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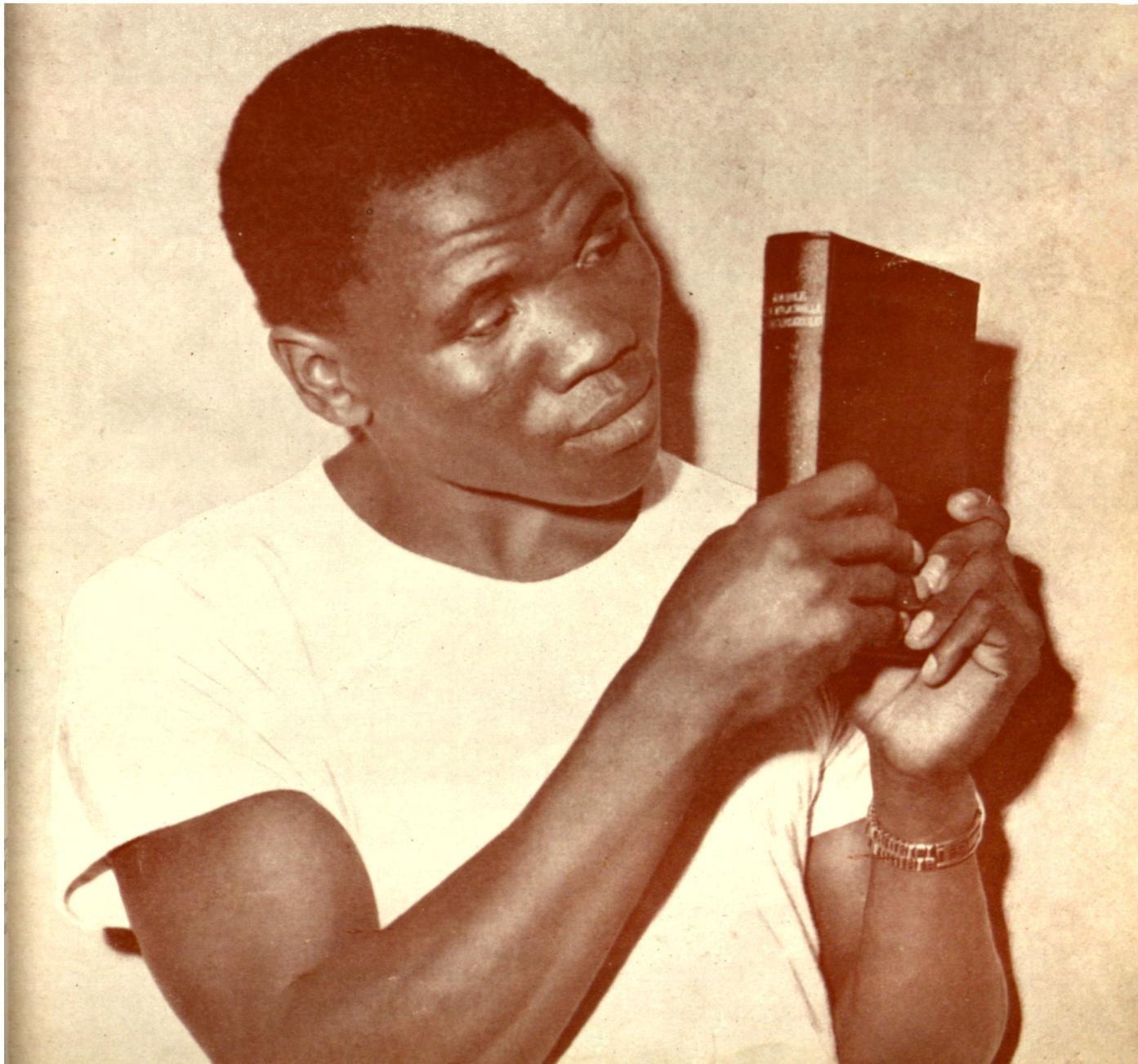
# Dawn



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

MAY, 1958





## Our Cover . . .

THIS month we welcome Joe N'Gidi, a young Zulu Warrior from Africa, who is here in Australia to fight our Australian champions. Joe, who has already won the respect and admiration of sportsmen throughout the country, is a devout Christian and never travels without his Bible.



## "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.

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# FILL LAKE EYRE

*Says MICHAEL SAWTELL, well-known author,  
traveller and member of the Aborigines' Welfare Board*

The news of the latest scientific discovery, that it is now possible to obtain power from the sea, opens up wonderful possibilities for our mighty inland Australia.

This discovery, with the aid of solar energy and power from the sun's rays, should make it now possible to fill Lake Eyre from the sea, change the inland climate and improve the rainfall.

This mighty project was first suggested in 1883 by Sir Richard Baker, a well-known South Australian. But that was in the pick and shovel days and it was found after surveys that the scheme was not practical. However, modern science and mechanisation have now made this far-reaching work necessary and possible.

I have had all the scientific data supplied to me by the Research Bureau of the Adelaide Public Library and also I have Bonython and Mason's Report to the Royal Geographical Society, when they visited Lake Eyre in 1950 and boated over the lake.

The Lake Eyre river basin is, I believe, the largest inland river basin in the world. It is enormous. It is well over 500,000 square miles and you have to be something of a bushman to realise the vast area that the lake drains.

It takes in all Central and Western Queensland, much of the Northern Territory, both sides of the Simpson Desert, also much of the southern end of the Northern Territory, and all the north of South Australia.

Alice Springs is also really in the Lake Eyre river basin. The bed of the lake is nearly 4,000 square miles and is 39 feet below sea level, but 10,000 square miles of the surrounding country, taking in much of the railway line between Maree and Oodnadatta, is also below sea level.

The nearest sea point to the lake is Port Augusta, which is 315 miles away, and is 8 feet above sea level, but much of the intervening country is over 100 feet above sea level.

But the Snowy River Scheme has shown us what modern mechanisation can do to dig great channels and drive tunnels through the hills.

You might say, "Why do we want a filled Lake Eyre?" We need it, to change the climate and to improve the rainfall, which is now only about 6 inches a year. Really, letting the sea into the lake would only be supplementing the filling of the lake, for during the big floods the lake is filled by fresh water, more often than most people know about.

A filled Lake Eyre would supply the high rate of evaporation, which is about 100 inches a year, to create the raw material to produce the clouds, and then the C.S.I.R.O. could make those clouds burst into rain, for we will within certain limits be able to make rain.

However, that is not all the story. We will also need to grow great belts of trees in the Inland, which is seriously deficient in trees.

Our main objective before our future Australia is to fill Lake Eyre and make Alice Springs the capital city of Australia. Read what our prophet poets, Barcroft Boake and Henry Lawson, had to say about the future of mighty Terra Australia.



**Pastor Frank Roberts at Tabulam with two new brides,  
Mrs. Percy Green and Mrs. Robert Robinson**



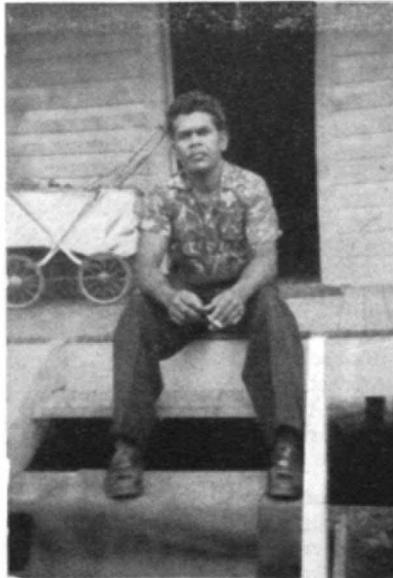
# OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN

THE aboriginal people in this State are scattered over a wide area, so far apart that many of them may never meet, but the magic camera can bring to us intimate glimpses of these people and enable us to become better acquainted with each other.

If you have photos at home, similar to those you see published in *Dawn*, send them along and thus add to, and maintain, the interest in your fellow men and women.



Meet Clarry Sands, of Lightning Ridge



James Breckenridge, of Woodenbong, seems all set to do a spot of baby minding



Ruth and David Walker, of Tabulam



Kate Towner and Bob Goolagong, of Peak Hill



Ken Fermor and Ross Olsen, of Woolbrook



Claude Mundy, of Bega, makes with the music



Laurie Ferguson, of Yamba



More Music From Alfie Powell, of Peak Hill



Mrs. N. L. Green, of Ashford, and some of the cups won by her son



These pretty girls are Carol and Robyn Crowe, of Cootamundra



Meet Susan, Raymond and Michael Laurie, of Yamba



Alfie Kelly, of Green, Balranald, and "Ringer"



George, Michael and Lance Walker, Les Exton and Randell Collins, of Tabulam



Alfred, Charlie and Harold Powell and neice Gloria



The Lady of the Lake—Fay Lamb

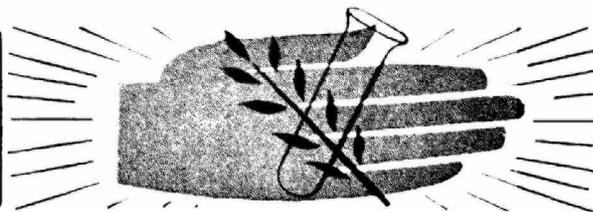


Lindsay Sloan, of Condobolin, and his granddaughter



Chris and Neville Riley, of Werris Creek, among the big fish at Bourke

# Health



# Hints

## SAFETY RULES TO PREVENT POISONING

Keep all drugs, poisons, medicines and other household chemicals out of the reach of children and away from food.

Label all such materials.

Store poisons separately and keep under lock and key.

Weed out medicine and drug "left overs".

Destroy all bottles, tins or boxes whose contents are not positively known.

When throwing away such articles make sure they cannot be reached by children.

Never take or give medicine in the dark.

Use a prescription, drug or medicine, only for the patient for whom the doctor ordered it.

Follow directions with utmost care.

Instruct young children in the danger of tasting or eating anything unless it has been given them to eat.

Keep tablets away from children; flavoured or coloured tablets are especially attractive to a child and often the cause of a fatality.

Do not leave the slightest trace of a poisonous solution in a drinking glass.

Do not keep poisonous or inflammable substances (kerosene, rat poisons, cleaning materials and the like) in food or beverage containers.

Never leave tins of weed killer or other poisons in the garden or garage.

## YOUR CHILD NEEDS THESE!

### SOME COMMON FOODSTUFFS

**Milk.**—See that each child in the family actually consumes his full allowance and that it is not kept for other purposes. He can take it as a drink, with porridge, and in desserts and soups. If he is not over-enthusiastic about drinking milk, vary it by flavouring with cocoa, honey, vanilla, raspberry, strawberry or caramel, or brighten it with a drop of colouring. Attractive mugs or glasses often help. Powdered milk is excellent as a substitute or as an extra.

**Cheese.**—Serve with salads, in sandwiches, grated on top of cooked dishes, or plain. Cheese is easily digested as long as it is well chewed or grated. Cheese may be substituted for meat.

**Meat.**—Use lamb, mutton, beef or fish. Lamb's fry, calf's fry and kidneys are particularly valuable. Corned beef and minced steak are suitable for children. Sausage mince which is usually fatty and may be highly seasoned is not desirable.

**Eggs.**—Serve poached, coddled, scrambled or in an omelette, hard cooked in a salad or hard cooked and grated over a white sauce, as a sandwich filling or in a custard or other dessert. Fried eggs are not recommended for young children.

**Fruit and Vegetables.**—Most children need little encouragement to eat fruit. Nearly all fruits are suitable if they are ripe and sound and washed thoroughly before use. For the very young, make sure that pips, stones, tough skin or bruised parts are removed. Stone fruits are quite safe for children as long as they are ripe and eaten in moderation. Ripe bananas are easily digested. For vitamin C, oranges, lemons, mandarins, papaw, rockmelon and tomatoes are good. Prunes and dried apricots provide iron.

Potatoes and green vegetables are particularly valuable and should be served every day if possible. Vegetables may be eaten raw or cooked. When introducing a vegetable for the first time, cut it into small pieces so that it is easy to eat, and serve only a small portion. It is important for children to get accustomed to a wide variety of vegetables so that they will eat and enjoy them all.

**Wholegrain Cereals.**—The wholegrain porridges such as rolled oats, oatmeal, the quick-cooking oat porridges and wheatmeal contain more vitamin B than the unfortified ready-to-eat cereals. Porridge does not "heat the blood" so may be served in summer as well as winter. If an unfortified ready-to-eat cereal is served it is advisable to add a wheat germ product.

Brown and wholemeal bread contain more vitamin B than the white loaf.

**Starchy and Sugary Foods.**—Refined cereals and sugars tend to cling to the teeth and are a potent factor in dental decay.

## CUTS

### CUTS FROM OYSTER SHELLS, ROCKS, ETC.

These cuts can easily become septic. They should be thoroughly cleansed and an antiseptic applied, then bandaged.

# The Legend

of the

## FAIRY WOMAN

An Aboriginal Saga of Crown Mountain and/or Tooloom Falls.

IN the *Dawntime* when all creation was created—there were also people of the Spirit World made. Now the name of the good spirit people is Wooyun, who are a kind of fairy people. You may behold these people for they look like ordinary mortals, but they are only seen for a little while for they become invisible to the eyes of mortals.

It so happened that one day the fairy people were travelling down to Cudgen Heads and with them was a lovely young fairy girl. Now this girl had been promised in marriage to a young man, who was good, as he was handsome, for he was in charge of a Boro Ring—the Sacred Ring—to where all young men must go for the Initiation Ceremony—so that they may be proclaimed men of their tribe. For a man to be placed in charge of the Sacred Boro Ring—he must indeed be a good man, so that all the people of his tribe may know that he is worthy to be placed in charge of the Sacred Boro Ring.

Now when the time had come that the young fairy girl had reached womanhood, she bethought of the young man to whom she had been given in marriage when a child. The dawn had kissed many days and the stars had kissed many nights since she had seen him last. Then one day she saw him in battle at Cudgen Heads, she knew he was the man to whom she had been promised in marriage—for her heart told her so.

When the battle had been fought at Cudgen Heads, the young man went to his home at Meeahan—which is the name by which Crown Mountain was known to the tribe of the young man. So the young fairy woman set forth to seek her lover—she came to Meeahan—and the people of the tribe told her:—“Yes! the young man whom you seek, and who is your promised husband has come home to us, but is gone again.”

So she set forth again on her journey of seeking her husband, carrying with her the bark of the Ti-Tree, which she had brought with her from Cudgen Heads.

Thus for many nights and many days the young fairy woman walked ever onward seeking her husband. And so she went from camp to camp and ever she asked: “Have you seen him, who I seek, the man who is my husband?” And always the answer was given to her: “He whom you seek has been with us, but he has gone away”—and then the people would tell her where to go, and whither she would go.

So the young fairy woman would go from camp to camp seeking her husband, and at every camp that she had been to—there the Ti-Trees grew. For it is she that planted the Ti-Trees, and today you can see the Ti-Trees growing where the camps were that she went to—when seeking her husband.

Now one day the young fairy woman came to the waterfalls at Tooloom—and there she found a man, who was hunting near the water, and as she came near to him, he said: “I am the man whom you seek.”

“No”, she replied, “you cannot be—for you are not young and you are not handsome. And my heart tells me that what you say cannot be right.” “But it is so,” the man answered, “for when I was in battle at Cudgen I looked young and handsome. For I wore the paint of a warrior, and wore feathers in my hair.”

Sadly the young fairy woman looked to the water, and wished that the man who had spoken to her would cross the log lying across the water. “May he cross the log soon,” she wished, “and may the log turn over when he is upon it. For I know that my heart is telling me the truth—that he is not the man whom I seek. He is not my husband.”

Now it so happened that the man who was hunting and had spoken to the young fairy woman went across the log that went over the water, and as he did so the log turned over and he was drowned in the water there and then. For he had not told the truth to the young fairy woman. And thus his punishment was death.

Then the young fairy woman taking her eyes away from the water looked up and beheld another man—this time her heart cried “This is he whom you have sought for many nights and days. This is your husband, the man to whom you were promised in marriage when you were a child. And having found him—you will not need to wander ever again seeking him to whom you were betrothed.

And the young fairy woman knew that indeed her heart had told her the truth, and so she went forward to meet her husband, and so he came forward to meet her—and thus they were together and her joy was complete.

Now this is the legend of the young fairy woman who went forth to seek her husband—the young fairy woman who planted the Ti-Trees.

By MISS MILDRED NORLEDGE, of Kyogle, N.S.W.

(With acknowledgement to the Northern Star.)

[BY APPOINTMENT TO "HIS MAJESTY"]

# A ROYAL BLESSING

by L. N. BRIGGS

When the British came to Australia it would seem that they caused considerable disruption to the old established form of truly socialistic government by which the Aboriginal Tribes were ruled.

If my information is correct, the first tribal "Kings" were created by the British colonial authorities who just could not comprehend a nation without a monarch. And so it came to be that outstanding elders of various aboriginal communities were "crowned" as Kings of their Tribes.

The "Coronation" ceremony was quite different to that of any other nation in that instead of a crown being placed on the head of the new monarch, a huge, inscribed brass plate was ceremoniously hung by a chain from his neck so that it rested on his tummy. I have never yet learned why they "crowned" his tummy rather than his head, but I suppose it has some special significance.

I don't know whether the aboriginal community ever objected to the introduction of monarchs into their national and social structure, but it is certain that there was no objection on the part of the monarchs themselves. So popular did the idea become that even today every now and then a self-created "King" turns up. He is usually very old and much respected by his people who accept him with good humour.

On a recent visit to the Bega district I had the honour of meeting one of these latter-day monarchs of whom I had heard a great deal.

King Billy, of the House of Hammond, was giving audience to his subjects as he sat majestically on an oil drum throne in a beautiful and typical Australian bush setting.

His face was old and wrinkled, but his eyes were bright with the wisdom of age—King Billy claims to be over 100 years old—and they twinkled with the wit and mischief retained from his youth.

I approached the "throne" with due respect and introduced myself to His Majesty.

"Your Majesty, King Billy, I presume," I said, as I took the proffered royal hand.

"That's right, mister," he said, "You've heard about me? Everybody down this way knows King Billy. My photographs hang in some of the best homes in Bega. Over a hundred years old I am."

"Your Majesty," I said, "I also would like your photograph to hang on my wall, if you would allow me."

"Well, get out your camera," he commanded.

I produced my two cameras and went to work. When I had finished, I thanked him and started to take my leave.

However, it appears that no visitor to King Billy is allowed to leave the royal court without paying tribute.

"Now, wait a minute, young fellow," he commanded. "You don't get away without paying me something."

"For what do I have to pay you, Your Majesty?" I asked.

"For the pictures of course," he replied. "You will get much money for my pictures."

"Already your pictures will cost me much money to produce and put on a large screen for many people to see what a great and wonderful man is King Billy, but I shall receive nothing for it," I argued.

Suddenly his Majesty switched from commerce to history. Pointing his boney old finger straight at me he bellowed, "Your great-grandfather took my land and dug all the gold out of it. I have nothing left. You must pay something. I have to buy tobacco."

"But, how can these things be, Your Majesty?" I asked. "At the time your land was being taken and its gold being extracted, my great-grandfather was being chased by red indians on the other side of the world; and I have had to pay much money for a wee bit of rocky land which contained no gold and would not provide food for one wombat."

Then I remembered how another traveller got himself out of a similar jam a couple of thousand years ago.

"Your Majesty," I said. "Gold and silver have I none, but, of such as I have I give unto you." And pulled a sizeable package of tobacco from my pocket and placed it in the royal palm.

"How can I smoke this without a pipe?" the King protested.

This was a knotty problem for me. I thought lovingly of the sweet and mellow pipe in my coat pocket hated to part with it, although a tooth had penetrated the stem at one point. However, I was dealing with Royal and there was some honour attached to it. I held out the pipe to His Majesty and the warmth of his royal smile approval made up for my great loss.

On parting, he took my hand in his and gave me a royal blessing. "From now on I shall call you 'uncle' he announced, for all within hearing to hear.

Proudly I strutted away. Apart from honorary relationship to royalty, I could now claim to be Photographer By Appointment to His Majesty.



# DO YOU KNOW

by Alan Howe

When a door is made, it is made just under the size of the opening. There should be an allowance of  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch, so when the workman is fitting it he would have very little to plane off. Often the door frame is made  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch bigger than the door size.

The first thing to do when fitting a door is to cut off the bottom haunches; a common error is to make the door a fraction short in doing so. Rather than do this, leave  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch on.

Next stand the door in the frame to see how the length is. If it is clear that the door will be long enough, carefully cut off the top haunches. If it is the first door that you have fitted, it may be as well to leave these top haunches on for a while.

Having also tested the door for width, shoot the edges with a trying plane; to shoot the edges means to plane the door edge straight. A trying plane is used as it is a long plane and it is best to plane straight. When shooting the edges have the edge on a bevel so that the door will go into its opening in the manner of a wedge.

This is the principal secret in successful door fitting; let this bevel be, say  $\frac{1}{8}$  inch, in the thickness of the door.

Having shot the edges, the door should now go into the opening. The thing to watch for now is that the door is parallel with the frame. If not, plane the door edge where it is not parallel. Keep trying the door in the frame and make sure you are not taking too much off.

Now make sure the bottom of door fits the floor parallel. If this is right, look at the top and see if this is parallel with the frame head.

Before cutting the top haunches, be sure that the door is going to be long enough. It will be possible to glue a slip on to the top edge of a door if short.

Having cut the top haunches, fit the top edge. Having done this, take the door out and apply the hinge stile to its place. Place a penny between the frame and the door, push the door right into the frame, take another penny and you should be able to just get it in between the lock stile and the frame. The door will be the right fit with the clearance of the thickness of a penny all round.

Now check out for your hinges. The top hinge should be 7 inches from the top of the door and the bottom hinge 11 inches from the bottom of the door. These sizes are for a 6 ft. 8 in. door.

There should be just under  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch clearance at the bottom of the door and if you are having carpet in the room, the door should be  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch short of the timber floor.

It is a good point when hanging the door to put two screws in each hinge on the frame, then try the door for fit. If you have checked too much out of the frame for the hinge, loosen the screws a few turns and pack out the hinge with a piece of cardboard, then tighten up the screws.

Once you have the door right, you can screw in the rest of the screws.

The lock may now be fitted and this is placed today 4 ft. 6 in. from the floor.

A good tradesman should fit and hang a door in an hour and should fit the lock in a  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, depending on the type of lock—so next time you hang a door just see how you go for time.

If any of you would like any help on building or any hints on doing a job write to me c/o. *Dawn* and I will do my best to help you.



Henry Hunter, of Bourke, is determined to keep the lawns looking trim

# FROM HERE AND THERE

## WILCANNIA

Doug. Young has returned to Wilcannia, after 18 months in Broken Hill and Adelaide Hospital.

Doug. had the misfortune to have had a nasty fall from a horse, on Wattle Vale Station, where he was employed as a colt breaker. His hips were badly smashed and it was necessary to graft a bone into his leg as his bones were so badly crushed. Doug. is only "on trial" with his leg and will be returning to Adelaide for a check up next month. He is making good progress so far and can take weight on his bad leg without supports.

Doug. I might mention, is one of our Aboriginal composers. He composed those tunes which are so very popular in the far west, "Cut a Rug" and "I got no time". These numbers were put over at all of the Wilcannia Aborigines Hillbilly shows, by another popular artist, Fred (CODY) Murray.

Doug. has composed some more numbers that will no doubt become popular when they are introduced to the public at the next concert which will be held at Wilcannia, in aid of the local Fire Brigade, next month.

Doug. will be introduced to the public for the first time, and will present his new numbers himself.

Good luck to you Doug. and a speedy recovery.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Arthur Kirby, of Ivanhoe, passed away on the 3rd May, 1958, in the Adelaide Hospital, where he has been a patient for several months. Arthur Kirby leaves a young wife and five children. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his family.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The football season is with us again, and quite a number of the boys from the Wilcannia Settlement are playing with the Wilcannia club. These boys are expected to give a pretty good account of themselves this season. Barney Hampton, who played with Gloucester first grade last year, is back to play with Wilcannia again, and two of his brothers, Bob and Bruce are also playing with Wilcannia. Len Briar is yet another good footballer playing with Wilcannia first grade. Percy Hunter, Ray Hunter, and Bill Webster are running with Wilcannia second grade. There are several other promising young footballers about, but they will not set their mind on training, and without condition one cannot expect them to go far in the football game. However, we would like to see the All Blacks form up again and if they do, the local boys will take a lot of stacking as they have plenty of speed and they are very tough to handle.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Arrangements are now under way for another Hillbilly Concert, at Wilcannia, to raise funds for the local Fire Brigade, which is badly in need of fire fighting equipment.

A television unit, will be visiting Wilcannia in about a fortnight's time to take a few shots for the picture, "The Flying Doctor". Some of the Wilcannia Aborigines will be appearing in the picture, a wonderful tribute to the people of this settlement and to the town itself. We are hoping that some of our boys and girls will be chosen for other scenes as well. The supervisor of the Settlement has been interviewed regarding the choosing of suitable Aborigines to appear on the screen, and he is quite confident that he can find the right type of person in Wilcannia to suit.

## "SUNBEAMS" FIRST WIN IN COMPETITIVE MARCHING AT BALLINA

### BURNT BRIDGE

In recent years, the sport of Marching Girls, introduced from New Zealand, has captivated public interest by its spectacular display of intricate precision marching.

Associations formed throughout Australia periodically hold competitions and extend invitations to all its members to compete. Instructor Mr. C. Evans. President Mrs. V. Lang, Chaperones Mrs. A. Campbell. Mrs. E. Davis, and Welfare Officer Mrs. P. Campbell, have to be congratulated for their joint effort in placing the "SUNBEAMS" in open competition.

Burnt Bridge "SUNBEAMS", the first Aboriginal Marching Girls Team won a third place in Own Choice Display against teams from Newcastle, Kempsey, Grafton, Lismore, Ballina, Brisbane and Toowoomba. Silver medals were awarded to each member of the team, and a special cup was presented by the Patrons of Ballina Association, Messrs. J. S. Easter, C. Schneiderand and A. J. Barlow.

President Mrs. V. Lang, Mrs. A. Campbell and Mrs. P. Campbell, accompanied the team by rail to Lismore. The team, apart from competitive marching, had an enjoyable weekend at Ballina. They were hospitably received, transported and billeted at Ballina Hall, together with other visiting teams. Their excellent behaviour won public acclaim and was a credit to them and their chaperones.

Burnt Bridge Marching Girls Association and the "SUNBEAMS" extend their thanks to the Ballina National Fitness Girls Marching Association for providing free transport to and from Lismore to Ballina; and the Ballina R.S.L. Club for meals supplied during their stay.



# TABULAM HONOURED

May we  
introduce  
Olga Kelly, of  
Bowraville

ON 28th March, Tabulam was honoured by a visit from the Bishop of Grafton and the Director of Co-operatives of the Australian Board of Missions, the Rev. W. A. Clint. They were accompanied by the Rev. Hilliard, of Mallanganee, and Mr. E. Morgan, District Aborigines' Welfare Officer.

## Engineer Wants to Meet Our Girls

### APPEALS TO DAWN FOR HELP

A young engineer who resides at Caringbah, a suburb of Sydney, is very anxious to meet some of our aboriginal girls.

This young man, Mr. Richard Hayter, of 52 Bulwarra Street, Caringbah, in a recent letter to *Dawn* said . . .

"Over the past years I have come in contact with many coloured folk in Australia, mainly in the West.

"As I am an engineering tradesman I have had the opportunity of travelling and at the same time having a kind of working holiday; my last port of call was Moree where I stayed for over two months.

"During that time I was invited out to the Mission and took part in the concerts for the coloured people residing there.

"Father Shanahan introduced me round and I had hopes of starting a gymnasium on the Mission but unfortunately an illness compelled me to return to Sydney.

"I guess my travelling days are over and I must stay put. This brings me to my reason for writing to you.

"Could you please find me an aboriginal girl who would like to be my pen-friend and correspond with me, I am 28 years of age, a fitter and turner by occupation and I do not drink of smoke. I am interested in all sports, especially Gymnastics and surfing. I play the guitar and mouth organ and sing Western songs. I also like horseriding and dancing and I have my own home and my own car.

"I do hope it will be possible for me to meet some of our aboriginal girls and to develop a friendship with them."

Well, Girls, there's Mr. Hayter's letter so how about a swag of letters for him.

Visits were made to several houses to meet residents. They commented on the efforts made by the people to grow flowers and vegetables, and the neatness of their lawns and gardens and also remarked how impressed they were with the neatness and layout of the beautiful flower gardens and lawns and all the trees which have been planted around the Administration Block.

The work being done by the Sewing, Hobbies and Basket Making Classes, which will be on display at the Bonalbo Show, was then shown and very favourably commented on.

During the afternoon, a visit to the station school was made; Mr. A. Soorley, Schoolteacher, put on a display of Dances, Hoop spinning, and the School Choir rendered many songs. The visitors were so entertained with the work of the children, that they did not depart from the station until a late hour.

Since this visit, the Manager has received a letter from the Rev. W. A. Clint, also a message from the Bishop of Grafton, conveyed by the Rev. Hilliard, congratulating the Manager and Matron, the Schoolteacher and residents, on their beautiful station, and their thanks for the wonderful day they were given, and that they are looking forward to another visit later in the year.

Hey, mind those  
fingers girls.  
These two lasses  
are Helen Wil-  
liams, of Box  
Ridge and Janelle  
Peden.



*The Assimilation of  
Aborigines . . .*

# Healthy New Association

by Mrs. EDNA McINTOSH, *Vice President, Association  
for the Assimilation of Aborigines*

If you come to Armidale on a Wednesday and go into the hall at the Literary Institute, you will be caught up in a hub of activity. There you will find brown and white children playing about, men and women in groups enjoying a chat and a cup of tea, women cutting out and machining clothes, and around a big table covered with good used clothes, women (and men too) chatting,



**Mrs. Moran and Mrs. Widders in the Sewing Class**

rummaging and purchasing. This, as the notice says at the door, is the Club Room of the Association for the Assimilation of Aborigines (the A.A.A.).

Started early in 1957 by the A.A.A. with the co-operation of the Armidale Council, this Club has been a very interesting and active experiment and a very successful one too, under the energetic direction of Mrs. Florence le Gay Brereton.

One of the Clubs regular activities is a fortnightly Clinic for babies and young children. Sister Nealy always finds a number of mothers waiting for her with babies to be weighed. In her gentle but firm manner she advises them on diet and health matters and now, through the Aborigine's Welfare Board's co-operation she is able to give vitamin C, etc., to the babies and young children where necessary. This is a wonderful thing because while most of the babies are very healthy, a number of them and also a number of small children need extra vitamins and other body-building foods. We are very glad to be able to supply these as the welfare of the children is very important to us.

While speaking about children I could mention that every Wednesday afternoon after school a number of older boys and girls (last week, twelve) meet in the Club room for an Art Class conducted by Mrs. Gabriel. The children seem to enjoy these lessons very much and Mrs. Gabriel thinks very highly of the work of some of the children. (Continued on page 16.)



**Mrs. J. Widders enjoys the Sewing Classes**



**"Grannie" Widders and Mrs. McKenzie look forward to these afternoons together**



**"Grannie" Widders "baby sits" for young Rhonda**

## Shire President's Tribute

# BOB SMITH PRAISED

The Editor, *Dawn*.

Dear Sir,

It gives me very great pleasure to contribute a few words in praise of Mr. "Bob" Smith of Greenhill, Kempsey, who retired from the service of Macleay Shire Council at Christmas, 1957, after nearly fifteen years valuable service to the community in this area.

Bob worked on the outside staff, chiefly on the maintenance, construction and repair of roads, and he was experienced in all phases of the work, particularly concrete work, at which he was something of an expert.

Bob was thought of highly by workmates and Councillors alike, as evidenced by the fact that a reference under seal of Council was presented to him on his retirement, reading as follows :—

"The Council has noted that you have retired and wishes to place on record its appreciation of your sterling work whilst an employee for a number of years.

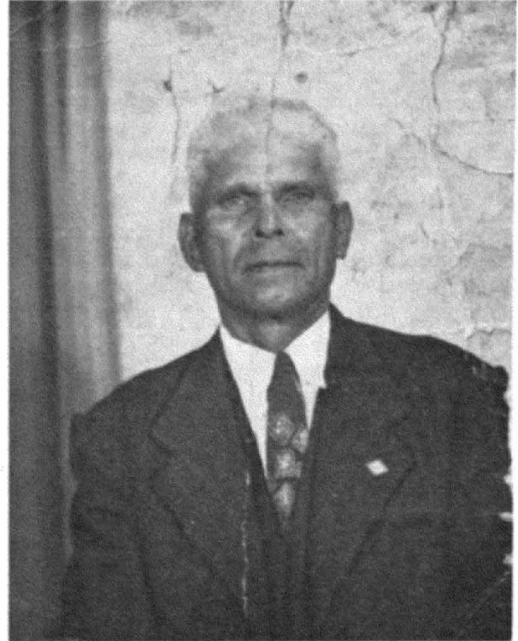
"During the term of your employment you have attended to your duties in a most efficient and cheerful manner, and the high esteem in which you are held by your fellow employees is a true indication of your worth.

"The Council trusts that you will continue to enjoy good health and that you will enjoy the years of retirement so richly earned".

Bob was born at Sherwood on the Upper Macleay on 1st January, 1893, and married Miss Beatrice Murray at Burnt Bridge on 17th December, 1913. He has been on the Macleay all his life, and at present lives in a good type house at Greenhill, and with his wife has successfully raised a large family of children. Evidence of the regard which the Shire Staff have for Bob was shown when the staff union representative was spoken to about him. Said the Union representative :—

"Bob Smith's principles and character are second to none. He is also one of the greatest ambassadors that the coloured race have ever had on the Macleay. He is not just a good blackfellow—he is an outstanding man. Indeed, the fact that Bob's skin is dark is neither here nor there. We accept him as a man, and we are happy to say that he accepts us in the same fashion".

It is perhaps needless to add that as evidence of his standing in the community, Bob has been the holder of



Bob Smith

full citizenship rights for many years, and may often be seen Saturday mornings in the town of Kempsey having a friendly beer with his white friends. On occasions during his service with Macleay Shire Council Bob has been left in charge of his white workmates, and never during these times has any complaint been heard. Bob is truly a credit to the community, and although he has ceased work with this Council, having reached the retirement age of 65 years, it gives me pleasure to note that he is still to be seen in the area doing private jobs of concrete work at which he is so skilled.

Good luck to you Bob, and may you live many years to enjoy these surroundings in which you were born and bred. May you live many years to give to this community yet a further measure of your labour. And may you live many years so that we may have the pleasure of seeing your cheerful face round and about the town of Kempsey and in the Shire of Macleay.

L. R. KESBY,

President, Macleay Shire Council.

Macleay Shire Council Chambers,  
Belgrave Street,  
KEMPSEY.



# HELP YOURSELF

Here's a hint to remember when letter-writing time comes around. Wrap a length of moistened cotton wool around the end of a pencil and use this to seal letters and stick stamps. Don't waste your tongue on them.

\* \* \* \*

For paint and varnish stains on fabrics, rub gently with carbon tetrachloride. If the spot is old and hard, give the solvent time to soften it, then apply a little more and rub. Always work from the outside towards the centre of the stain.

\* \* \* \*

To remove chocolate stains from a fabric, soak a cloth in lukewarm water, and rub. When dry, sponge with a soft clean cloth moistened in carbon tetrachloride. The result will be an absolutely spotless fabric.

\* \* \* \*

When the bridge between the holes of a plastic button breaks, it can be repaired by piercing two new holes with a heated needle. This is a useful trick if a button cannot be replaced.

\* \* \* \*

Flower boxes have a tendency to rot verandah railings or window sills, but if you set the box on two 6-inch long sections of a small, bark-covered log, rotting will be prevented.

\* \* \* \*

If a paint tin has no handle, place it in a child's beach bucket for ease in carrying. You can fit a hook to the handle of the pail for hanging it.

\* \* \* \*

Protect work gloves against quick destruction by covering the most-used parts with adhesive tape. Renew the tape when necessary and the gloves will stand considerable wear and tear.

\* \* \* \*

Here's one for golfers—no doubt your ball occasionally lands in water and under thick bushes. A simple retriever can be made from a small kitchen strainer and a flat, telescoping curtain rod, which can be carried in the golf bag. Saw the curved ends off the rod, and remove the wooden handle from the strainer, leaving the two wires that were inside the wood. Then force the wires into one end of the smaller section of the curtain rod. Crimp the edges of the rod over the wires to lock the strainer in place. Paint the rod to prevent its rusting.

\* \* \* \*

If a recipe calls for sour milk and there are no lemons handy, use vinegar instead.

Next time you paint the legs of a chair, table or other furniture, you will do a better job if you drive a long tack part of the way into the bottom of each leg. Then you can paint right to the bottom of the leg and if the paint runs a little it will do no harm.

\* \* \* \*

A horseshoe magnet is handy not only for picking up spilled nails and tacks—it attracts only ferrous metals and can be used to determine whether hardware is solid brass or brass-plated steel.

\* \* \* \*

Split a length of garden hose and slip it on the edge of your stepladder's top. It will stop the ladder slipping, and will prevent scratches on the surface where the ladder rests. The lower edge of the hose may need notching to fit.

\* \* \* \*

Before painting window frames, coat the panes with cleansing powder. If the paint sprays, it can easily be wiped off with the powder.

\* \* \* \*

Rather than transplanting plants from indoor boxes and possibly disturbing their roots, take this hint to eliminate that chance—cut the cover smoothly from an ordinary jam tin; punch a hole about 1/2-inch in diameter in the bottom of the tin; fill with soil and plant your seed. When it needs transplanting, the soil and plant with roots intact can be easily removed by pushing gently through the hole with a small plunger or pencil.



Mervy Dixon, Ken Ferrier and George Murray, of Woolbrook

# Your home

## may be **FIRE BAIT!!!**

What's your fire rating? Check your answers to these questions and see whether your home is really fire-proof for next Summer.

1. Are you careful not to touch bathroom switches and electrical appliances while in the bath or at the sink?
2. In the kitchen, do you avoid running several electrical gadgets at once "to save a little time"?
3. Are flimsy robes taboo in the kitchen where they may catch sparks from the stove?
4. Do you always disconnect the iron before leaving the board?
5. Do you snuff matches carefully and avoid throwing them into waste-paper baskets or garbage-can?
6. Do you use combustible dry cleaners out in the open only?
7. Are oily rags and waxing cloths kept in closed metal boxes?
8. Is accumulated cooking grease promptly removed from inside and outside the stove so that it won't flare up?
9. Are there plenty of ashtrays in all the rooms?
10. Is there a metal screen in front of the fireplace to catch sparks?
11. Do you keep open candle flames a safe distance from inflammable party decorations?
12. Would you know an electric fuse if you saw one? Could you change one that blew out?

### **Young Fry Safety**

13. Are you careful not to throw dust from the vacuum cleaner or raw cereals into a burning incinerator where they may explode?
14. Do you observe fundamental fire-safety rules? Know the number of the nearest fire department? How to telephone an alarm?
15. Are all matches out of the reach of young children?
16. Are pot handles turned so children can't pull them down?

### **In Your Room**

17. Have you dug your past out of the closet? Discard old newspapers, magazines, and all the other inflammable souvenirs?

18. Do you use a flashlight, never a match, when rummaging through a darkened closet?

19. Do you inspect electric cords to see if they are frayed?

20. Are you sure that electric cords don't run over hooks, under rugs or beneath doors where they may become worn?

21. If an electrical appliance is out of order, do you entrust it to an expert electrician instead of tackling it yourself?

22. If you have a portable heater, do you keep it away from curtains and everything combustible?

### **Back Yards Count Too**

23. Have you removed all rubbish and leaves from your yard?
24. Have you ever checked on the vacant allotment next door to see that litter is removed?

### **But If Fire Comes**

25. Would you know what to do? First, keep calm. If you're in the house, feel the door of the room. If it's hot, leave it shut. Superheated gases in the half can kill. If you can, wet towels and place them in the cracks around the door. Get near a slightly open window. Don't jump, if you're not on the ground floor. Stay there if possible until the firemen arrive!



**This lass with the happy smile is Val Adler, of La Perouse**

# Naldaladoo Prayed—

**N**ALDALDOO, or Dorothy, as she was later called, was handed over by her parents as a little girl to the mission, to “train for Jesus”. For a little camp girl surrounded by evil customs as she had been, life in the Mission Children’s Home was very strange in contrast. Now, she had a house to live in, a bed to sleep on, nice food and regular meals, beside the loving care of the Christian missionaries. It was all completely different to what she had been accustomed to.

The stone-age Australian Aborigines, living under uncivilised conditions, and still in tribal life, have very primitive and cruel native customs.

Women’s rights are non-existent. They are merely the chattels of the men, who for no just cause beat them unmercifully with wooden clubs called “Waddies”.

Their custom in regard to marriage is to arrange child betrothals. A baby girl is given or promised to a man who may be anything from twenty to sixty years of age or more. He has to pay the parents, or uncles, a dowry of some kind, probably weapons or food, over the fifteen or sixteen year period until she is of age, for him to take her for his wife. The girl often does not like the man, resists his attentions, and runs away from him. The husband goes after her and when she is captured he will either spear her in the leg as a sign of capture, or beat her into submission with his waddie.

However, Naldaladoo soon accustomed herself to her new life. During the week, she went to the Mission school and, although the lessons in English were in a strange and unknown tongue to her, the little girl soon made good progress, learning to read and write in English, which she later spoke very well.

The wonderful story of Jesus and His great love was explained, and Naldaladoo came to the place where she accepted Jesus as her own personal Saviour. With other girls before bed-time each night they would have a prayer meeting and a good sing of their favourite hymns and choruses. They sing beautifully in harmony and an official who visited the mission recently suggested that their voices should be recorded, because he had never heard any better singing. All take part in prayer and are most reverent praying for their people in the bush, that they might hear of Jesus and His love, and also for their parents in the camp, that they, too, may come to know Him as their Saviour.

Dorothy (as she was now called) was very happy at the Mission, helping to make the bread, to wash and sew. It was her desire to be a nurse when she grew up. On Saturdays, the girls would go out for picnics and have a wonderful time hunting rabbits, collecting berries and other bush food. During one summer certain mulga trees were covered with a transparent liquid like honey,

which oozed from the branches. They loved gathering bundles of the branches with it on, to bring home and dissolve in water to drink. One Saturday they were out not far from the Mission, about two miles, where they were having some fun in a dry river bed called a creek or “Caroo”, where there are huge gum trees.

Suddenly a man appeared with a spear, and threw stones at the other girls to frighten them. Then at the spear point he forced Dorothy to run away with him into the bush. The missionaries did not know what had happened until the girls came home for tea and reported her missing. Off they hurried to the camp in a Land Rover. Two of the native men offered to go after them, but they came back late that night saying that they would go out early the next morning and find their tracks. This they did, and the missionaries set off in the Land Rover, over some of the roughest country in the Warburton Ranges, to try and cut off the fugitives at some of the few rock water holes on the way North to the captor’s country. The going was treacherous

## Answered!

and slow, over the rocks and water-courses. The native guides searched every water hole for tracks, but could find none, and they were quite at their wits end to know what to do. Prayer was made that God would do something to make the man turn back. As they were now about twenty-six miles from the Mission, the two natives thought it best to continue the search on foot so two missionaries and a native remained whilst the others returned for more food and help. Early the next day two more natives went out to follow the tracks on foot whilst a party in the Land Rover went in search of the two missionaries and the native man who had gone on looking for the missing couple.

On the way over some very rough and stony hills, they had a blow out, a tree stump went right through the bottom of the tyre. Changing over the spare wheel, they pushed on again, and suddenly, to their great surprise, saw the missing girl and the man about fifty yards ahead of them coming back. They blew the horn, drove up to them, jumped out, and put Dorothy safely in the Land Rover and went on. But, alas! before long their vehicle suffered another staked tyre, and now they were in a fix. No more tyres, and no more tubes to put on, so it was decided to walk to a rock water hole to boil some tea for lunch. As the water hole was reached the two natives who had set out earlier in the morning to follow the tracks came over the rocks. They were pleased to see that the girl had been rescued, but what of the other two missionaries and native man who had been out all night with little food? Again they

*(Continued on next page.)*

## DID YOU KNOW . . .



The chances are you'll walk 65,000 miles in your lifetime, or more than 7½ times the distance around the earth.



The largest gold nugget ever found was the 7,560-ounce Hültermann nugget taken from Hill End, New South Wales, Australia, in 1872.



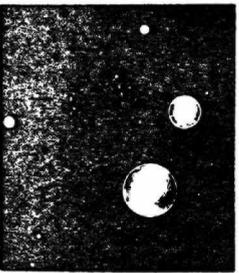
With a population of 8,016,000, New York City has more people than any other city in the world. New York City has more Irish than Dublin and more Italians than Rome.



Dave Gear, U.S.A., world champion wood chopper, can chop through a 10-inch square pine timber in 23 seconds.



As far as is known, Britain is the world's heaviest smoking nation. Of the nation's 50 million, 21 million are smokers.



Only a half-century ago the earth's Galaxy, the Milky Way, was thought to be the whole Universe. Actually, despite its population of more than 100 billion suns, it is but a drop in the ocean of space.



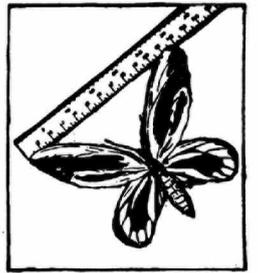
Elephants make a dreadful din while feeding in the forest. Branches crack and trees crash. Yet, on scenting danger, the herd can move away in silence.



The oldest theatre in the world is the Teatro Olimpico in Vicenza, Italy. Its construction was completed in 1582.



The most primitive of all animals was long thought to be the Amoeba, but this title is now accorded the Protozoan (First Life) of the class Flagellate.



The world's largest butterfly is the New Guinea Birdwing (*Troides Alexander*), the female of which has a wingspan of 12 inches (30.5 centimeters).

## Naldaldoo Prayed

(Continued from page 14)

prayed and decided to send a native boy back to the Mission to tell of their plight and if possible to obtain some help. Just before his arrival at the Mission, a party of miners who had been out for some time looking for gold and uranium, also came in and very willingly offered to come out and help.

It was 11 p.m. when they arrived, and found the missionaries asleep beside the camp fire in the open. They brought the glad tidings that they had met the other two missionaries about eleven miles back over the ranges, where they were waiting for transport. Everyone praised God that they were safe. After drinking a cup of tea the tyre was soon fixed, the wheel put on again, and they set off for the Mission picking up the others on the way. All were tired, weary and hungry, and of course delighted to know that after their arduous search the girl was now found and, like the lost sheep, being brought home safely to the fold of the Mission.

The Missionary asked Dorothy what had made the man turn back when he had got so far, and she replied simply, "I prayed". Yes, she prayed, and God heard and answered, and He delivered her from her trouble. He will for us, too, if we will only trust Him and ask Him.

There was great rejoicing in the children's home when she arrived safely back. The natives were open-mouthed with astonishment, hardly believing their eyes as they never expected the missionaries would find her. They certainly would not have, had not God answered their prayers and wonderfully helped them.

Dorothy has now gone on to a place of further safety, nearer to civilisation, where we hope some day she will be able to achieve her ambition and become a Christian nurse.



Janette Binge, Margaret Cutmore, Zana Smith and Julie Binge, of Moree

## The Assimilation of Aborigines

(Continued from page 10.)

Other regular activities at the Club room of a Wednesday morning are the hairdressing section—where Mrs. Aitkinson, with the help of aboriginal and white friends, shampoos and sets hair—and the dressmaking which I have already mentioned, but which is such a central part of the Club's activities that I will say more about it. Many skirts, dresses, shirts, etc., have been made under the direction of two fine and regular teachers, Mrs. Riven and Mrs. Coates. Sometimes material is brought by aboriginal members, sometimes it is supplied by the Club and sometimes donated clothing is cut down for small dresses, trousers, etc., but it all helps to solve the clothing problem of the local aboriginal people—largely through their own effort—and that is why this section is felt to be so important.



Mrs. Moran always takes young Brian with her when she attends the meetings

The Club is able to meet its running expenses by the donated clothing which comes from members and friends all over the country and it is sold cheaply to the local people. The hostesses now number twenty-five and they take turns in groups to be present each week. These regular hostesses are all white women, as the aboriginal women cannot be regular because of their employment in and around Armidale but they are always ready to help when they are present.

I could tell you of different ways we have fun together—concerts, baby show, etc., but I am sure I have written too much already. I am enclosing some photographs you might like to print and I offer an invitation to anyone interested to come and join us one Wednesday and see what is going on for themselves.

## FORTY-FIVE POLICE

in

## FUNERAL ESCORT

Forty-five police officers from Stations throughout the Lismore District one day last month formed a guard of honour at the funeral at Tabulam of Tracker Sergeant Jim Mundine.

The funeral was one of the largest held in Tabulam district. Sergeant Mundine had lived in the Pretty Gully area until he joined the police as a tracker at Lismore in 1941.

Those present at the funeral included former Sergeant W. J. McPherson who is now living in retirement in the Newcastle district. He was senior Sergeant at Lismore when sergeant Mundine received his appointment.

Sergeant Mundine collapsed and died at his home in Goonellebah on his 49th birthday. Superintendent R. J. McNeill and Inspector G. Munro of Lismore attended the service. The cortege was preceded by an escort of four motor cyclists and police officers. The pall bearers who marched beside the hearse from the Church to the police station at Tabulam were Sergeant G. Tarrant, of Ballina, Sergeant E. Simpson, of Byron Bay, Sergeant J. O'Connor, of Bangalow, Sergeant R. Rippon, of Mullumbimby, Sergeant J. O'Neill of Lismore, and Sergeant G. Clarke of Coraki. Sergeant P. Askew of Lismore, was in charge of the Police contingent. A brother, Mr. Tom Mundine of Pretty Gully, was present.

In the Service in the Church of England, Rev. Hilliard of Mallanganee, said that Sergeant Mundine had been respected throughout the district for his work in the police force and as a sportsman whose prowess was matched by his sense of fair play and sportsmanship.

Apart from being a district representative in a number of sports, Sergeant Mundine was a recognised rough rider at rodeos and shows throughout the North Coast. He won the National bulldogging title at Tamworth some years ago.

The attendance at the funeral included representatives of sporting organisations in Lismore and some show and rodeo committees.

The Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare, Mr. Saxby, said "Sergeant Mundine was a man who was always able to look after himself and never came to the Board for assistance.

"His memory should be a constant reminder to other aborigines that recognition and acceptance lies ahead of them if only they make the effort. To the white population his memory should be a reminder of the fact that more could follow in his footsteps if given just a little more encouragement."

# HOME HINTS

Barbs on fish hooks are very apt to injure your fingers when they are handled, even if they are kept in books or holders. To prevent this, place a drop of nonwaterproof glue on the point of the hook and around the barb. Then the hook can be handled safely and, when placed in the water, the glue will dissolve.

\* \* \* \*

A dress pattern can be cut out more quickly if you use glass tumblers instead of pins to hold the pattern in place on the material, particularly if it is a large housecoat or evening frock pattern requiring many pins.

\* \* \* \*

When summer returns and beach days are here again, here's a tip to help you to embed that beach-umbrella shaft in the sand with ease. Screw a small step to the shaft near the point, and then all you have to do is hold the shaft erect and push down on the step with the foot. Groove the step to fit around the side of the shaft.

\* \* \* \*

You're running late again and want to dash a bit of polish on your shoes, but it is cracked and dry. Don't throw the tin away. A few drops of vinegar will soften the polish in seconds.

\* \* \* \*

Patent leather shoes and accessories are claiming their own in the fashion world once more. Do you know that if you warm the shoes slightly before putting them on in very cold weather and rub with a little vaseline when not in use, it will not only give them a good shine and prevent them from cracking, but they will last much longer.

\* \* \* \*

Here's an extra-delicious flavour for your fried chicken. Firstly, dip each piece in buttermilk to which has been added a pinch of soda, then dredge with seasoned flour and fry. The family will love it.

\* \* \* \*

Remember the exquisite laces and crochet work of pre-war days. If you have any that has become yellow with age, place in soapy water containing plenty of borax and leave to soak for ten minutes or so. Next rinse well, adding a little blue, pull into shape and dry in the sun. The whiteness will be restored to your cherished laces.

\* \* \* \*

Do you find that some plastic household articles lose their softness and pliability when washed? A good way to retain flexibility and smoothness is first to rinse plastic in clear water, then in a second water to which has been added a few drops of baby oil. Next step, pat dry or leave to dry itself.



Betty Black and Charles Gordon photographed in the grounds of the Princess Juliana Hospital at Turrumurra

If you have any old silver serviette rings that you never use, here's a good way of putting them to use. Buy thick, colourful candles that will fit the serviette rings changing them into decorative candlestick holders. They will look elegant on the sideboard, buffet or dining table.

\* \* \* \*

With good paint brushes the price they are, it's wise to take special care of your old ones. After using, clean thoroughly and seal brush in heavy waxpaper. Fold paper over brush diaper style, sealing the creases and the space left around the handle too. The brush will remain as good as new.

\* \* \* \*

If you have a neat piece of wallpaper to match that on your walls you can make a marvellous repair job on the dirty or badly worn patches on your wallpaper. Remove the old paper after soaking lightly with warm water. Cut a piece of fresh wallpaper, just a little larger than the piece removed. Tear the edges irregularly and paste down.

\* \* \* \*

New shoes? A good idea is to rub the soles of new shoes with a slice of raw potato. This removes the shine and lessens the chance of slipping.

## THE GHOST

If you happen to be lucky . . . or maybe you're just rich  
And you travel round Australia . . . just to stop the travellers itch  
Perhaps its out to Alice, or up along the Coast,  
You will find that all the dark folk have a local ghost

I once told you of our local spook . . . if you remember still  
The dog that comes out with the moon . . . the ghost of Gravely Hill  
So here's another story, of another ghost I met  
It happened many years ago. The night was dark and wet

Now once I lived in Greenhill . . . in many a bygone day  
A place just out of Kempsey, on the banks of the River Macleay  
I was cold, and wet and hungry . . . just imagine how'd feel  
After fishing nearly half the night, for a turtle and an eel

As I walked along the dark bush track I was feeling rather low  
When something shook the bushes . . . what it was I didn't know  
I just stood there for a moment, I seemed rooted to the spot  
And when this thing came moving, I was right off like a shot

After running back the way I came I stopped to look around  
And saw something white was moving, just up above the ground  
And thinking of some creepy yarn the old folk used to tell  
Of the ghost at the racecourse crossroads, a yarn I remembered well

But of course that's another story, and one ghost at a time will do  
So I started back along the track . . . I was determined to go through  
And by name I was really shaking . . . but remember I was only a kid  
And you can smile when I tell you what happened and tell you just what I did.

For even now after all those years, I still have a quiet little laugh  
For my creeping ghost turned out to be, a white faced cow and calf  
So I climbed back down from the treetop . . . by now I would shy from a post  
And I moved smartly up the roadway, away from that spot and its ghost.

# ARMIDALE HELPS OUR PEOPLE

## Assimilation Association Thrives

**Plans for the early completion of the home for an aborigine family in Chapel Street, Armidale, were made at the annual meeting of the Association for the Assimilation of Aborigines at Armidale, recently.**

Housing, the weekly welfare club, and negotiations over the Dump, have comprised the major practical works undertaken by the Association in the past year.

Reviewing their activities, the president, Mr. K. R. Long, said about £1,000 had been raised by many methods for the housing project.

Mr. Long's report continued:—

"We had hoped to complete the house before winter. For various reasons this has proved impossible. The chief reason is money. To complete the house we need £600 or £700 which we have sought to raise through normal banking channels but so far without success. The committee has considered the possibility of approaching a group of citizens to act as guarantors so that the house can be completed quickly.

### Housing Project

"Earlier in the year under review representatives of the Association met with the Armidale City Council, the Police and the Aborigine Welfare Officer to discuss the present problems arising out of the conditions under which aborigines live at the Dump. Following these discussions in which the City Council adopted the proposals made by the representatives of the Association, Mr. Saxby, Superintendent of the Aborigine Welfare Board, visited Armidale and further discussions took place. As members are aware the Board proposes to resume an area consisting of the Dump and some land to the west. It is proposed to erect on this land a number of cottages for aborigines.

### The Club

"The club which meets in the Literary Institute each Wednesday afternoon is now well established as the social centre for aboriginal women. The club is performing an outstanding service and is a good example of the type of help that can be given to aborigines in any community. The fact that the club is such a success is a tribute to Mrs. Brereton and the other women who act as hostesses. With the co-operation of the Aborigine Welfare Board who have assisted with equipment, a successful baby clinic has been established under the control of a trained sister—Mrs. Neely—who makes her time available regularly. Sewing machines have been donated and sewing can now be undertaken under guidance. Advice on the many problems which beset each and every one of us is readily available.

"Already the club is finding its present headquarters inadequate and unsuitable for its work. The committee has discussed in a preliminary way the means by which a building might be provided to enable the activities of the club to be expanded and established more permanently.

"The club is a most important aspect of our activities. It provides a common meeting place and it provides an opportunity for assimilation.

### Education

"In the long run our success will depend largely on the success of the Educative Committee's work with the young aborigines", said Mr. Long, paying tribute to the work of Mr. J. Miller and Mr. J. Warburton.

The Association had provided clothing for a number of school children and had assisted financially in several cases, he went on. Two boys were now living at St. John's Hostel and were attending the High School.

### Sponsors

In the course of the year a small number of members of the Association had acted as sponsors to various families. This work should be extended as quickly as possible, partly because it provided an excellent means of discovering the day to day problems of the aborigines and partly because it provided members of the Association with an opportunity of sharing their experience with those they seek to help.

"Many people in this and other communities know all the answers to the problems of assimilation without ever having taken time off to examine the problem at first hand for themselves", he said.

### Public Opinion

"We can, I think, take pride in the public reaction to the formation and work of this Association. We have those who are opposed to our work and demonstrate their opposition on every available occasion. I am sure many of you have shared the experience I have had in the past 12 months in receiving messages of support for the work of the Association from people in all walks of life. We have tackled in a small way a big problem—the results to date have been most encouraging but we must not believe that because of our limited success that the path ahead will be easy. We have responsibilities to the community as well as to the aborigines we seek to serve. I do not suggest we should be swayed unnecessarily by the weight of public opinion but we must recognise that to achieve our goal of assimilation we need the support of the whole community. For in the long run it is the weight of public opinion and not our good works that will influence governments.

"We must see to it at all times that the Association is held in high regard in the community, that it does not become the vehicle of expression for any particular group.

"Our job in the last 12 months has been to demonstrate that the ideal which led to the establishment of the Association can in fact be translated into action. This I think has been demonstrated. The real job lies ahead."

# As I Saw The World Abroad . . .

## Photos from Margaret Tucker

In the March issue of *Dawn* we published an article by Mrs. Margaret Tucker, who is also known as Princess Lilardria a descendant of the Ulupna Tribe from the Murray River district of New South Wales.

In her article Mrs. Tucker told how she had travelled to America to attend the big Moral Re-armament Conference.

Here are some of the photos from the trip . . . . .



**In this group Mrs. Tucker is seated in the front row, the third from the left**



**Mrs. Tucker, third from the left, watches African delegates being welcomed to the conference**



**Delegates from all countries of the world, many wearing their national dress, attended the Conference**



**When the snow made roads impassable, Mrs. Tucker and other delegates had to be flown from Mackinac Island in this little plane**



Hello Kids,

Well, here we are again with some more school holidays . . . the May holidays. There is no doubt you youngsters are lucky with so many holidays.

You have no idea how busy I have been the past few idays opening all my mail . . . hundreds of letters from all over New South Wales, from my young pals sending in their entries in the fishing competition. It was very hard to pick the winners because quite a few had the puzzle worked out correctly, *but* it was surprising how many missed one little fish up in the tree behind one of the boys fishing. Anyhow, after a lot of trouble, we awarded the three prizes to Jim Troutman of Mogil Street, Mungindi ; Pam Dickson of Greenhill, Kempsey; and Kevin Manton, C/o. Post Office, Karuah.

We must also congratulate the following for their fine entries (which just missed out on a prize), Charlotte King, Tuncester ; Marie Roberts, Tuncester ; Victor Williams of Woodenbong ; Joyce Saunders of Caroonna ; Malcolm Cubby, Mungindi ; Arthur Morgan of Cobargo ; Daryl Ridgeway of Karuah ; Norman Leslie of Coonabara-bran and Marie Mason of Goodooga ; and thanks to you all for all those entries.

Thanks to Carol Ridgway of Oyster Cove, Salt Ash, for a very nice letter. Carol is in 2nd year at Raymond Terrace High School. I believe Carol is a very good angler and often brings home some fish for dinner. Thanks Carol.

A special prize this month too, to Trevor Patrick Ballangarry of the Railway Settlement, Auburn. Trevor said "I am 10 years old and in 5th class at Auburn Central School. I have four brothers and four sisters. My eldest brother has left school after passing his Intermediate and I hope to pass mine too. My favourite sports are boxing and football. I am a member of the Parramatta Police Boys Club. I had my first fight at Camden. I lost of course, and I was a bit downhearted but my trainer Kelly Hanley made me train harder and so I won my next fight at Wollongong and had a coin "shower". I also play football for my school. When I'm older I'd like to join the Navy Cadets. My teacher is Mr. Benaud and sometimes he gets his famous son Ritchie Benaud to give us some hints on batting. Well I guess that's all for now". Thanks indeed Trevor for a very interesting letter.

Also had a very nice letter from Valerie Wenberg, C/o. Mrs. Hardie, Sterling, Wallendbeen. Thanks for the letter, Val.



"The Skater." A fine black and white drawing by Matilda Williams, of Erambie

Another nice letter from Robyn Crowe of 39 Gundagai Road, Cootamundra, telling me all about her recent visit to the Cootamundra Girls home. Thanks to you too, Robyn.

I had a nice sketch from Trevor Ballangarry, another one from Valda Toomey of Queen Street, Pilliga, and still another from Isabelle Johnstone of the Three Way Bridge, Griffith. Many thanks, Kids. Let me have some more. These just missed out on a prize this time.

Well, Pals, I guess that just about winds it up for this month, so once again I'll sign off by saying, All the best.

Your sincere pal,



### Using the Hose

Watering by means of a hose with a nozzle fixture is usually inadequate because of the small delivery and the insufficient time of application. Water should not be concentrated on a small area for long, since erosive streams are soon set up much in advance of an ample penetration of water.

Water may penetrate between 7 and 8 inches an hour in sandy loams, but penetration may be only as much as 2 inches an hour in heavier loams.

On sloping soils water should be directed uphill since its direction downhill simply adds to the energy of downward flowing streams. Most cultivated soils, which are partly saturated, absorb less than 2 inches of water an hour under continuous application, hence the necessity for moving about and repeating the application on particular sections, when hosing.

It is not commonly realised that an inch of water applied on lawn or garden bed represents about 5 gallons per square yard.

Generally an inch of water every five to ten days should be sufficient to maintain growth, but 2 inches or more is usually necessary for well grown crops of celery, cabbages, cauliflowers, potatoes and tomatoes.

### Trench Irrigation

With trench irrigation the object is to irrigate as much of the space between rows as is practicable to ensure that a large volume of soil in the root zone is thoroughly wetted.

Water moves primarily downwards and not laterally, so broad shallow trenches should be constructed.

Where rows are spaced widely apart two narrow trenches could be used instead of one broad trench occupying the whole area between the rows. Positioned close to the rows of plants, two trenches would serve the purpose best in the early growth stages.

Plant rows should be set across the slope slightly off contour to allow the slow flow of water in shallow trenches drawn with a hoe along the higher side of

the row, with slight banking of the soil for support of the plants. The hose can be allowed to run in the trenches until they are filled, or if the soil is too porous for effective flow, placed at various points along the trenches. Nozzle attachments should be removed for more rapid delivery, but the water should not impinge directly on the soil since excavation and root exposure will result. The end of the hose can be inserted conveniently in the toe of a discarded shoe placed on a piece of sacking to break the force of the water and prevent churning of the soil.

A good volume of water should be run into the trenches at first without resulting in overflowing. When the water has reached the end of the trench the flow is reduced to a trickle and run until the desired penetration has been obtained.

On sandy soil irrigation must be done more rapid than on heavy soils.

Where trench irrigation is impracticable, plant should stand in basin-lake depressions which can be filled when necessary. Cucurbits (cucumbers and similar plants) left isolated on raised small hills are unfavourably placed for watering, and the hills should be large enough to permit a raised rim to hold water. Transplants are better served by a gradually-extending localised addition of water than an attempt to saturate the whole area.

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When You have read DAWN . . .

## PASS IT ON

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

Address all letters to:

THE EDITOR, DAWN,  
Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney