

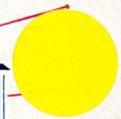


Dawn

22 APR 1963

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

MAY, 1956





Our Cover . . .



Another study of this month's Cover Girl, Mavis Jacky, beautiful young aboriginal lass from Green Hills, near Kempsey.

Mavis, who is a very talented musician, is a member of the staff of the Macleay District Hospital.

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"DAWN"

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

Editor: E. COLIN DAVIS, F.R.E.S.

A Boy and a Boomerang

Dion van de Heever of Vryheid, South Africa, loved grace and speed of movement.

He read a great deal

And his imagination was fired by stories of Australian Aborigines and their wonderful control of the boomerang.

He liked to think that some day his fingers might curl around the dull, dark base of a boomerang.

That, with one deft movement, his might be the power to send the heavy weapon hurtling gracefully through the air.

In December last, the Australian-New Zealand Association in Durban cabled to Qantas Sydney, a very brief message. A youngster with only three months to live—Dion van de Heever—had asked for a "genuine" boomerang. Could we help?

He didn't want a shiny, carved boomerang reserved for the tourist trade. But the "real thing."

Qantas quickly got in touch with Mr. Bob Simms, of La Perouse. A boomerang went forward to South Africa on the first available plane. A throwing stick was also sent from Darwin.

The grateful mother wrote:

"The boomerang especially was a great success. It brought large tears of joy to his eyes. It is hanging on the frame that has been erected above his bed. He looks at it every day and shows it off to every visitor with such pride. If you could see his little face when the boomerang is being discussed, you would be fully rewarded for all your trouble.

I do not know how much longer Dion will be with us. If God is good and terminates his suffering, which is very severe, I do not think it will be more than two months from now."

Dion is dead now.

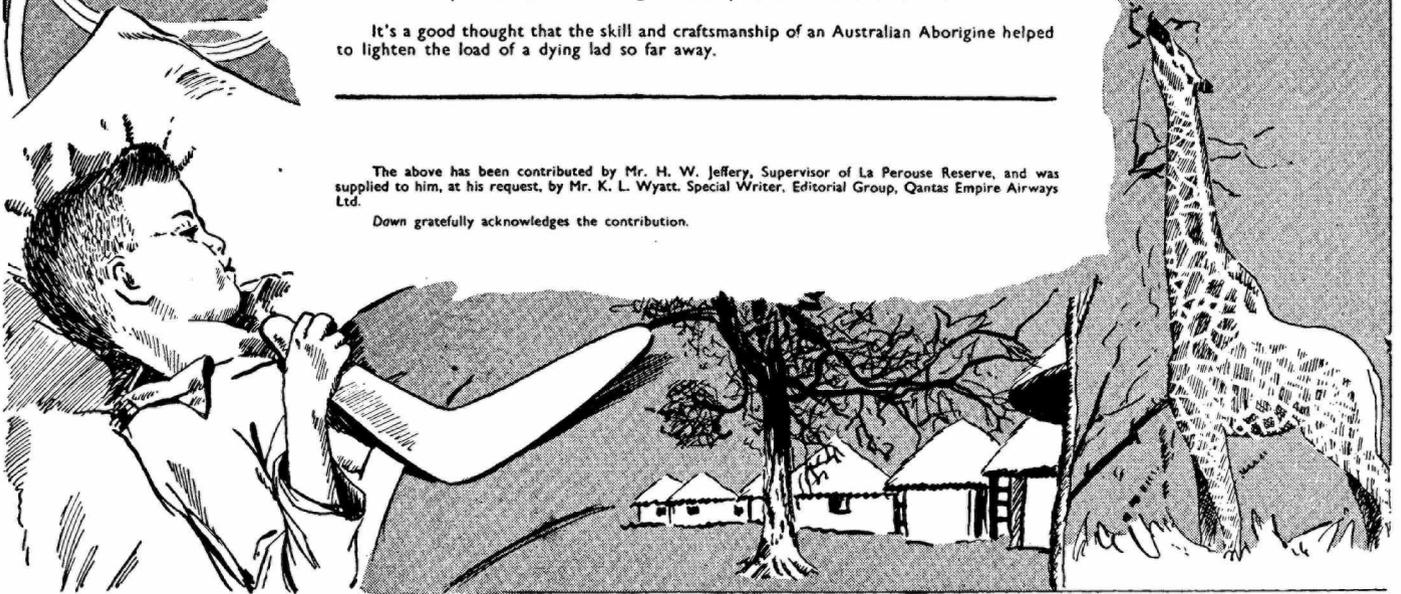
On 4th February, his mother took down from the bedside frame his most loved possession and packed it away in memory of a boy who will never learn to run and jump, or see the swift flight of a boomerang.

In memory of Dion, who loved grace and speed of movement

It's a good thought that the skill and craftsmanship of an Australian Aborigine helped to lighten the load of a dying lad so far away.

The above has been contributed by Mr. H. W. Jeffery, Supervisor of La Perouse Reserve, and was supplied to him, at his request, by Mr. K. L. Wyatt, Special Writer, Editorial Group, Qantas Empire Airways Ltd.

Dawn gratefully acknowledges the contribution.



How an Ex-Matron Sees Things

by

NORAH J. C. FOSTER (*ex-Walgett Aboriginal Station*),
Kincumber, GOSFORD.

From time to time the question crops up—"What is being done for the Aborigines?"

Much criticism is levelled at those who are striving to help our dark people, and a great deal of it comes from the Aborigines themselves.

By way of a change, their white brethren might well ask—"What are you dark folk doing to help us?"

In all walks of life there are the givers and the takers—those who expect others to carry them, and those who are always ready and willing to help.

One meets many fine people amongst the Aborigines, but there are always those who have a chip on their shoulders, and complain that nothing is being done for them, and that they should have equal rights with the white man. Except concerning the matter of drink (and this is covered by Exemption Certificates) they do have the same rights, the only difference being that whereas generations of white people had to fight every inch of the way for the freedom and rights which they now enjoy, these were all handed to the Aborigines without any effort on their part.

For example, does an Aboriginal woman ever stop to think when she records her vote at the Polling Booth that women of an older generation fought hard and long for that privilege?

Does the Aboriginal man realise that the high wages and better conditions of work are his only because of the unceasing battle of his white brothers to improve the lot of those who must earn their bread?

Those are only some of the things we have given you. What have you given us?

There are some Aborigines who fought in the war, and all honour to them, but this business about white people's not understanding the dark people is just a bit one-sided. What about making an effort to understand us? We have the same hopes and fears, love of home and family, so except for the colour of our skins we are not very different from you.

If you are quite fair you must admit that it is not by any means always the white skinned people who draw the colour line. In many cases it is the Aborigines themselves who do that.

For instance I once heard an Aborigine say about a man he knew—"The poor coot's white, but just the same he's not a bad sort of chap."

Too often the dark folk regard those who are trying to help them as some sort of machine that can go on day after day without ever feeling tired or sick or disheartened.

Then too, perhaps they see a man with a new car, his family well dressed, and his standard of living decent. Often they seem to have the idea that he has all those things merely by being a white man, and conclude that the poor Aborigine has nothing and that everyone is trying to keep him down.



If they stopped to think they would find that that man had worked very hard for the things he has. He didn't throw his hard earned money away on taxis, too many pictures, or drink. There is nothing in this world to prevent any dark man from having as many luxuries as those of his white neighbour.

He can be accepted by the white community and become a respected citizen, if he chooses to live up to their standards of cleanliness and neatness, honesty, and—very important—if he is friendly.

I know that many dark people do live up to these standards. There must be a genuine effort at friendliness if this foolish colour bar is to be removed. It must not be a case of—"You're white and I'm dark and therefore we can't really get together and trust one another."

We didn't choose our colour anyway and one colour is surely as good as another.

We white folk are very easy to understand if you take just a little trouble to try to know us. We want you to help us to help you. It's pretty uphill work if we have to do all the helping whilst you sit on the fence and criticise.

Some of you will smile when I say it's about time you tried to give us a better deal.

How an Ex-Matron Sees Things.

(continued.)

Try a spot of friendship and see how it works, and to get those cars and things with which you see white men, go to the nearest Savings Bank where they will be only too pleased to help you about saving your money. Put as much as you can into the Bank every pay day and watch your little money tree grow. In that way you can help yourselves and help your country at the same time.

Get your neighbour to save too, and then see who can save the most. You'll get a lot of fun out of it.

You have brains equal to those of the white men, so what's holding you back? Nothing at all if you want to get ahead, but it's up to you, so drop that old chip on the shoulder, and get started, and here's luck to you.

LOVABLE CHARLIE, 110 Years, is Dead

Aboriginal Charlie Dennison, oldest and best-loved resident of Boggabilla Station, has died, aged 110.

Charlie's fourth wife gave birth to a son when Charlie was 91.

His eldest son, Charles Jnr. (84), lives at Moree.

He was one of the four remaining aborigines who could talk the now almost extinct Kamilaroi native language.

Charlie worked all his life, drafting and droving on cattle properties.

He retired eight years ago, at the age of 102, when he lost an eye in a mustering accident.

Three years ago the Editor of *Dawn*, accompanied by *Pix* photographer, Bob Donaldson, visited Boggabilla and wrote a special *Pix* feature story on Charlie.

The story, and particularly his blindness, attracted so much attention that a Goondiwindi doctor visited the station to see if he could help. He prevailed on Charlie to have an operation and on his 107th birthday he walked out of the hospital with his sight restored.

Manager Charles Harrison said, "He was a great and wonderful man."

Large Family.

Charlie, who was born at Boomi, northern N.S.W., was married four times.

He is survived by at least 72 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

His eldest son is 84, his youngest 19.

He also leaves a wealth of memories, stories and anecdotes.

Biggest disappointment in his life was when a promise that he would meet Queen Elizabeth during the Toowoomba section of the Royal tour could not be honoured.

"Charlie nearly cried. He was all dressed ready to leave when the trip was cancelled," Mr. Harrison said.

Ancient metal in big demand

Copper Has Been Used by Man for More than
6,000 Years.

Copper, one of man's first metals, still lures fortune-hunters despite the competition of new, more exciting materials of the atomic age.

Several Canadian prospectors are reported to have become wealthy overnight in the frenzied copper rush now under way in the lake country of north-west Ontario.

Other prospectors tell of finding big nuggets of pure copper. From similar sources, they say, the Indians once fashioned spears, arrowheads, and tools found near Killala Lake, 40 miles south-east of booming Geraldton.

Canada ranks fourth among the world's copper producers, says the National Geographic Society. About half her annual output, nearly 234,000 metric tons in 1952, comes from the Sudbury basin, 200 miles north-west of Ontario's capital, Toronto.

From 1850 to 1880 Chile was the chief copper supplier. Now this South American nation is second to the United States. Northern Rhodesia is third. Ninety-seven per cent. of U.S. production comes from Arizona, Utah, New Mexico, Montana, Nevada and Michigan, in that order.

America is also the greatest consumer of the red metal found in a thousand and one everyday articles.

Whether in peace or war, copper is vital. It resists corrosion, conducts heat and electricity and is drawn into wire with ease.

Enormous quantities go into telephone, telegraph, radio and television equipment. Electric power, light, and appliance industries find it indispensable. It is in high demand for building operations and for making automobiles, ships, locomotives and planes.

Man has used copper since the Stone Age gave way to the Bronze (copper) Age some 6,000 years ago.

Relics of prehistoric Egyptian and Chinese civilisations, as well as of the Phoenician, Babylonian, and Assyrian, show that early peoples favoured copper in art and industry.

Around the 6th century A.D., it was discovered that solid copper could be pounded or stretched into wires by slow, tiring labour. Then, in the 14th century, German craftsmen learned to draw copper through dies—a forerunner of efficient existing processes.

It was not until the 1870's, however, that the commodity came into prominence to meet the needs of the newly invented telephone and the incandescent electric light. From then on, copper was one of industry's most sought after metals.

World War II and the Korean conflict brought a pinch in supplies, but today the metal is again plentiful.



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.



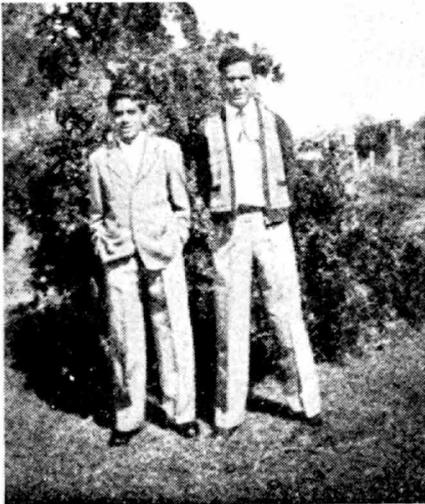
Mrs. Eileen Knox of Garah and her healthy looking daughter Janice.



The little lass with the coy smile is Beatrice Waters of Boggabilla.



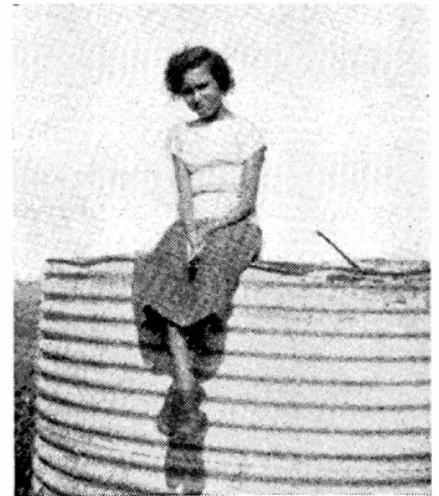
Judith Slockey of Bentley and Kath Roberts of Tabulam take advantage of a rare sunny day.



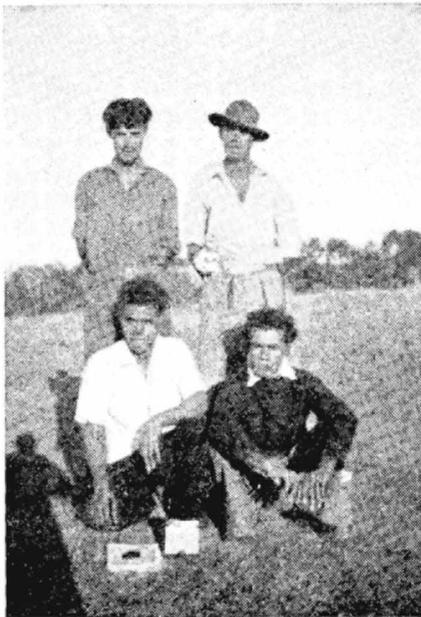
These well-dressed young fellows from Tingha found no difficulty in posing for their photo.



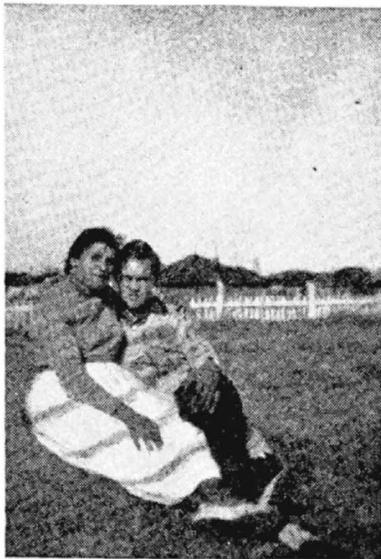
Shirley Simm of the North Coast was all dressed up for a party when the Cameraman found her.



The old tank made a fine seat for Vivian Lowrie of Cubawee.



Four Tingha identities . . . Barney Blair, Jack Livermore, Jim Baker and Ray Livermore.



Romance in the Air? This is how the cameraman found Ken Hamilton of Armidale and Lavinia Lardner of Nambucca.



Here we have Kevin Dickson and Charlie Moran of Green Hills.



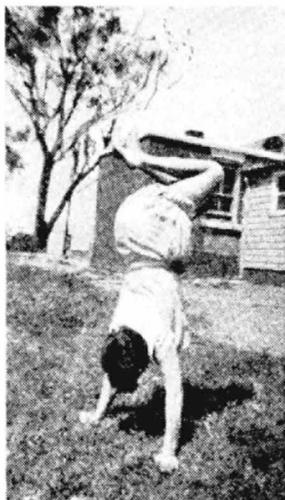
Here we have Eileen, Alfred and Stan Williamson and Les Blake, all of Guyra.



This young fellow is Percy Turnbull of Nambucca.



A couple of young fellows from Casino. The Smith boys . . . Edward and Donald.



This little Cootamundra girl was so "full of beans" she just had to stand on her head!



Mrs. Olive Strong of Tingha couldn't quite make that smile for the Cameraman.

ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

The Dawn
Box 30 & P.O.,
Sydney.

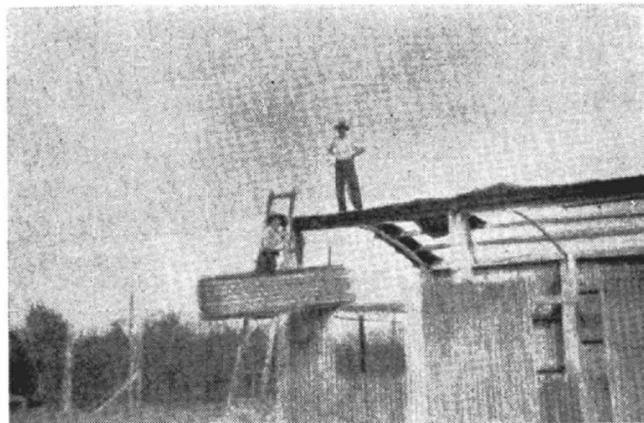
Aboriginal Digger Dies at 65

Charles Rungar, one of the two Australian aborigines chosen at the end of World War I to serve as members of the King's Guard at a ceremonial parade, died at Leeton, recently.

Brewarrina Identity Dies

Harold Doyle, well known in Brewarrina for the last twenty years, died recently in the hospital there after a stroke.

The death of Harold came as a shock, for he was known to be an industrious and energetic worker. About one hundred relatives and friends attended the funeral when he was buried in the Brewarrina Cemetery.



This shed at Woodenbong was built entirely by Station labour. A first class job in a very short time.

A very impressive Anzac Day Service was held at the Moree Aborigines School on the 24th April. Hymns were sung and readings given by the children themselves so that they felt they had a part to play. The opening address was given by the Rev. R. Bedford, Methodist Minister, and the Anzac talk was delivered by Captain Ewing. During the Service wreaths were laid at the foot of the flagpole by the children.

* * * *

One of the highlights of the Anzac Dinner at Moree on Anzac Day was the entertainment provided by Alec Stanley, an aborigine ex-serviceman. Every year, Alec is asked to entertain by singing and reciting and his items are always well received by his friends. It is very pleasing to find that on such a day aboriginal, ex-servicemen can mix freely with their former mates of the war years and more aboriginal ex-servicemen should take the opportunity of doing so each year.

WHERE IS FRANCES NOLAN ?

Frances Rosalie Nolan, or Combo, is enquired for by her brother Henry, of Brewarrina, who is now blind.

Frances went to Sydney about 1933 or 1934 and was married. Her husband was killed in Malaya in World War II.

If any reader knows Frances, will he please contact this Office or pass on the message.

Transfer of Officers

The following staff appointments have been effected since 16th March, 1956:—

Woodenbong.—Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hausfeld, appointed Manager and Matron.

Burra Bee Dec.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Halkett, appointed Manager and Matron.

Boggabilla.—Mr. and Mrs. E. R. McCutcheon, appointed Manager and Matron.

Cabbage Tree Island.—Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Butcher, appointed Manager and Matron.



This lovely little lass is Virginia George of Guyra. Could you match that smile ?

MICHAEL SAWTELL GOES INLAND

Along The Birdsville Track

I have just returned from a 2,000 mile tour of the Inland. I talked to the children in the schools at Maree, Birdsville and Boulia, and everywhere I went I found they were delighted with the copies of *Dawn* I gave them.

About 15 of the 20 children at the Maree school are Ghan Abo, the most charming children one could ever meet, and most intelligent. I also met again, my old friend Beja, the oldest Afghan in Australia, and reputed to be nearly a 100 years old. Beja played a leading part in that Birdsville track picture, "Back of Beyond".

Of the 15 children in the Birdsville school only 4 are white. I did not see all the children, as some of the full bloods were away on the coast, where they have a summer camp, the same as our camp at La Perouse. At Boulia there are only about four children of aboriginal blood. At Dajarra about half the population of the town and school are persons of aborigine blood.

I must pay a tribute to the bush police, who are the aborigines' protectors in Queensland. In that State, the police play a greater part in aboriginal welfare, than they do in New South Wales.

The aged non-exempted full bloods in Queensland, are treated splendidly. For example, if an aged full blood works all his or her life for a squatter, they are allowed by the squatters to end the rest of their days in peace and plenty on the stations among their own people.

I was told by the police, that the squatters without exception, voluntarily feed, house and in some instances clothe their aged aboriginal employees.

Of course they do have a different system in Queensland, a system which I consider works very well for those station aborigines.

While these station aborigines are working, the police hold some of their wages, and when they come to retire, they have as much as £500 or £600 to their credit and this is administered for them by the police.

I saw two old women, Lizzie and Kitty, whom I knew when I was a boy 56 years ago, living in comfort at Glengyle station out from Bedourie. The Bedourie policeman told me, old Lizzie must have £300 to her credit, although, she has no idea what that means.

I have great respect always for the bush police, all over Australia, men who meet and overcome every kind of hardship in their determined efforts to protect and help their fellow men.



The best man and the bridesmaid watch with interest as Les Darcy puts the ring on his bride's finger during their recent marriage at Wallaga Lake. The bride was Harriet Thomas.

KANGAROO WHIPS MADE IN ENGLAND.

Although many of the whips used in the Australian outback are made from kangaroo leather, the whips themselves are manufactured in England by William Osborne, of Birmingham.

Reason for this 24,000-mile round trip from Australia to England and back again is that Osborne is one of the very few whip plaiters left in the world.

Although it has been a dying trade for many years now, Osborne took it up because it was in his blood. For generations back, his family have all been whip and thong makers.

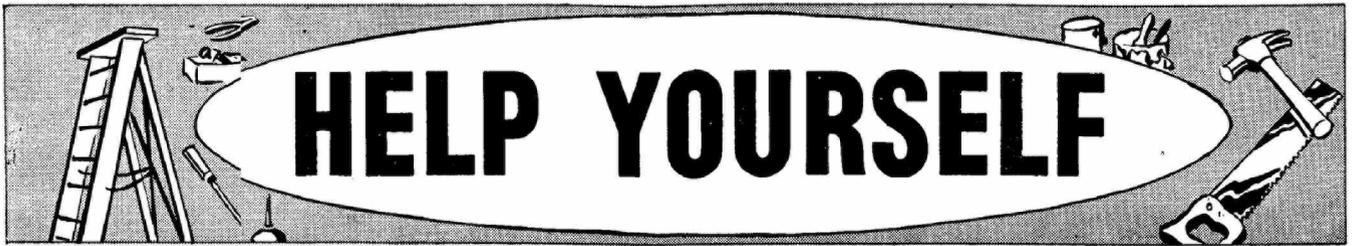
Broadcasting recently over the BBC, Osborne said that Australians naturally wanted their stockwhips made of Australian leather.

Kangaroo hide, because of its strength and suppleness, is the best leather to use in the whips, he added.

The skins, which weigh about two pounds, are tanned in Australia and are ready for immediate use by the time they reach England.

Osborne uses a whole skin to make a 24 ft. thong, but this is not a standard length and he gets requests for whips of anything between eight and 24 ft. long.

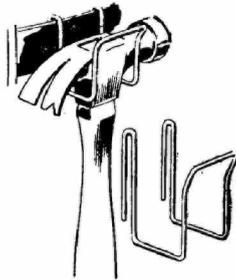
In addition to making plaited stockwhips for the Australian market, Osborne also makes other types of whips as well as dog-leads, which he exports all over the world.



HELP YOURSELF

Belt Clip of Bent Wire Holds Claw Hammer.

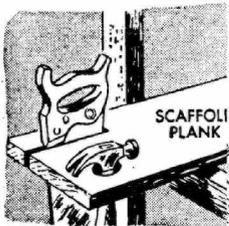
Bent from stiff copper wire or a section of wire coat hanger and hooked over your belt this holder provides a handy means of carrying a hammer when doing carpentry work. It receives the hammer more easily than the conventional overall loop and can be quickly removed from or attached to the belt.



* * * *

Tools Held Safely on Scaffold Plank.

One of the dangers of working on a scaffold is that a tool may be accidentally dropped on someone below. This danger can be minimized by slotting and drilling the planks to provide hangers for the tools. In this way the tools which are not being used are kept handy, but safely out of the way.



* * * *

Folding Backrest on Boat Seats.

Mindful of the comfort of his guests, one boatman fitted the seats of his boat with folding backs, which were supported with ropes equipped to snap in eyebolts attached to the gunwales. The backs were cut from 3/8-in. marine plywood, rounded at the upper corners and strengthened by two strips of hardwood screwed near the top and bottom edges. Loose-pin butt hinges were used to attach the backs to the seats. In this way the backs were easily removed by unsnapping the support rope and pulling the hinge pin. The backs were finished in the natural color of the wood with a special primer and two coats of spar varnish.



EYEBOLT

Hacksaw Blade Bowed With String Doubles for Large Compass.

If you happen to be laying out a pattern for band-saw or scrollwork and do not have a compass large enough to draw in the desired curve, you can improvise a guide for drawing the curve by using a hacksaw or meat-saw blade. Bow the blade to the proper radius by tying the two ends together with a length of cord and position the blade on the layout.



* * * *

Sprinkling With D.D.T. Powder Rids House Wall of Wild Bees.

Ridding a house of wild bees that have established a honeycomb inside one of the walls can be done by sprinkling a pound of 50-per cent. D.D.T. powder between the studs. If access to the area between the studs cannot be had at the top of the wall, it then may be necessary to remove a section of the siding. This should be done well above the point where it is thought the bee colony, or swarm, is located. After you are reasonably sure that the bees are dead, attempt to remove the honeycomb.

* * * *

Fish Kept Fresh Without Ice By Wrapping in Dry Grass.

When fishing in localities where no ice is available, the best substitute for keeping the fish fresh and sweet is to protect them from moisture and air. Clean the fish as soon as possible after they are caught, but leave the scales on until just before you cook them. Cut off the head and gills, and clean out the cavity, scraping every trace of congealed blood from the backbone.

Do not wash the fish but, instead use a clean cloth to wipe out the cavity and dry the scales. After filling the cavity with dry, green grass, wrap each fish separately in grass and then in paper. Wrapping the packages in a blanket or tarpaulin affords additional protection.

Strange but True!

Watches should be wound at the same time every day to keep the mainspring in good order. A watch runs faster immediately after winding than it does at the end of the day.

* * * *

America's famous circus, Barnam and Bailey's, once had a Negro performer, John Houston, who would entertain the audience by eating enormous quantities of food in a given time. He would start with 12 lemons, skin and all, washed down by two bottles of vermouth. The next course was ten steaks with 8 lb. of fried potatoes. Twelve bottles of soda water came next, then 4 lb. of stewed fruit. He would then rise from the table, run briskly round the ring and make his exit. He died after consuming a quantity of Portland cement for a bet!

* * * *

Cooked vegetable should be eaten hot, for vitamin C is reduced after five minutes exposure by some 15 per cent. After 75 minutes, 80 per cent. of the vitamin will disappear.

* * * *

Television is responsible for two new ailments, "telecrane" and "telesquat", according to the Chicago Chiropractic Society. "Telecraning" is caused by viewers of television, who sit bent forward and straining the neck vertebrae, contracting severe headache and eyestrain. Those who perch on the edge of their spine by sitting in a slumped position are doing the "telesquat" and are liable to low backache.

* * * *

Cobras can spit a jet of venom with unerring aim up to a distance of 10 ft.

* * * *

The world as a whole has enough wood to meet the needs of present and much greater demands, but destruction of forests in densely populated areas has made wood scarce where it is most needed. Experts say this has endangered the water supply and soil conservation.

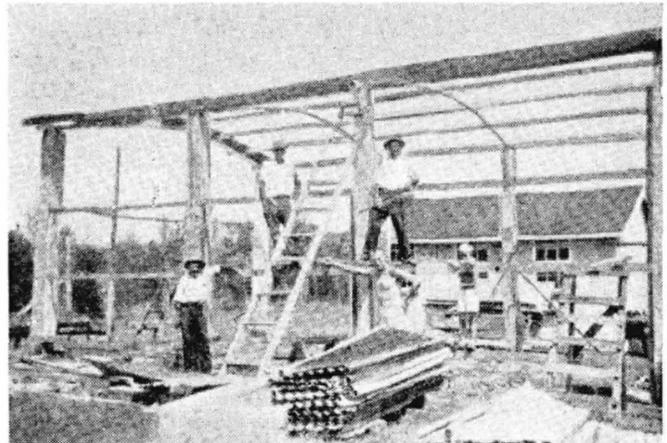
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The python has no sting, but depends mainly upon its powers of constriction. It can inflict a terrible bite with its in-curved needle-sharp teeth, and can swallow whole a large boar or a deer weighing up to 50 pounds.

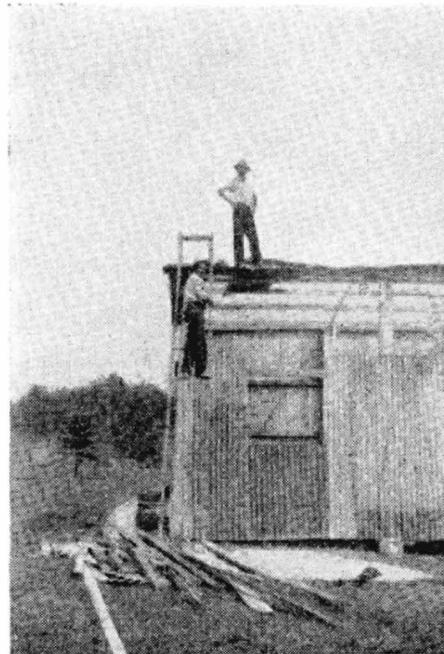
Experts in Japan have now produced seedless watermelons. They are said to be sweeter and more flavour-some than ordinary watermelon.



Community Spirit at Woodenbong



Walter Page, Christie Charles, Bruce Breckenridge and the manager at work on the new station store and garage.



This is the shed built entirely by station labour at Woodenbong.



☆ ☆
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Know Australia!

FACTS ABOUT OUR LAND

THE SIZE OF AUSTRALIA.

Australia has an area of 2,974,581 square miles, of which 1,149,320 square miles are in the tropics. Australia is approximately the same size as the United States of America, a quarter the size of the African continent, and 30 times as big as the United Kingdom.

Population Distribution.

More than 7,000,000 live in the cities and big towns of the fertile coastal areas, including nearly 5,000,000 in the capital cities. Population distribution revealed by the 1954 census was: Urban metropolitan, 53.91 per cent; urban provincial, 24.79; rural, 21.04; migratory, 0.26.

Employment.

On January 31, 1955, the total number of people in civil employment, excluding employees in rural industries and private domestic service, and members of the defence forces was 2,692,500 (1,968,300 males and 724,200 females).

Age of the People.

Estimates on December 31, 1954, show that about 37 per cent. of the population was between the ages of 20 and 45 years. About 33 per cent. was under 20 and about 30 per cent. over 45.

The Birth Rate.

The rate for 1954 was 22.5 per thousand of population. The number of births in that year was 202,256—the highest yet recorded. The birth rate over the years has been: In 1891, 34.5; in 1901, 27.2; in 1921, 25; in 1931, 18.2; in 1951, 22.9.

The Marriage Rate.

The number in 1954 was 71,229, which is equal to a rate of 7.92 per thousand of population. The peak marriage rate was during the war when it reached 12.

The Death Rate.

Australia's death rate is among the lowest in the world. In 1954 there were 81,805 deaths, which is equal to 9.10 per thousand of population. (United Kingdom, 11.4.)

How Many Can Australia Support.

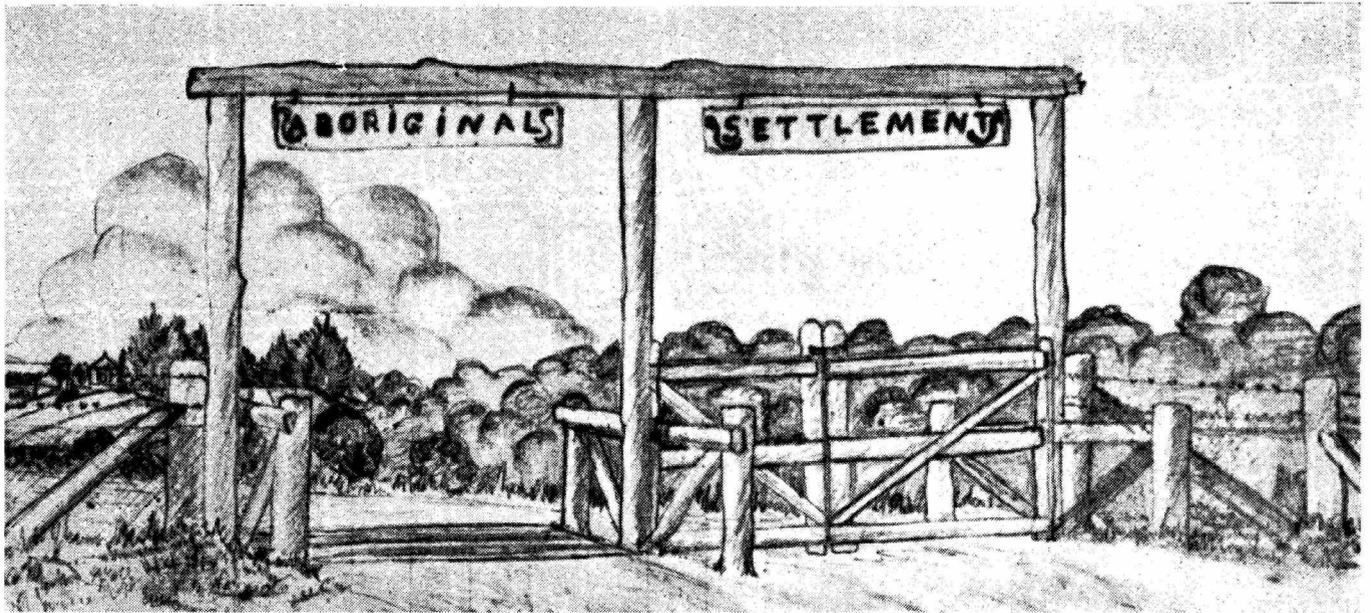
A large part of the central area of the continent is too dry to support human life. In some areas, irrigation and water conservation projects have done much to bring prosperity and closer settlement to otherwise sparsely populated sheep country, but the possibilities of extension are strictly limited. In Australia, there are about 600,000 square miles of temperate country and, after allowing for mountainous and inaccessible land, it is considered that under present conditions this area could support about 25,000,000 people.

Distances Between Cities.

	AIR MILES.	RAIL MILES.
Brisbane-Sydney	471 (2½ hours)	613 (20 hours)
Sydney-Canberra	148 (1 hour)	203 (5½ hours)
Sydney-Melbourne	455 (2¼ hours)	590 (14 hours)
Canberra-Melbourne	312 (1½ hours)	519 (17 hours)
Melbourne-Adelaide	404 (2¼ hours)	483 (13 hours)
Melbourne-Hobart	381 (2 hours)	—
Adelaide-Perth	1,415 (6½ hours)	1,622 (45 hours)
Adelaide-Darwin	1,661 (12 hours)	—
Brisbane-Moresby	1,302 (7 hours)	—

The Roads.

State highways and main roads which account for nearly 90,000 miles of Australia's 521,000 miles of roads, are of concrete or bitumen, and are kept in good condition despite the heavy traffic that continually passes over them. All capital cities, except Perth, are linked by the State highways network.



This excellent black and white sketch of the entrance to Wallaga Lake Station was done by Ida Hoskins

The Largest River.

The Murray (marked on some maps as the Hume), which rises in the Australian Alps, divides New South Wales from Victoria, enters South Australia and empties into the Southern Ocean. With its tributaries—the Darling, Murrumbidgee and Lachlan—it drains an area of 414,000 square miles.

The Highest Mountain.

Mount Kosciusko, in the New South Wales portion of the Australian Alps. Cloaked in snow for about six months of the year, it rises to 7,328 ft. Kosciusko was discovered and named by the Polish scientist, Strzelecki, in honour of the Polish patriot.

What We Produce.

Australia has about 126,890,000 sheep. Merinos are the most numerous breed.

Average wool clip is about 1,200,000,000 lb. annually or about 10 lb. per full size fleece shorn.

Of the 15,586,000 cattle, about 4,859,000 are dairy cattle.

Butter production in the year 1953-54 was 160,117 tons.

Production of cheese in the year 1953-54 was 49,230 tons.

Beef and veal production in 1953-54 was 706,329 tons, bone-in weight.

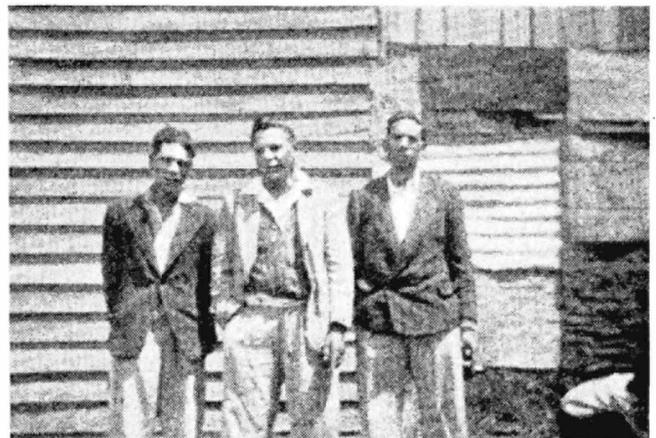
Mutton and lamb production was 360,956 tons, bone-in weight in 1953-54.

Production of pig-meats in the year 1953-54 was about 84,400 tons (bone-in weight).

In 1953-54, 1,254,000 tons of raw sugar were produced.

Wool sales in 1953-54 earned £390,714,585.

At March 31, 1954, there were 823,000 horses in Australia.

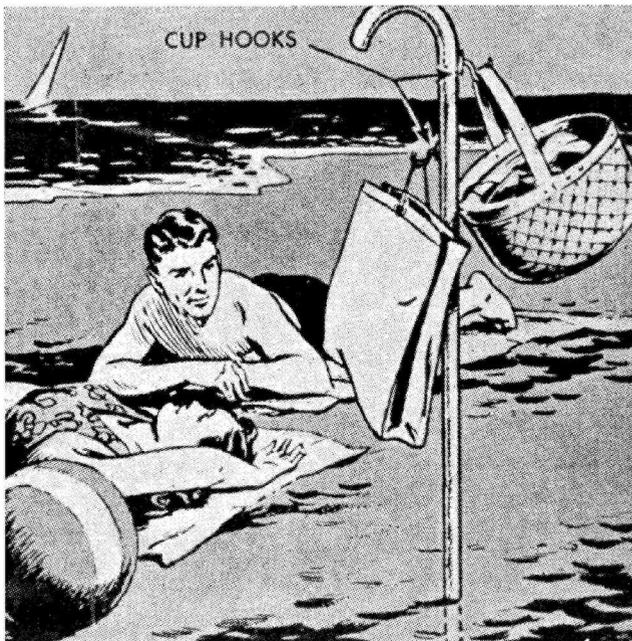


These three young fellows are Jack Livermore, Len Edwards and Vincent Connors, of Tingha.

HOME HINTS

“Hall Tree” for Use at Beach Made From Walking Stick.

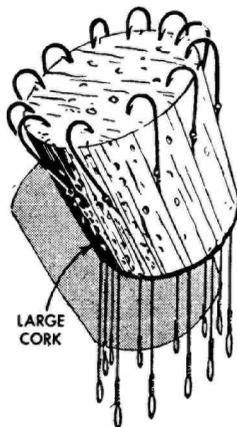
Here is a novel arrangement for those who find it annoying to discover sand in all their belongings after spending a day at the beach. Take an ordinary walking stick or cane and screw cup hooks or L-hooks into opposite sides as shown in the illustration. On arriving at the beach, push the cane into the sand so it will stand by itself and hang your bathing cap, beach bag, and other odds and ends from the hooks.



* * * *

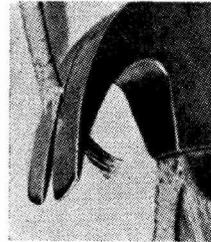
Cork Provides Fishhook Holder.

Large corks of the type used on vacuum bottles form safe and compact holders for several fishhooks fitted with leaders. Draw evenly spaced lines lengthwise on the sides of the cork, spacing them about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart. Then, with a razor blade, cut slits along the lines to a $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. depth. To use the holder merely embed the barbs of the hooks in the top of the cork and press the leaders into the slits.



Claw Hammer Removes Insulation From Electrical Wires.

When you are doing an occasional job of electrical wiring and do not have a wire-insulation stripper at hand, use the claw of a hammer. Just drop the wire into the claw at the point where you want the insulation removed, give it two or three twists as you press down, cutting through the insulation, and then pull. The wire will be stripped clean if the inner edges of the hammer claw have not been dulled.



* * * *

Flies and other insects dislike the odour of moth crystals and will stay away from any garbage pail that contains a trace of the repellent. In the case of a step-on pail on an open porch, placing a handful of crystals in the pail before lining is especially desirable.

Moth Balls will stay right with a wooden coat hanger if they are pressed in two or three holes drilled near the top of the hanger. Hold moth balls in place with strips of tape so they will not fall from holes when their size decreases.

Your Cup of Tea !

Growing and harvesting tea has followed the same procedure for centuries. The topmost bud and the first tender leaves are plucked from the bushes and in the factory go through four delicate processes. First the leaves are spread on racks and allowed to wither ; next they are rolled by machine ; then spread out on racks and allowed to ferment and lastly they are passed through a drying machine. The finished leaves are sifted and graded, then packed in air-tight chests usually lined with aluminium foil. Huge quantities of tea go to the London market, and there used to be fixed days for public auctions in the famous Mincing Lane. Monday and Wednesday, Indian and African teas were auctioned ; Tuesday, Ceylon tea, and Thursday, Java and Sumatra.

Spirit of the New Moon

A Short Story

by **ROSS ANNABELL**

Ngura felt uneasy when the white man stared at her over the glowing embers of the camp fire.

She moved close to Biljak, her man, drawing protection from his presence, knowing her safety lay in the dormant strength of his arms and in his skill with the throwing spear he was making.

Only Biljak, she felt, stood between her and the white crocodile shooter. Biljak and his long-hafted bamboo spears.

The white man squatted on the other side of the fire—big, red-bearded, grotesque in the dancing light. Behind him the dark shadows of the North Australian jungle held back the night, seeming to her as dark spirit forces waiting at his beck and call.

It was always thus at night. Always she was afraid, after they had grounded the big dugout canoe on the river bank to make camp and the sun had sunk below the jungle rim, letting the night rush in.

In the sunlight of day her fears seemed childish. There was only joy by day, as they paddled farther down the wide expanse of the mighty river. Then she did not want to go home. She wanted the journey to go on for ever, with Biljak, her man.

It was good to see the cranes standing one-legged on the mudbanks, the brolgas flapping in ungainly flight as they strove to gain height over the tops of the tall jungle trees pressing in from either side. There were a thousand things to see and enjoy by day—big barramundi splashing after prey, kingfishers slashing the surface, turtles basking in the warm sun along the banks.



But the night was different. How she hated the night.

Soon they would have enough crocodile skins, the white man had said, and they would return to the settlement 70 miles up-river.

Tonight she was glad, and impatient to start on the return journey. It would be good to be back with the tribe, home with her noisy, laughing people. And the white man would be gone from their country, with his crocodile skins, his rifles—and his hungry eyes that stared at her so across the camp fire.

The white man spoke suddenly, nodding his head at the bubbling billy on the embers.

“Make tea, come on, quick fella,” he said, his voice booming deep-throated as the native didgeridoo, a voice born to command, expecting instant attention to orders.

Ngura arose, startled, and groped in the shadows for the tea tin. As she moved back toward the fire a gaggle of geese honked overhead, their mournful cries floating weirdly out of the blackness of the sky.

For a second Ngura stood still, head thrown back, listening to the wild geese.

In the firelight she made a picture that was savage, yet beautiful. Some wandering white man had handed on through her mother the legacy of mixed blood. She had the aborigine's well-developed bust, her pointed breasts thrusting tightly against the frock the white man had given her. Her lips were sensuously thick and wide, all aboriginal—but there her dark blood ended.

The too-short dress, cheap and gaudy, stressed the contours of pliant waist and rounded figure. It fell short of firm, strong limbs, inherited from European ancestry. Her skin was chocolate, satin, rich and warm in the firelight.

The white man stared. His eyes took in the full, partly-opened lips, half hidden by long black tresses falling over the high cheekbones, and roved again down the silhouetted figure.

Ngura was thinking of the wild geese as they sped through the night toward some resting place far up-river. Maybe they were the geese that blackened her tribal billabongs, flying home to the land of the mullick-mullick. She felt homesick.

She dropped her head and found herself looking full into the eyes of the white man. He shifted his gaze guiltily and stared out into the black of the jungle.

Ngura shivered. Stooping, she cupped a handful of tea into the hissing billy and drew it away from the embers, in reach of the white man. Then she slid back to Biljak's side and crouched close to him.

Biljak was making a game spear. Deftly he put the finishing touches to the 12 ft. polished haft, with its wicked double-edged steel blade. Periodically as he worked he broke into snatches of tribal song, droning the refrain deep in his throat, and occasionally tapping his pipe and matchbox in rhythm. Biljak was happy.

Sleepy with the heat of the fire, Ngura drew back into the shadows. There she curled up in her blanket and waited.

It was late when Biljak came to her, his spear finished and leaning against a tree with the others.

The white man sat by the fire alone, long into the night, sipping tea and smoking cigarettes. Biljak and Ngura were asleep in each other's arms when finally he kicked a log on the fire and crawled into his sleeping-net.

Ngura was up first, as was the custom in camp. Long before the real dawn, as piccaninny daylight greyed the sky, she stoked the fire, put on the billy and threw chunks of beef to grill on the wire grid. Then she awakened the others.

They were packed up and in the canoe long before sun-up, gliding ghostlike through the wraiths of mist on the water, moving on the day's business before the last of the wild dogs had drunk his fill at the river's edge and slunk home to lair.

Soon after the yellow sun had reached the tidal mud-banks, when they were many miles downstream from the night camp, they saw the big crocodile.

He lay log-like on a mudbank, tail curled sleepily, a basking giant of his kind. Full 20 ft. from snout tip to the last ridge of his tail, he looked every inch a monster of latent power, a dynamo of fanged horror.

Ngura ceased paddling at the white man's upraised hand and the canoe lost momentum. A silent toy of the current, it slid gently toward the sleeping saurian.

On the seat in the bow the white man waited, sights already on the vital spot between the bulging eyes, finger ready.

Only Biljak paddled, with practised tiny strokes that made no sound in the water and sufficed only to keep the canoe prow-on to the target. Across his knees was the harpoon, ready to hurl when the bullet found its mark. A skin like that must not be allowed to sink into the murk of the river if the croc rolled off the bank in his death struggles.

Ngura could see the great jaws, fringed with awful teeth, as he lay nose-on toward them. She sat tense, expectant, holding her breath as she strove to balance, hearing only the thudding of her heart's excitement.

When the rifle crashed the crocodile leapt, back arched, tail flaying, in a giant convulsion of shocked muscle. He seemed to hang poised for an instant high in the air and then thumped back to the mud to lie belly-up on the water's edge.

The rifle bolt clicked home another shell, the canoe rocked, then shot forward under the powerful strokes of Biljak's paddle. The canoe leapt through the water, prow grinding into the mud to a jarring halt, and the white man was out on the bank, Biljak close behind him.

The crocodile did not move. A spear probe brought only feeble jerks from clawed legs. He was theirs.

The white man whooped playfully and grinned in delight. The croc was a rich prize. The price for his skin would keep a man in luxury for a week in Melbourne or Sydney next wet season.

Biljak was pleased also. The white man was always generous after a rich prize like this, dishing out tobacco and opening some of the precious tins of fruit from the canoe's slender store of canned goods.

"Good shot, boss," Biljak praised. "Plenty flour, plenty tea, plenty sugar belong this croc, eh?"

The white man leaned proudly on his rifle, one hand still half ready on the revolver at his hip, more from habit than consciousness of any danger.

"Never mind so much talk-talk. You and girl skin this fellah quick time. Plenty tobacco, big feed, more talk-talk when you finish 'im. Come on get cracking."

Ngura fumbled hurriedly for the knives in the mess of gear at the rear of the canoe and splashed back through the knee-deep mud of the river, tucking her dress high into the belt at her waist.

Ngura approached cautiously as Biljak rubbed his bare toes on the crocodile's serrated back frill.

The white man laid down his rifle and moved closer as Ngura stooped over the great crocodile belly, knife in hand.

He rested a hand on the smooth brown skin where shoulder peeped bare through torn calico and stuck out his boot at the croc.

"Make proper-fellah job, girl. No holes in this skin," he said.

Ngura shook her shoulder away from his too-lingering touch, tossed her head and knelt in the mud and water to begin.

As the knife bit into the leathery skin, laying bare the white underfat, the world burst asunder into stunning, smashing impact that sent her flying yards, propelled by a giant blow from the croc's tail.

She landed on her back in a welter of flying mud, breath knocked from her body, stark terror engulfing her.

Biljak, standing dreamily near the tail, loth as ever to



begin work, took the full force of the blow. Lifted like a cork, he cannoned into the white man, flattened

him and spun out over the river to land with a splash in deep water.

The white man, knocked sideways, lost his balance, fell and rolled off the bank to slither under, yelling as he sank.

By the time she got to her feet, bruised and sick, Ngura was alone with the crocodile, now quiet, lying half on his side in the welter of churned-up mud and blood. She clawed off her drenched frock as the white man bobbed to the surface, yelling feebly and splashing hopelessly. He could not swim.

Ngura's first thought was for Biljak, of whom there was no sign. She dived headlong into the cloudy, stirred-up water, but could see nothing in the dim swirling world below the surface.

When she arose the frantic white man clutched her, gasping pathetically. Ngura pushed him to the bank and saw him stagger out of the shallows to safety. As she frog-dived again she heard the rifle crash home another bullet into the crocodile's brain.

Below the surface she cannoned into a dead snag in the murk, scraping her shoulders painfully. She surfaced again, gulped more air and dived deep, deep down into the black and muddy depths until her fingers touched the ooze of the bottom. Expelling air to help keep her body down, she clawed frantically along the mud until bursting lungs forced her back to the top.

She was frightened now, and desperate. Her heart was pounding, her head aching. She dived again and again, fruitlessly—until at last she touched his leg.

With her lungs almost bursting she grabbed her man by the armpits and kicked with the last of her strength, reaching the surface as the world was on the point of going as black as the depths below.

Ngura thought she would never make the bank with the inert Biljak, but the white man, standing up to his waist in the river, pushed out his rifle barrel for her to grasp. Together they heaved Biljak up the bank.

He did not move. His head lolled uselessly on a broken neck.

Ngura had seen death before, but she could not believe her own Biljak had gone to the spirit world. In vain she shook him, sobbing and crying his name. But the mud dried, caked on his body, in the heat of the sun and he made no sound.

The white man drew her away at last. She was worn out with her exertions and her grief. She sat for a long time, shocked and silent, while he made camp.

When she again took notice of the world about her the sun was low in the sky and the shadows were long on the river. Biljak's body was gone from where it had lain and in its place was a fresh mound of river silt.

The white man had skinned the crocodile and the skin lay rolled up and salted on the bank. Stewed curlew simmered on the fire and tea was made.

Ngura ate little and said nothing. The white man hardly spoke, respecting her grief, nor did he order her to clean up the meal utensils, as was his custom.

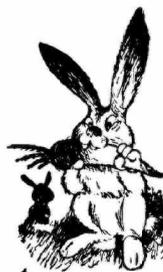
She curled up early in her blanket, close to the fire, for she was afraid of the night more than ever in this the death place of Biljak.

Next day the white man said they would return to the settlement. "We might shoot a few more crocs on the way," he told her.

She felt better when they rounded the bend of the river and the death-place was behind them. With the stoicism of her race she had already ceased to grieve.

When they returned to the tribe the part of her that was aboriginal would wail again with Biljak's relatives in wild and primal mourning. Her weeping would be loud as that of the wild dogs on moonlit nights, demonstrating to all the love that she had borne for Biljak.

But he was already part of the past, and must be forgotten. That was the law. Even his name must not be spoken again.



The river was bright in the sun again, and the wallabies stood on tip-toe along the banks, their morning drinking interrupted, to stare at the man and the girl in the silent canoe. She laughed again as the wallabies bounded with tails flying, scudding into the jungle when the canoe slid too close or a paddle splashed.

A week of steady canoeing brought them within two days of home. They had shot five more crocodiles, all far smaller than the terrible giant downriver. She helped the white man skin them, gingerly at first, but with growing confidence.

The white man had been kind to her, and she learned to fear him less as the days went by.

She did not notice his increasing familiarity, the growing desire that mushroomed in him day by day. She was now accustomed to sleeping close to him by the fire, for she was still terrified of the night, of the spirits that roamed the river in the darkness.

The white man did not understand. Knowing nothing of her fears, he regarded her closeness as a sign of gradual surrender, as an expression of her need for a man and master.

Her new world collapsed the night he reached out and took her in his arms, pressing his lips on hers, and muttering words she did not understand.

She tried to struggle, but he was strong—stronger even than Biljak. Crying out in her shock and fear she managed to squirm free from his grasp. She was away in a dash to the edge of the dark jungle, when she tripped on a tangled vine and fell.

The white man laughed as he caught her. From that moment Ngura was captive, with a leather thong tied to her wrist by night and a loaded rifle placed significantly across the white man's knees by day.

The white man discontinued the journey back to the land of the mullick-mullick.

They would go down river again, for more skins, he told her.

On the third night of her captivity Ngura was still as far from an escape plan as ever. By day, she could not hope to break and run. Even if she snatched the loaded rifle the white man still had his revolver. He carried it cocked, and tapped it significantly when she stared like a hunted thing at the jungle haven on either bank. Her fear of him was as strong as her hate.



She looked up at the moon, tiny and new, gleaming above the jungle. It was free, a great night spirit riding the sky unfettered. The flickering light of the camp fire showed the man by her side, deep in sleep, one arm still flung across her waist, the rawhide thong binding her wrist to his in possession.

The new moon . . . The thought came to her like a flash, quick as a spear thrust or a black snake striking. The new moon, and the River Spirit, together, would save her from the man she hated.

A feeling of peace stole over her. She would not have to kill to escape, bringing down the white police on herself and her tribe. The River Spirit and the new moon would already be communing together tonight.

Ngura slept then, calm in her knowledge. Already the thong had ceased to signify her bondage. Soon she would be free. The next day Ngura was happier than she had been, for she knew the Spirits were with her.

On the fifth day the white man did not stir until the sun came searching into the camp with golden fingers. Then he undid the thong and bade her get breakfast.

Ngura smiled at him, for the first time since her captivity, when he drew out his revolver and laid it handy.

“Me not want to run away,” she said. “Me good wife belonga you now.”

The white man stared at her. Then a slow grin spread over his bearded face. “O.K. Then you cook breakfast quicktime. We go look for more croc.” He laughed as he rolled his early-morning cigarette.

“You little beauty,” he said reflectively, fingering the scratches that ran across his cheeks where her finger nails had torn him.

The tide was still going out as they pushed off from the bank. Ngura paddled, while the white man sat behind her, his rifle across his knees.



Beneath her quiet unhurried strokes she was excited, hardly able to keep from trembling. For the white man may have noticed the new moon. He too, might have remembered about the River Spirits' age-old alliance with the moon. If he remembered, all would fail.

As she paddled she listened, ears straining for the sound she hoped to hear.

There was an early morning wind. It rippled the water playfully, snorting through the trees in occasional gusts, scattering dead leaves from the top of the jungle, sending them swirling in eddy and vortex, dropping them hither and thither at will to become the playthings of the outgoing tide.

The wind was a good omen. It came from down river and made paddling a little harder, but Ngura did not mind. The current and the spirits were with her.

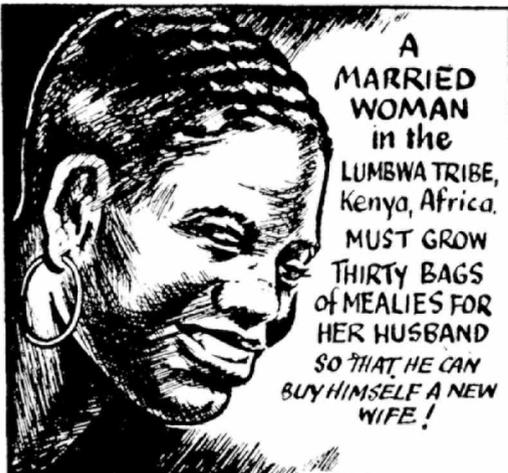
Now and again she looked back over her shoulder and smiled at the white man. He grinned back and winked, pleased at the signs that he had really won her, admiring the beauty that was now his.

He watched the chocolate skin of the rounded shoulder rippling through the tear in her dress, and the proud swell of her breasts as she paddled with strokes that made the canoe throb with power.

This was the life, thought the white man. Presently he grew sleepy as the sun rose higher and the wind dropped. His head nodded and he drowsed comfortably.

He heard the roar of the tidal bore from far off, as in a dream, and put it down to the wind again. His eyes were closed and he could feel the steady, reassuring rhythm of the girl paddling—his girl, beautiful little jungle savage. Behind him was the gentle swish of the stern wave, making soft, sleepy music in his ears.

NOW YOU KNOW!



A MARRIED WOMAN in the LUMBWA TRIBE, Kenya, Africa, MUST GROW THIRTY BAGS OF MEALIES FOR HER HUSBAND SO THAT HE CAN BUY HIMSELF A NEW WIFE!

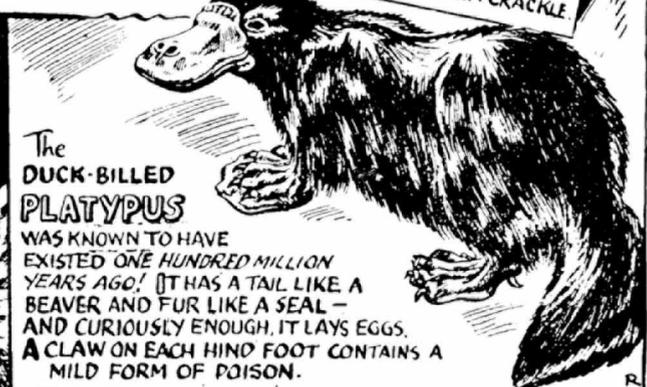


A COW WAS COMPLETELY ENGLUFED WHEN A VIOLENT SANDSTORM HIT LAKE TSANA, The Sudan, AFRICA. THUS, IT BECAME ITS OWN TOMBSTONE!



ON A DRY DAY, WHEN YOUR HAIR IS PERFECTLY DRY, COMB IT RAPIDLY WITH A VULCANITE COMB. YOU WILL THEN PROBABLY SEE A NUMBER OF ELECTRIC SPARKS AND HEAR THEM CRACKLE.

IF WE WERE ABLE TO TRAVEL TO THE MOON, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOOK UP AND SEE OUR EARTH SHINING IN THE SKY LIKE A MUCH BIGGER AND MORE GLORIOUS MOON. PICTURE SHOWS THE KIND OF SCENERY THERE IS ON THE MOON.



The DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS

WAS KNOWN TO HAVE EXISTED ONE HUNDRED MILLION YEARS AGO! (IT HAS A TAIL LIKE A BEAVER AND FUR LIKE A SEAL - AND CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, IT LAYS EGGS. A CLAW ON EACH HIND FOOT CONTAINS A MILD FORM OF POISON.)

Spirit of the New Moon.

(continued from page 16.)

The white man did not see the rushing wall of white-capped water rounding the bend, sweeping at them with the speed of an express train—the tidal bore of the new-moon time, irresistible force of the river, dangerous, angry and hell-bent on destruction.

But Ngura saw it, coming, as she knew it would, at the bidding of the moon.

Every month, with the new moon, it came rushing with each change of tide, making navigation a danger for the first quarter.

The white man, not used to the river's ways, had forgotten, as she hoped he would. Always he had relied on Biljak to tell him. But now Biljak was part of the river, part of the tidal bore, majestic and strong.

Ngura's captor opened his eyes too late, when the roar became as thunder, and the wave curled right ahead, white and terrible.

The girl had slipped off her dress. She turned and looked back at the white man, red mouth glistening in a provocative smile of triumph. Then she leaped, diving cleanly and deep, right in the path of the thundering wave.

The canoe spun broadside on, rocked wildly. And then the crash came.

Caught in the tumult of a thousand tons of rushing water, the canoe hurtled over and over, spewing out the white man, rifles, camping gear and paddles, spinning crazily until the wave was gone far upriver, with the sound of departing thunder.

Then the canoe floated empty, water-logged, going upstream with the new tide.

When Ngura reached the bank, breathless from fighting the current, there was no sign of the white man. He, too, was now part of the river.

She pushed back her sodden hair and set out on the return journey to her tribe.

Only a tiny mark, fast fading, showed on her wrist where the white man's thong had held her. It would soon be gone.

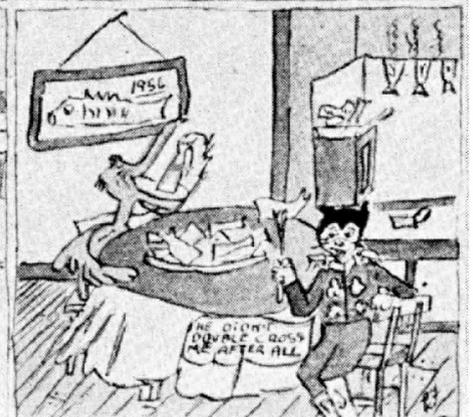
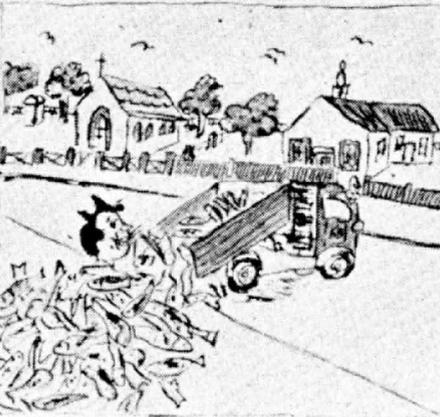
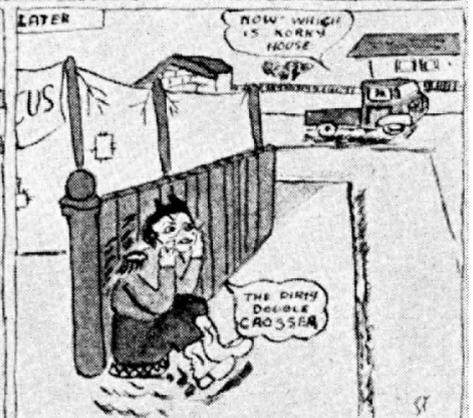
Friends of Mrs. Whitfield, formerly of La Perouse, will be sorry to learn of her death at Moree.

Mrs. Lucy Foote also passed away suddenly at Moree after a short period in hospital. Mrs. Foote was highly regarded in Moree by many people by whom she had been employed over the years.



KORKY THE CAT

THIS WEEK KORKY'S IN THE CLOVER
HE'S REALISED HIS FONDEST WISH
FOR WHEN HIS CIRCUS DAYS ARE OVER
HE BURIED ALIVE IN FINE FRESH FISH!



This very excellent cartoon was drawn by Leslie Franks, c.o. A. D. Whiffen, "Fairview", Cobargo.

Leslie is quite a talented young artist and has often sent us other excellent drawings. As we mentioned in the March issue of Dawn, this drawing won Leslie a special award.

Our People Are Fine Citizens

CO-OPERATION IS NECESSARY

This was a brief radio talk given over Radio Station 2KP, Kempsey, on April 12th, by Mr. A. Norton, the Area Welfare Officer.

So little is known by so many of what has been done, what is being done and what will be done for the Australian Aborigine by the Government of N.S.W., that I feel I should endeavour to tell you as much as I can in the short time I have at my disposal.

The problem has been approached with much forethought and foresight, that past experience and encouraging results have proved we are on the right road to assimilation.

There are 16 Government Stations, of which 8 were rebuilt about 5 years ago. These Stations are virtually Housing Settlements, with lovely 2 and 3 bedroom fibro cottages and all essential amenities, a well equipped Recreation Hall, Medical Treatment room, office, ration store, modern school and the larger Stations have very fine Churches.

A resident Manager and Matron are in charge, who care for the health, employment, social, recreational and religious needs of the Aborigine.

Those living in sub-standard conditions are moved to these settlements as opportunity offers, and are given every assistance to uplift themselves to the white man's standard.

When it was found that many Aborigine families were showing rapid progress, the department decided to build houses for them in towns, and move these more advanced families into these homes.

In spite of the fact that reluctance was shown from some quarters of the white community—who were not so long ago decrying the Government for its apathy towards the Aborigine of this State—we went ahead with our policy; and now find, that these Aborigine families have turned out to be fine citizens and their children are showing great promise.

Two Aborigine families who were moved a few years ago into town houses, in Cobargo, and were unfavourably received at first, are now completely assimilated with the white community of the district. They belong to the local golf and tennis clubs, the women are members of the C.W.A. and assist in all the local social functions of the town.

We have two young Aborigine School teachers, who passed out of the Teacher's College; and an Aborigine lad from Kinchela—Harry Penrith—known by all in the Kempsey district, who is in the Agricultural department in Sydney, and doing exceptionally well.

I could quote many such cases where the young Aborigine boy and girl are being given every opportunity to make a success of their lives, both in the literary and sporting field, and their achievements have been encouraging.

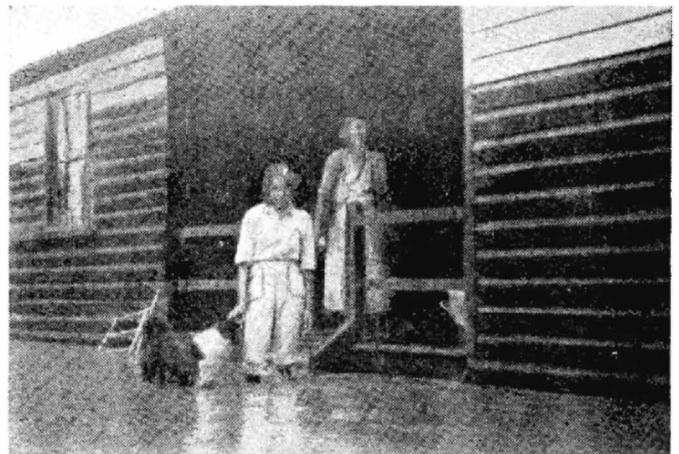
It is our aim to go ahead and progress with the times. We have qualified and experienced men in the field and at Head Office, who can see that our policy is bearing fruit, provided we continue to have the co-operation of the Aborigine and the whole-hearted assistance and understanding of the white community.

If we could get this fine spirit of genuine understanding, and the hand of friendship extended by the white community, to the co-operative and progressive Aborigine, we will then find that the solution to our problem will be just around the corner.

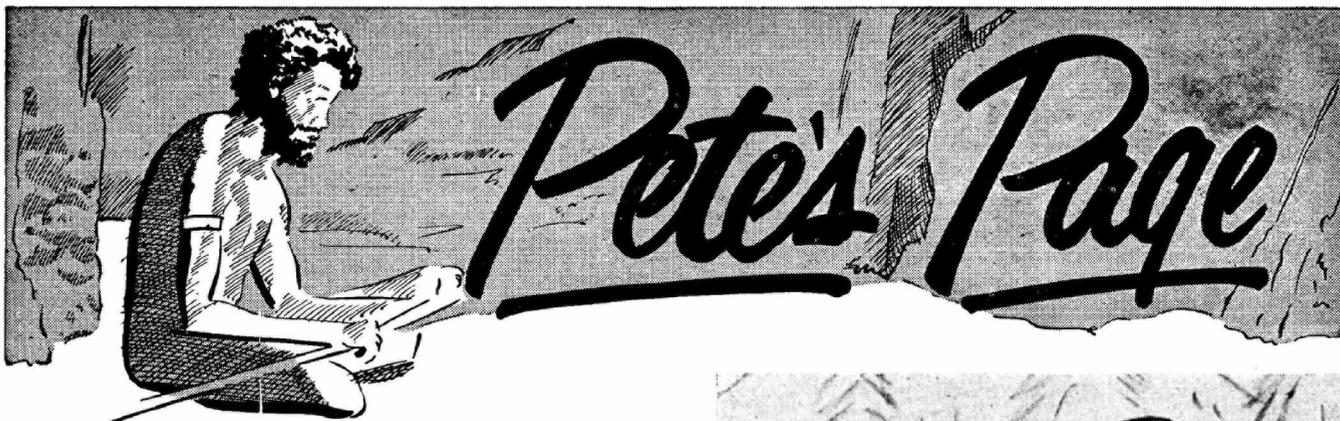
Floods at Boggabilla



George Binge of Boggabilla paddling in the flood waters which recently swept through the Station.



Barbara Duncan and her mother looked worried as the flood waters continued to rise about their Boggabilla home.



Hello Kids,

Well, its really getting into Winter now, isn't it? I guess the boys like this weather all-right for their football games, but is not much fun for the girls.

I must tell you about a wonderful film I saw this morning. This film, "Proud Heritage", was produced by the New South Wales Education Department and made in colour. It shows the modern Public School at La Perouse and shows how the aboriginal people . . . and the white people . . . are being trained to accept each other and work and play in harmony in their progress towards assimilation.

Mr. Heffron, the Minister for Education, spoke for a few moments at the conclusion of the film and said how proud he was that so much was being done for the aboriginal people.

I was particularly pleased to hear Mr. Heffron because I know he is a very sincere man who has a great love and affection for the aboriginal people . . . particularly those young people who come under his care.

I hope you may see this film for yourselves soon.



This is how Davy Crockett looks according to Steve Hoskins of Wallaga Lake.



A fine sketch by Pete McKenzie of La Perouse.

I had a very welcome visitor yesterday. None other than young John Craig, of Wallanboon Station, Wallendbeen. John, looking so very spic and span, was just passing through Sydney on his way to Brisbane for a fortnight's holiday.

I am always happy to meet my young friends, so any time you are in Sydney, call in and say Hello.

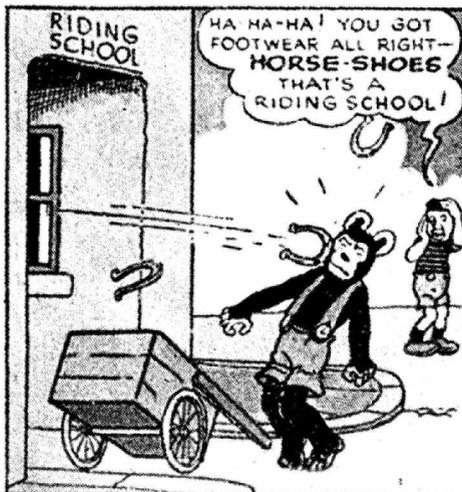
The mailman just popped in and brought me a very nice letter from Irene Roberts, of Cubawee. Irene tells me she has left Lismore High School and hopes to soon enter the Woolwich Bible College in Sydney. Irene's younger sister June, still goes to High School and is doing very well. Irene sent me a drawing of herself . . . a very nice one, too.

Thanks, Irene, for your letter, and a special prize for the very neat writing.

Well, Kids, that's about all the news for this time. It's about time we had a lot more letters and drawings, so how about it? And don't forget, when you are in Sydney, come and see me.

Your sincere Pal,

Pete



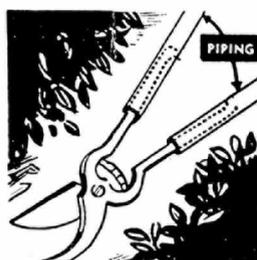


In the Garden

SOME HANDY HINTS



Level.—Fix long, slim bottle of glycerine into top of long, straight-edge board from an old stretcher.



Handles.—Fit piping on to handles of secateurs to reach distant branches when lopping back thick shrubbery.



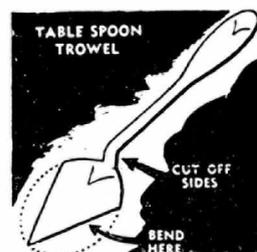
Carrier.—Keep tools together in netting frame fastened behind wheelbarrow as shown in sketch.



Handles.—To make handles fit tight, bore hole in top, fill with oil, let stand. Oil will soak through.



Pocket.—To keep garden-shears in trim, make pocket of strong canvas soaked in oil for preventing rust.



Trowel.—For handling potted plants, cut spoon as shown and hammer into required shape.



Pit.—Old galvanised-iron sheets, hooked together with wire, make compost-pit for small garden.

Rings on Garden-Trowel Handle Convert It to Depth Gauge.

Rings painted on the handle of a garden trowel will convert it to a handy gauge to insure planting bulbs and seeds at the correct depth. Using a rule, mark off the trowel handle in convenient units. Then paint brightly coloured rings completely around the handle at the unit marks. The bright colours also will make the trowel easier to find, should it become misplaced in the garden.

