part-Aboriginal girl aged 17 years, who would like a male penfriend from New Zealand

Mr Samuel Taylor of Werris Creek sent in this photo of Mrs Vera Taylor and her child.



between the ages of 17 and 20. My hobbies are surfing, music, modern dancing, and football.

Melissa Shand Randell, Plummers Hill, via
Eungai Rail, N.S.W. 2492.



Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph of myself for the *NEW DAWN*. My name is Lynette Sines and I am 16 years old. My hobbies are collecting rocks, stamps, and antiques. In fashions, I like midis and maxis and I also like classical music. I am hoping to find a penfriend with much the same personality as myself.

Lynette Sines, c.o. P.O. Nambucca Heads,
N.S.W. 2448

1972 JUNIOR SECONDARY BURSARIES

The following Aboriginal children have been awarded Junior Secondary Bursaries for 1972.

Isabel Jean Carroll,	Singleton.
William Francis Wilson,	Bourke.
Katherine Lynette Holten,	Kempsey.
Cedric John Waters,	Kellyville.
Dea Ivy Delaney,	Mt Druitt.
Judith Fay Morley,	Holsworthy.
Brenda Jacqueline Brody,	Pooncarie.
Warren Mark Daley,	Wellington.

Children's Corner

Hello Everybody!

Over the last month, my dog Rufus—we call him Rufus because he's got reddish coloured hair—started to get into a lot of fights with other dogs. Now Rufus is always a pretty easy-going sort of a dog, even though he is a good watch-dog. So I couldn't understand what was wrong with him until a friend of mine said "He's bored". Rufus bored? I couldn't see why, at first, because I do look after him. But then I started to think. Once upon a time I used to take Rufus out every morning to play in a paddock near our house. He would romp about having fun for about half-an-hour. Then he would go back to our backyard where he would stay until his afternoon run.

A couple of months ago, things got very busy at home and Rufus began to miss out on his morning fun. The afternoon walks got shorter. That is

why Rufus, stuck in a backyard all day, got bored. Bored dogs get savage. Not useful "protect-the-house" savage, but "nasty-savage". Wouldn't you, if you were lonely and miserable with nothing to do all day? Rufus is never chained up, but how much worse it would be for him if he were! Some dogs are kept on the chain so much that they go chain-mad. Just imagine what it must feel like to be on a chain all the time, or locked in a backyard!

After I'd thought a bit, Rufus got his morning walks back and the afternoon walks became longer again. He soon stopped being nasty. The whole thing taught me a lesson which I'd like to pass on to you now, kids. Do think about your dog. It is cruel to keep him chained for too long. It is cruel not to give him the exercise he needs. Surely there can be nothing worse for a dog than no freedom! Remember, it is good to have a happy pet, for he will make a much better mate for you.

See how nicely you can colour in these dogs.



This one is Rufus colour him red



Pete

