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Dawn



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

NOVEMBER, 1955





OUR COVER

This month's cover girl is beautiful Fella Vale of Green Hills near Kempsey. With her vivaciousness, health and beauty, she is typical of the modern generation of Aborigines.



"DAWN" . . .

is a Magazine published by the Aborigines Welfare Board for the Aboriginal People of New South Wales



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Minister Visits Burnt Bridge.

Mr. C. A. Kelly, M.L.A., Chief Secretary, visited Burnt Bridge Aboriginal Station recently, and said he would like to do something to improve the homes and the amenities there, but lack of finance for the work presented a considerable problem. Mr. Kelly said the Aborigines at Burnt Bridge seemed to be of good class, and the management was excellent.

Mr. Kelly was accompanied by Mr. Saap (Secretary), Mr. A. R. Crosky (Registrar of Co-operatives), and Mr. H. Saxby (Superintendent of the Aborigines' Welfare Board); and the visitors were accompanied to Burnt Bridge by Mr. R. B. Gamack, M.L.A., Cr. E. R. Mackay (Macleay Shire President), Ald. A. McNeil (Mayor of Kempsey), Mr. F. Fyall (Shire Health Inspector), Mr. L. H. Donald (Shire Clerk), and Mr. H. Pittendrigh (Town Clerk).

Water Supply.

Mr. Kelly noted that water was laid on to every house; but was told that water was often in short supply, because water was only available when Kempsey Council was pumping from Belgrave Falls.

Mr. Saxby asked that Kempsey Council prepare an estimate of the cost of a water main from Queen Street, to give a continuous supply no matter whether the pumping was done direct from the river at Kempsey or the drift well at Belgrave Falls.

Mr. Saxby said the Welfare Board would consider the matter on receipt of the estimate.

The Minister and party visited several homes and chatted with the residents. The homes were mostly well kept and clean; but few were attractive in design and were lacking in verandahs to protect galvanised iron walls from the fierce heat of summer.

The quality of the soil is very poor, but the occupants of several homes had made valiant attempts to make a garden, the garden features ranging from shrubs to sweet peas.

One home had a lovely lawn in front, level and green and as neatly clipped as a bowling green.

Mr. Fyall drew Mr. Kelly's attention to the two community shower rooms, lacking bath tubs, not too private, unsatisfactory provision for drainage, and quite inadequate for the needs of the settlement.

The two community laundries were obviously fully used. Each laundry is fitted with two coppers (bricked in), four tubs and two benches. In one laundry a young aboriginal woman was making a capable job of her family's washing, with both bubbling coppers full of clothes.

Mr. Fyall informed Mr. Kelly that there were only five fuel cooking stoves in the whole settlement, and many of the houses were far below Local Government standards.

Mr. Fyall said a contractor carried out a sanitary pan service, some of the homes having four sanitary services per week. In view of the limited bedroom space in the houses, Mr. Fyall said several of the dwellings must be seriously overcrowded to require four sanitary services per week.

Mr. Luschwitz (manager of the station) said the Board only had limited money available for erection of homes.

Mr. Fyall: The Lands Department won't even give the aborigines a block of land at Green Hills, where they are working, and where they should be assisted to build their own homes. Yet they talk of assimilation.

Mr. Luschwitz: If you built them a good house at Burnt Bridge they wouldn't get off. We want to help the aborigines to help themselves. We can't go on squandering money.

Mr. Saxby said that, during the past twelve months, the Welfare Board has built four houses at Casino, one at Grafton, six at Yass, three at Dubbo, three at Moamo, three at Coff's Harbour, five at Coonabarabran, whilst tenders had been called for the erection of four houses at Nambucca Heads, four at Coonabarabran and two at Grafton.

Mr. Saxby said the Board was endeavouring to establish homes in areas where aborigines could find employment.

The Ministerial party was met at the Burnt Bridge Aboriginal School by the Headmaster, Mr. M. Perrin, and the visitors were delighted with the obviously happy and well cared for appearance of the 103 pupils.

The 34 pupils in Kindergarten and first class (in charge of Miss M. Perrin), all chubby and cheery, shrieked with laughter and delight when told a little tale by Mr. Kelly; and the visitors were all very impressed by 33 pupils in 2nd and 3rd classes, and the 36 pupils in 4th, 5th and 6th classes, not the least impressive being an industrious sewing class.

Free pasteurised milk is delivered at the school and the pupils all look forward to its distribution.

The school children, under the supervision of Mr. Mayhew, have a nice garden in progress, and also a fine collection of potted plants.

Mr. Kelly was very interested in the "treatment room," where Mrs. Luschwitz capably attends to minor ailments, and where Sister G. Hack (from

Kempsey Baby Health Centre) makes regular visits to give assistance and advice to 25 mothers and their babies, this service having been started in May last.

Mrs. Luschwitz said gastric and bronchial troubles were the two most common ailments, but there had been a big improvement since Sister Hack had been in attendance.

Powdered milk was almost wholly used on the station and was very satisfactory, but few mothers had understood how to prepare powdered milk for infants till instructed by Sister Hack.

Commenting on the regard of the Aboriginal folk for their children, Mrs. Luschwitz said: "They love them to the point of over-indulgence."

Mr. Kelly, prior to leaving the station, took the opportunity to compliment Mr. and Mrs. Luschwitz on their capable management.

Some mention was made of the need for grading the rutted paths through the station, and the need for a few street lights; but the party drove away with Burnt Bridge Aboriginal Station immediately receding into the serenity and sunlit silence of its setting among the flower-laden eucalyptus.

Aborigines

Admitted To Apex

The Apex national service scheme for Aboriginal welfare, to cover the next two years, was one of the main topics of discussion at Apex (Zone 1) Convention at Tamworth on October 1 and 2.

A representative from Morwell (Vic.) Apex Club, which is sponsoring and administering the scheme, addressed the Convention and asked for opinions and views on the subject, and issued a challenge to Apex Clubs to admit suitable Aborigines as members.

The challenge was immediately accepted by Glen Innes Club, whose delegate (Deric Howard) said that his Club was already in the process of admitting an Aborigine.

A number of delegates (including Cliff Condie, of Kempsey) spoke on the scheme and emphasis was placed on the necessity for training and guidance of Aboriginal children and teenagers.

The Zone, which takes in the whole of the North and North-west of the State, allocated the Apex award of £50 for the educational assistance of a sixth class pupil to Denis Ritchie, of Burnt Bridge School.

NEWS FROM KINCHELA

On the 10th September, 1955, inmates and duty staff of Kinchela Boys' Home were transported by coach to Wauchope to witness the Grand Finals of Group 3 Country Rugby League Football.

Boys from the Home were members of the Smithtown Rugby League under 18 Years team playing Wauchope F.C., including George Ellis. Gerald Ellis, who unfortunately fractured his right leg earlier in the season, was given permission to leave hospital for the day in order that he might watch his team-mates at play in this grand final game.

Smithtown were defeated by 13 points to 9 points. Of the nine points scored by Smithtown, George Ellis scored 7 points—a try and two goals.

This is what the Hastings Shire Gazette said when reporting the match:—

Smithtown Under 18's lack nothing as a team and display a sportsmanlike attitude in all matches. Indeed, the Wauchope lads report that their games against Smithtown have always been by far the best—hard, fast and clean. The winning score for Wauchope on Sunday, 13-9, was only a try and a goal away from defeat.

G. Ellis undoubtedly played the best game for Smithtown. A splendid handler, this small, dark half-back has mastered the art of side-stepping and is extremely elusive. He frequently draws two and three players before transferring with safe and sure passes.

Although Wauchope is over sixty miles from Kinchela, it will be observed that very favourable mention was made of all the lads from the Home who attended to witness the game.

Another impression from last Sunday's game was the sportsmanship displayed by the two dark lads in the Smithtown Under 18 side. Tiny, but game, they never flinched when the going was tough. It was a treat, too, to note the attractive appearance and exemplary behaviour of the dusky lads from the Kinchela Boys' Home who came to cheer their cobbles. It was indeed proof that, under the proper environment, these boys can take their place with honour in any company.

—"Hunter River Gazette."

It is very pleasing to read such glowing statements by a newspaper published 100 miles away from Kinchela Home.

PASS IT ON

When you have finished reading *Dawn* pass it on to a friend.

HELP YOURSELF

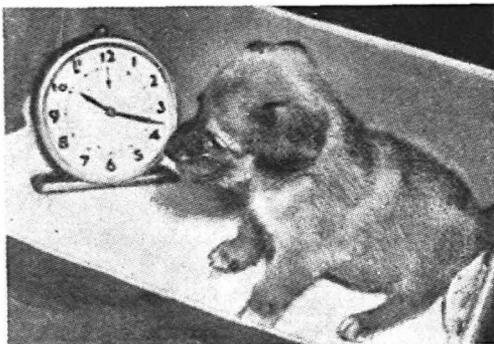
Dog Won't Tear Off Bandage If It Is Soaped.

If your dog has a bandaged leg or foot and tears off the bandage with his teeth, wet a cake of soap and rub it over the bandage as indicated. A dog does not like the taste of soap and therefore will not bother the bandage.

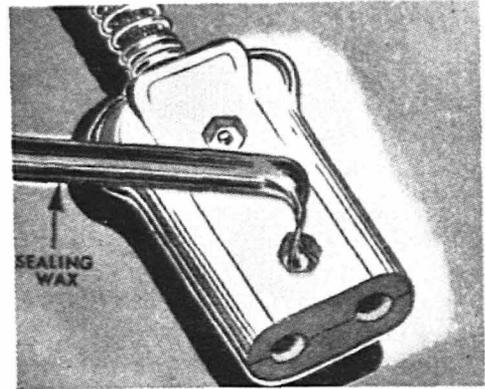


Ticking of Clock Soothes Small Puppy or Kitten During First Nights.

If a young puppy or kitten is restless and whines or cries during the first few nights you have him home try placing a small clock in the pet's sleeping box. The ticking of the clock will keep him company and prevent him from getting lonesome.



The small screws holding together the parts of an electric-appliance plug sometimes work loose and the nuts become lost. This will not happen if sealing wax or stick shellac is applied to the nuts.



A coating that will effectively stop moisture from coming through brick or other walls may be made by mixing boiled linseed oil, 1 part, turpentine, 1 part, and powdered resin, 1 part. After the resin has been dissolved, add precipitated chalk or whiting, 3 parts, and stir to produce a smooth paint-like consistency. The mixture is applied with a stiff brush and is allowed to harden, which will take longer than paint. The water-proofing preparation will last well if applied to a hard surface that is free from loose particles of disintegrating brick or stone.

Shoestring Tipped With Polish.

If the metal tip comes off a shoe string, dip the end in fingernail polish and twist it. When the polish dries, the string will be as easy to lace in your shoes as when it was new. The polish tip can be renewed in the same way when it frays with use.





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. L. Goolagong of Barellan finds the nearby river an ideal place in the summer



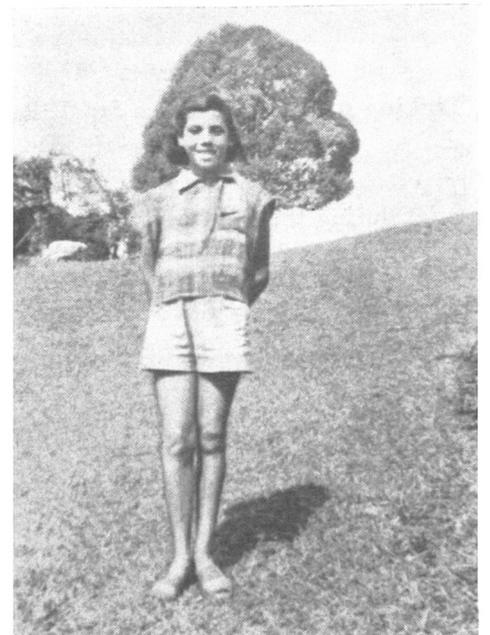
Smiles by the yard from Pamela McEwen and Wilma Boney of Coonamble.



Knock-off time for Albert Hamilton of Hillston.



From far off Tibooburra came this photo of Fay and Betty Brown and Rita Norris.



Young Carol Donovan of Bowraville, is one of *Dawn's* keenest fans.



Dawn and Dickie Livermore of Tingha have plenty of space in which to play.



Underneath those big hats you will find Daphne Carberry and Alex Hippi of Boggabilla.



Kitty Smith of Shepparton (Vic.), is seen here with little Danny Weldon of Leeton.



Melvie Simon is a typical North Coast beauty.



Dorothy Weldon of Leeton looks just too, too bored.



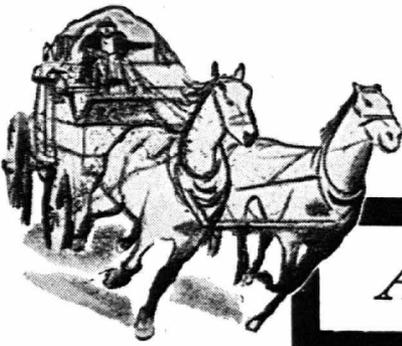
But young George Weldon turns on a real smile.



Emily Connors of Guyra looked a bit doubtful about the camera.



Ross Connors and Virginia George of Guyra.



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

The Stork recently visited Wallaga Lake and gave three happy mothers three lovely babies. They were Heather Pickalla, Rosie Saunders and May Pickalla.

Congratulations Heather, Rosie and May!

During recent School Holidays, over 65 parents and children, from Wallaga Lake, were taken by the Manager and Matron for a picnic to Mystery Bay Beach.

A truck was lent by Mr. Mead, a local farmer, to convey the people to the beach, and a sandwich lunch with fruit, tea and drinks was prepared by the Matron.

Beach sports were held for the younger ones, while the adults did a bit of fishing and lobstering.

Everybody had a wonderful time.

Since the electricity has been connected to Wallaga Lake Station, boxing is held each Monday night in the Recreation Hall, games on Wednesdays and dancing on Fridays.

The highlight of these boxing evenings is when young Joseph Stewart (5), challenges his brother Henry (6).

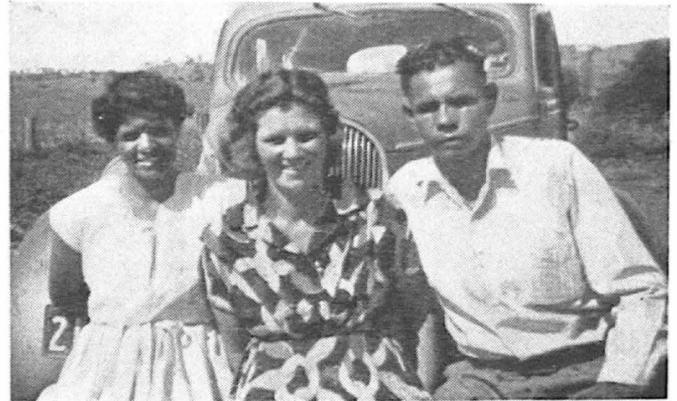
Young Vincent Thomas, of Wallaga Lake, who has just reached the school leaving age of 15, is now living with a white family near Cobargo, and is being trained to be a sheep farmer.

An excellent opportunity for him, and everybody wishes him every success.

Mrs. Annie Alberts, 80, put on the gloves one night and challenged Mr. Sephton, the Welfare Officer, who was unable to accept the challenge due to the great difference in weight. In the end, Mr. Norton, the Manager, accepted, but found Annie's right too powerful and withdrew after causing much hilarity in the audience.

Barbara Stewart, of Wallaga Lake, who attends the Narooma High School, was recently invited to spend the weekend with a white family in Narooma and attended a concert.

It is indeed pleasing to know that Barbara has made herself popular, and it is hoped that many more of the boys and girls of Wallaga Lake will make themselves as popular as she has, and will have as many white friends.



Plenty of Smiles from Arthur Carr, Emily Carr and Enid Semmler, of Wellington.

KARUAH CHILDREN NOW ATTEND PUBLIC SCHOOL

One More Barrier Down

At the end of the December school term last year, the Education Department closed the school previously on the Karuah Aborigines' Reserve. When the holidays were over and the schools resumed after the Australia Day holiday, the Karuah children were enrolled at the Karuah Public School.

In the months in between, there has been ample opportunity to judge how the children would fit into their new environment. Mr. Morgan, the Welfare Officer at Coff's Harbour, in a letter to *Dawn*, says that the Headmaster of the School, Mr. Pepper, speaks very highly of their conduct. Mr. Pepper said, "I have no complaints whatever to make against the children of the Reserve; their behaviour is exemplary and in every way they are the equals of the town children."

These glowing reports are of great encouragement to the Board, and the message to Karuah is—

"Keep up the good work, kiddies!"



COMMON INFECTIOUS DISEASES.

Chicken Pox.

Incubation period.—2-3 weeks, commonly 14-16 days.

Signs and symptoms.—A skin rash may be the first sign, or child may have slight fever, and feel ill a day or two before rash appears.

Rash.—Spots appear as tiny blisters with a little redness round them. The blisters become pustules, later scab. Usually several crops of blisters appear on successive days.

Keep child in bed while spots are coming out, or as long as he feels feverish or ill.

Try to prevent scratching, or permanent scars may be left.

Child is infectious till all scabs have dropped off.

Diphtheria.

Incubation period.—Usually 2-5 days.

Signs and symptoms.—Slight fever and general feeling of malaise. Older children often complain of sore throat. There may be hoarseness, a croupy cough, or blood-stained discharge from the nose. Fever is seldom high in diphtheria and the child looks sicker than the fever would indicate.

Prevention.—Have the child immunised. The best age for this is when baby is 9-12 months old. A "refresher" dose may need to be given when the child goes to school.

Treatment.—Call your doctor EARLY whenever your child has a sore throat, or seems sick or feverish, and whenever his cough is croupy, or the voice hoarse. Diphtheria antitoxin is used in the treatment, but it needs to be given *early* and in adequate doses.

German Measles.

Incubation.—From 10-21 days, usually about 18 days.

Signs and symptoms.—Rash often appears on the day the child becomes ill, or the child may have slight fever and soreness of glands at the back of the neck a day or two before the rash appears. Rash consists of small pink spots appearing first on face and neck, and later spreading over the body. It fades in a day or two. Complications are rare.

Within recent years it has been found that babies whose mothers have German measles during the first four months of pregnancy may be born with heart disease, deafness, cataracts or mental defects.

It is desirable, therefore, that girls have the disease during childhood, when complications are almost non-existent.

Expectant mothers, who have not had the disease, should be careful to avoid infection when German measles is about, and should they knowingly come in contact with it during their pregnancy, they should report to their doctor immediately.

Recently German measles has been made a "notifiable" disease.

Measles.

Incubation period.—10-14 days and may be up to 21 days.

Early symptoms.—Fever, cough, watery eyes, running nose, general fatigue. A blotchy red rash appears about the third or fourth day round the edge of the hair and behind the ears, and spreads over entire body, including the face. Measles can be a serious disease, to be avoided when possible in young children.

Prevention.—If child is under three, a doctor can give an inoculation of protective substances from the blood of a person who has had measles, preferably recently. If given three days after the child is exposed to infection, measles may be prevented, or only a mild attack can eventuate. This immunity is only temporary in effect and does not confer permanent immunity.

Treatment.—Put child to bed and send for your doctor. He will advise on treatment, with a view of preventing complications.

Mumps.

Mumps, though not usually a serious disease, can have serious complications. Fortunately these are rare.

Incubation period.—From 14-21 days.

Symptoms.—Fever, pain and swelling of the gland just below and in front of the ear on one or both sides.

Treatment.—Put the child to bed and call the doctor.

A doctor should always see a child suspected of having mumps to diagnose between this condition and swollen glands. The treatment of the two conditions is not the same.

HUNTING 'CROCS' FOR A LIVING

English Visitors Try Their Hand

TWO years ago, two young broad-shouldered miners from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, decided to come to Australia and try their luck hunting crocodiles in the badlands of Cape York Peninsula.

First, they planned, they would have to become "assimilated" to use the word avidly quoted by immigration publicists seeking new Australian settlers in Britain.

The young miners, Douglas Oliver and Dan Rolph, typical "Geordies" of the north of England, had the right idea.

They had no dreams of making a fortune or founding dynasties or becoming landed squatters. They were simply in search of adventure, their ambitions fed by the books of men such as Ion Idriess, Carl Warburton, Frank Clune and others.

Only one of them, Oliver, could obtain a nomination at the time, but, on his arrival in Australia, he nominated his friend Rolph, who arrived a year later.

Both were quartered at the migrant camp at Greta (N.S.W.) and began the process of assimilation for crocodile hunting by week-end rabbit hunts around the camp area.

Still with their eyes on Cape York, they completed their period at Greta. One of their qualifications besides mining was fitting and turning and they landed jobs at a sugar mill at Ingham, Queensland.

Under a Queensland expansion scheme, a complete new mill was being installed as a duplicate of the existing mill to produce twice the amount of raw sugar.

Here they saved £1,000 and at the "cut out" they bought a Land Rover, which had already been well used by a Crocodile Shooters' Club at Normanton (Q.). They bought also a dinghy, complete with outboard motor, a trailer and provisions.

One day in August last year they pushed off out of Cairns, (N.Q.), towards the Normanby River at the base of Cape York.

Then the fun began.

The Normanby was a chain of waterholes. The Cape was in the grip of an unusually dry year.

For the two intrepid "Geordies", whose eyes were accustomed to lush green pastures, gently rolling hills, and fat cattle grazing knee deep in clover, Cape York's barren landscape filled them with awe.

The red sun broiling down on brown, burnt-out panoramas overwhelmed them. But when the skeletons covered with skin and hair (which pass for

cattle in the drought on Cape York), tottered out of the undergrowth and fell dying in front of their caravan, they felt as though they were in another world.

Without knowing it another phase of their "assimilation" had begun.

Along the Normanby they bagged their first saurians.

It was easy. The crocodiles had no escape.

That night the two former "Geordies" sat down to crocodile steaks and found them "not bad". The freshwater species of crocodile has a flaky flesh akin to edible shark or, on a smaller scale, haddock.

Most Cape York crocodile hunters eat it, but Oliver and Rolph approached their first crocodile meal with some trepidation. After the first mouthful, though, they attacked the balance with relish.

Leaving the Normanby, they struck out for the junction of the Annie and Kennedy rivers to the east of Coen. Both these rivers are tidal and give refuge to the really big crocodiles of North Australia—some exceeding 15 feet.

The pair worked at night among the mangroves, complete with spotlights mounted on their rifles. One inched the dinghy forward toward the quarry, while the other kept his rifle trained between the twin red coals glowing on the muddy bank.

"We were clumsy, though," Rolph says now, "we had no idea of our forward speed and the first croc. we struck, we hit on the nose—with the bow of our dinghy. We lost him."

Their second encounter with the nasty crocs. of the Kennedy came a few hours later.



This time the shooter fired at the right time, the paddler had the right forward speed—but—the practised hunter knows that as soon as the croc. is hit he will slide into the water to die beneath the mangroves, from where he cannot be retrieved.

To offset this eventuality, the experienced man will drop his rifle into the boat and grab at the croc. with both hands well out of snapping range.

But that is an awkward procedure for the new chums. As it turned out, Rolph hit the crocodile with his first shot, dropped his rifle and grabbed according to the book of rules, but he didn't bargain for the mighty strength of the mortally wounded animal.

HUNTING 'CROCS' FOR A LIVING—*continued.*

In a flash, Rolph, Oliver and the crocodile were struggling in the water and the overturned boat was floating with the tide to the sea.

Rifles, ammunition, spotlights and batteries were at the bottom of the river.

Still clinging for dear life to their first man-eater (and, naturally, concentrating on the bared fangs of the threshing animal) they hadn't noticed what had happened to their gear and the boat.

Rolph suddenly shouted, "The boat!" and struck out after it. Oliver released his hold on the crocodile and went after the boat, too.

The crocodile, meanwhile, sank slowly to the river bottom. They found it three burning days later, floating belly-up and bloated.

They didn't know it then, but they found out later when they bagged their second salt-water crocodile that the flesh isn't as palatable as its fresh-water brother. Old hands mince the yellowish flesh and cook it a la rissole. That's the only way it can be cooked and eaten.

Rolph and Oliver stuck it out for four months in the wilds. During that time they lived off the land. "That part of it was easy," they say. "We had geese, turkey, pig, fish, duck, papaws, mangoes and wonghi plum. It was cheap living out there. All we took with us was tea, sugar, dried milk and flour. We did all right."

They came back to Cairns a few weeks ago, with 140 skins, and well satisfied with themselves.

By standards set by experienced shooters like Vince Vlasoff and Lloyd Grigg (of Cairns) this wasn't a good return. A top-ranking, experienced pair should get upwards of 500 skins over a similar journey and time, at least.

But the resultant cheque squared the outlay for Rolph and Oliver.

"There are plenty of crocodiles left," they say "But it seems there isn't enough for profit."

Now, the two happy migrants—well assimilated into one phase of the Australian way of life, at least—are going back north to Cape York and beyond to New Guinea this year as professional shooters for Vlasoff and Grigg.

That will be a new phase of "assimilation" for them, but they'll make it.

Inland Australia

A LETTER FROM MUDGEES.

Mr. Michael Sawtell, well-known author, traveller, and member of the Aborigines Welfare Board recently gave a talk to pupils of the Mudgee High School on "Inland Australia."

Bruce Hanna a fourth year student, was so impressed he wrote the following composition.

"Although native children do not receive the academic training that we do, they have to pass a 'Leaving Certificate' Examination which requires just as much skill and training as ours. This is the test undergone both before and during the initiation ceremony which each young aboriginal boy has to pass through, and there are no failures. The boy must show a perfect knowledge of tracks of animals and human beings, of the habits of bush creatures, and of all bush lore; he must show no fear under severe tests, and must not flinch from pain inflicted on him in the test.

Aborigines have been able to trap dingoes which no white man could; one native did this by smearing fat containing poison around a dead kangaroo. Natives also practise what we know as 'mental healing', by what they call 'singing', and this works remarkable cures indeed. Mr. Sawtell also told us that the way to get on with Aborigines is to laugh and joke with them—they have a very good sense of humour and like to be treated in a joking manner.

In his address, Mr. Sawtell also spoke of the geography of our inland. Most of our maps, he said, do not give us an accurate picture of the inland. For example, the Finke River is really the longest river of the one name in Australia, starting from behind the Macdonnell Ranges.

Lake Eyre nearly always contains water. Every year, more water than it would take to fill Sydney Harbour pours into the lake, and none of it is conserved. The two greatest needs of the Inland are water and trees, and with these the 'desert' can be transformed to a highly productive area; Australian Eucalyptus trees have been used for a similar purpose in the Sahara desert. Inland Australia needs Science: With Science the great reserves of underground water can be tapped, and used for full development of the Inland."

PROUD HOME OWNERS

Congratulations to the following who have completed tenancy agreements with the Board in respect of their cottages:—

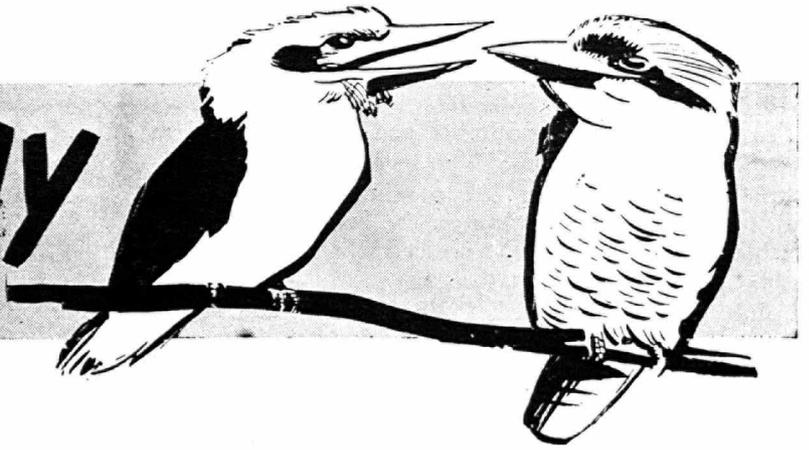
Wallaga Lake Aboriginal Station.

Mrs. C. Kelly	— Cottage No. 7.	Mr. Albert Scott	— Cottage No. 11.
	Mr. Arthur Andy	— Cottage No. 13.	

Coffs Harbour Reserve.

Mr. George Cavanagh	— Cottage No. 1.	Mr. Cecil Hart	— Cottage No. 5.
Mrs. A. Carberry	— „ No. 2.	Mr. Lewis Craig	— „ No. 6.
Mr. Percy Harvey	— „ No. 3.	Mr. Keith Smith	— „ No. 7.
Mr. Western Harvey	— „ No. 4.	Mr. James Kelly	— „ No. 8.

THEY SAY



La Perouse Doings

Mr. Jeffery, the Supervisor of La Perouse Reserve reports:—

The Children's Library, and Crafts Movement, held at La Perouse Hall each week, is, I think, at a stage where it becomes worthy of comment.

The attendance is very good, being from 20-40 children. This attendance depends on what is showing at the local pictures; that concerns the bigger children mainly. However, they as a rule attend from 11 a.m. till it is time to proceed to the pictures.

Mrs. Eastern is to be commended on her efforts as she works for two days of the week and puts the money she earns into the arts and crafts at La Perouse.

Some water colour paintings have been sent to Wagga Wagga Art Society for an exhibition. It will be very interesting to hear the results."



Pretty little Mavis Jacky of Kempsey is a talented musician and a popular member of the Macleay District Hospital Staff.

Cabbage Tree Island Notes

Cabbage Tree Island is having a long spell of fine weather.

Congratulations to Elsie Kapeen, of Cabbage Tree Island, for her splendid effort in acquiring such a bright and cheerful flower garden.

Congratulations to Bob Moran, of Cabbage Tree Island, for the great effort in the vegetable garden.

With the aid of the station horse, Frank Marlowe's garden is on the way at Cabbage Tree Island. Good luck, Frank . . .

Granny Kapeen is feeling well after an operation on her eyes. We are all looking forward to Granny's return to Cabbage Tree Island Station.

CONDOBLIN NEWS

Condobolin people entertained many visitors over the Eight Hour week-end, and many reunions were made. Visitors included the Reads, Powells, Governors, Nadens, Towneys and Keeds, all from Peak Hill, Pastor Naden, from Gilgandra, Alice Williams from Cowra, Bob Sharp from Trundle, and Ben Mason from Singleton, and his friend from the Northern Territory.

The children of the Condobolin Aborigines' School are feeling very grateful to the Junior Red Cross, who have sent each child a lovely health kit, containing a comb, mirror, toothbrush, toothpaste, nail file and nail brush, facewasher and a small towel. These kits are kept at the school and used daily.

Little Lorna Dargin, of Condobolin, has been discharged from hospital after a four months' stay there. We are pleased to see Lorna home again, although her leg is not yet 100 per cent.

Mrs. Nina Barlow, of Condobolin, has returned from Griffith, where she has been for several weeks.

There was great excitement at Condobolin recently, when Miss M. Fairfax, the A.I.M. missionary, returned from her three months' leave, looking fit and well.

A big rise in the Lachlan River caused some consternation on Condobolin Station about Show time. However, the river did not flood the Reserve, although Mr. and Mrs. Lance Smith were temporarily flooded out of their home.

The 12,500 mile Suez Route between Australia and the United Kingdom is the longest liner voyage in the world. The big British Orient liners come and go this way and their voyage is longer by far than any other because, after the trip from England, Orient liners sail on via New Zealand and Fiji, across the Pacific Ocean, to Canada and U.S.A. This Pacific part of their voyage covers about 8,000 miles; so that by the time they return to Sydney and go on again via Suez to London they have travelled well over 40,000 miles around the globe.

When people travel this way from England via Australia to Canada by sea and continue across Canada by rail and finish their trips across the Atlantic Ocean by, say, Canadian Pacific or Cunard Line ship (perhaps the famous "Queen Elizabeth" or "Queen Mary") their route is called an "All Red Route." This is because the route passes through many places which are British and which, therefore, appear on the map in red.

It is enough for most school projects to deal with the long Suez Route with its many interesting ports of call; so that the project material which follows is arranged as from Sydney to London via Suez. To make it quite authentic let us sail in one of the giant steamers of the Orient Line. You may choose whether it is ORSOVA, ORONSAY or ORCADES (each of 28/29,000 tons), ORION (24,000 tons), or ORONTES or OTRANTO (20,000 tons).

At present most Orient Line voyages from Australia to England commence at Sydney, where Queensland, New South Wales and New Zealand passengers embark together. Later they are joined, at Melbourne, by passengers from Tasmania and Victoria; and at Adelaide and Fremantle by people from South and Western Australia. Other passengers, from Ceylon, India and the East, join at Colombo and the ship may take more people on board at Aden, Port Said and Mediterranean ports.



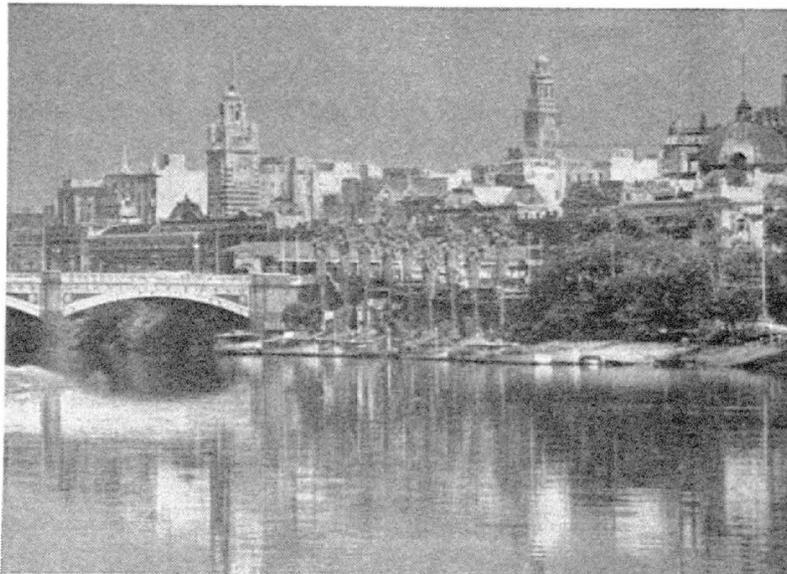
Aerial view of Sydney.

SYDNEY

We join the liner in Sydney's Port Jackson, where she lies in a busy stretch of dockland—Darling Harbour.

Captain James Cook sailed past the entrance of this harbour in his ship "Endeavour" in 1770 and called it Port Jackson, after the name of an Admiralty official. It was Captain Arthur Phillip who first explored it. Captain Phillip arrived with the first fleet of eleven ships carrying more than a thousand souls and founded Sydney in 1788. Phillip described the port as "the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in the most perfect security." Today, thousands of ships each year use Port Jackson, carrying three-fifths of all Australia's trade; and Sydney (population over 1½ million) is the second city of the British Commonwealth, excepting Calcutta and Bombay, in which the native populations are great.

As our ship steams slowly to sea she passes under the Harbour Bridge, whose single-span arch is 1,650 feet in length and rises to a height of 450 feet. At high water our ship's mast, which itself rises to 165 feet, has only 7 feet to spare under the bridge.



Melbourne, from the River Yarra, above the Prince's Bridge.

MELBOURNE

Melbourne (population about 1½ million), which ranks next to Sydney as Australia's largest city and trading centre, is our first port of call. We berth at Port Melbourne, about four hours' steaming time from the entrance at Port Phillip Heads and a few miles from the City of Melbourne. Our ship fills up her holds with similar cargo to that loaded in Sydney—Australia's major exports of wool, frozen meat, dairy produce, fruits and other primary produce including processed foodstuffs.

John Batman founded the then "village" of Melbourne in 1835. Today, the lovely city displays well-planned, wide, tree-lined streets which cut the city proper into rectangles. One of the main outlets is the beautiful St. Kilda road with its long avenues of shady trees. In

Fitzroy Gardens stands the original cottage in which Captain James Cook lived at Ayrton, Yorkshire, England. Melbourne has an especially fine art gallery with a very valuable collection of paintings and has a famous 300-acre botanical gardens on the banks of the Yarra. During our stay we have time for a trip to the lovely Dandenong Ranges at the back of the city.

ADELAIDE

We are under way again and within two days arrive at Outer Harbour, 40 minutes' journey from Adelaide, South Australia's capital. A trip to the Mount Lofty Ranges gives us fine panoramic views of the city, surrounded on all sides by a wide strip of parkland. We can see the pretty Torrens River, on which Adelaide is situated, with Spencer Gulf in the background. Here and there are vineyards, the grapes from which will provide the good wines which comprise one of South Australia's important products. More and more great factories are growing up around this progressive city, whose founders laid its streets and parks out with wonderful forethought.

While the great majority of passengers from the Eastern States join the ship in New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia, some save time by travelling overland to join at Fremantle, while the vessel herself is steaming across the Great Australian Bight.

They go either by large airliners or by the remarkable Trans-Australian Railway, the Port Augusta-Kalgoorlie stretch of which covers 1,051 miles. In that distance there is one famous



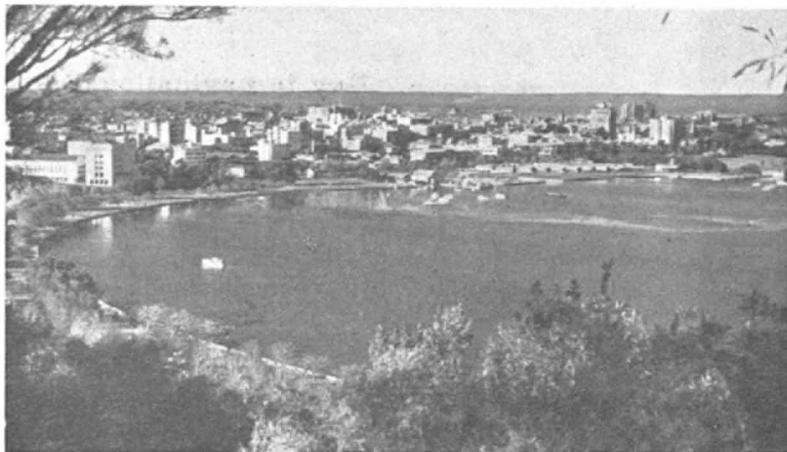
North Terrace, in the attractively laid out city of Adelaide.

section of 300 miles without a curve. This is on the Nullabor Plain and is the longest stretch of perfectly straight railway track in the world.

We steam from Port Adelaide across the Great Australian Bight and around Cape Leeuwin to Fremantle, which gets its name from Captain Fremantle who, in the ship "Challenger," took possession of the Swan River lands in 1829. In the same year Captain Stirling founded the Swan River colony.

FREMANTLE AND PERTH

Western Australia is the largest of the Australian States—975,920 square miles, which is nine times the size of New Zealand. The State has a population of over 600,000 people.

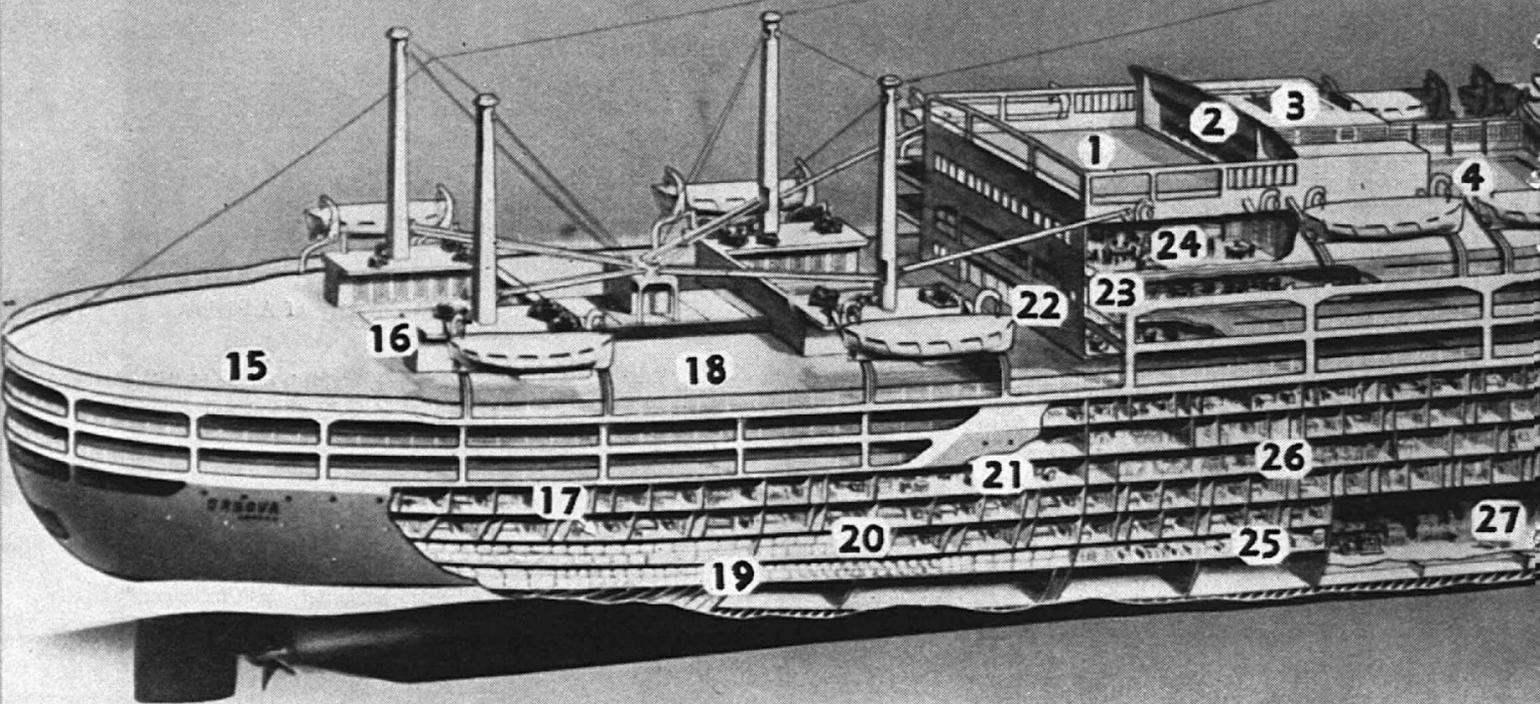


Perth, seen over the Swan River, from King's Park.

In 1892 gold discoveries at Coolgardie and, in the next year, on the "Golden Mile" at Kalgoorlie, greatly aided Western Australia's development. Western Australia is also noted for hardwood timbers, including its famous karri and jarrah and the fragrant sandal-wood, and for its wheat production, which has exceeded fifty million bushels a year. Now oil has been discovered and this may bring very big developments.

Perth, the capital, is twelve miles from Fremantle. It has a fine university adjacent to the magnificent King's Park (1,000 acres) on the banks of the Swan River. This is the park where Western Australia's amazing variety of wild-flowers can be seen in all their glory in the Spring.

Leaving Fremantle we head across the Indian Ocean. The little silver flying fish skid over the waters on each side of the ship; schools of dolphin are seen at play; also, in the summer months, occasional whales come up to spout. On the seven-day run to Colombo life on the ship quickens, and we make good friends among the passengers and crew. Parties visit interesting parts of the ship and find out how all the people on board are catered for.



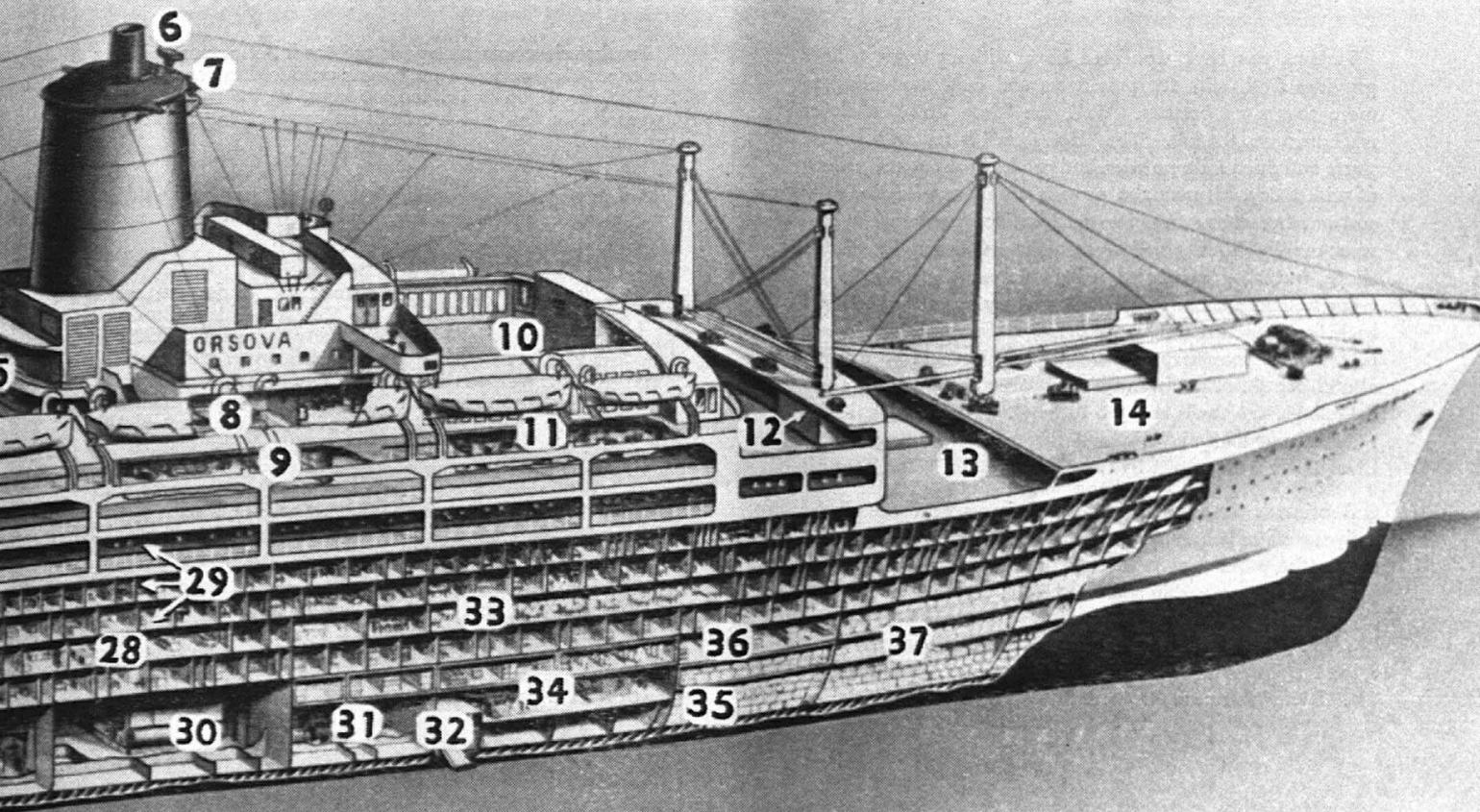
INTERIOR PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF 29,000

Key to navigational equipment

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. 1st class quoit tennis deck. | 10. Arena. |
| 2. Wind deflector protecting quoit tennis deck. | 11. 1st class lounge. |
| 3. Engine room skylight. | 12. 1st class children's deck and playroom. |
| 4. Midship deck. | 13 and 14. Crew promenade decks. |
| 5. Balcony. | 15. and 18. Tourist "B" class games deck. |
| 6 and 7. Two radar scanners. | 16. Tourist "B" class swimming pool. |
| 8. 1st class table tennis room. | 17. Tourist "B" class passenger accommodation. |
| 9. 1st class gallery. | 19 and 20. Cargo holds. |



This sectional drawing shows the internal and external which left Sydney recently, after making her maiden voyage. She is the largest all-welded passenger ship in the world. She has a lined funnel, and has been called the "Ship of Shapes" because of cargo in ports, open air living in fine weather at sea, and water-line damp out, to a great extent, rolling. As a passenger almost twice the measurement of the tall A.W.A. tower.



NEW ORIENT LINE R.M.S. "ORSOVA" Tons.

and passenger accommodation.

21. Tourist "B" class lounge.

22. 1st class tavern.

23. 1st class verandah bar.

24. Restaurant.

25. Baggage rooms.

26. Tourist "B" class dining-room.

27. Engine room.

28. Galleys and pantries.

29. 1st class passenger accommodation.

30. Boiler room.

31. Generator room.

32. Stabiliser fin.

33. 1st class dining-room.

34. Refrigerating machine.

35 and 37. Cargo hold.

36. Insulated and dry stores rooms.

Layout of the new £A7,500,000 Orient liner "Orsova",
page to this country. The "Orsova", a 29,000 tonner,
has no masts, carries twin radar scanners on the stream-
"Come". Emphasis has been placed on rapid working
passenger comfort. Two "fin" stabilisers below the
point of size comparison, "Orsova", 722 feet length, is
in Sydney (370 ft. high).



THIS IS THE LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

Perhaps you have wondered how, without cows, a liner provides fresh milk for passengers and crew amounting to more than 2,000 persons. Well, the "Iron Cow," a clever machine, does the job. The "Iron Cow" is fed with butter, water and dried milk powder, and produces about 125 gallons of milk a day. It may also provide 8 gallons of cream daily and another clever machine produces ice cream while you wait; usually about 17 gallons each day. Our ship has several shops, including two hairdressing saloons. Near the galley is the butcher's shop, where during a voyage to England and back four butchers cut up 100,000 lb. of meat (which equals 60 bullocks, 700 sheep, 275 lambs, 100 pigs and 50 calves); also 26,000 lb. of poultry (which equals 3,000 chickens, 1,200 drakelings, 300 fowls and 300 turkeys). They also deal with 15,000 lb. of ham and bacon during a round voyage. The Chief Butcher is known by the old navy term "The Tanky."

A printer's shop manned by two printers produces all the daily menus and announcements for the ship's bulletin boards; and in the paint-shop sailors mix twenty tons of paint each voyage to keep our ship spick and span.

Seven bakers with electric ovens and dough mixers make 6,000 bread rolls and 400 two-pound loaves of bread each day. The Chief Baker also makes thousands of cakes daily.

Another clever machine peels 156,800 lb. of potatoes during the trip. Refrigerated store-rooms on our ship carry as food for the people on board 100,000 eggs, 20,000 lb. of butter, 45,000 lb. of fish and hundreds of cases of fresh fruit and vegetables.

Before we reach Colombo, Ceylon, the sports competitions on the ship are in full swing. Perhaps you are a champion at deck quoits, deck tennis or bullboard!

We pass close to the Cocos Islands and, if the weather is fine, you may see the hull of the German raider "Emden," sunk there by the first H.M.A.S. "Sydney" during World War I. Until very recently, ships frequently lowered casks of fresh food overside for the islanders. The white residents are mostly officials of Cable and Wireless Ltd., which maintains a station there, and people who maintain the strategically important air strip recently built. The barrels, marked by flags, floated off and were picked up by sailing boats. The passing of a ship was a great event for the islanders, who welcomed the mails, fresh meat and reading matter which came in the barrels; but now they get these things by air.

Entering the roadstead at Colombo we get a first glimpse of an Eastern country. The fragrant smell of spices and drying tea is wafted out to us on the breeze. Tea gardens dot the pear-shaped island of Ceylon, which is one of the world's largest producers of tea. Australians use more than 21,000 tons of tea a year.

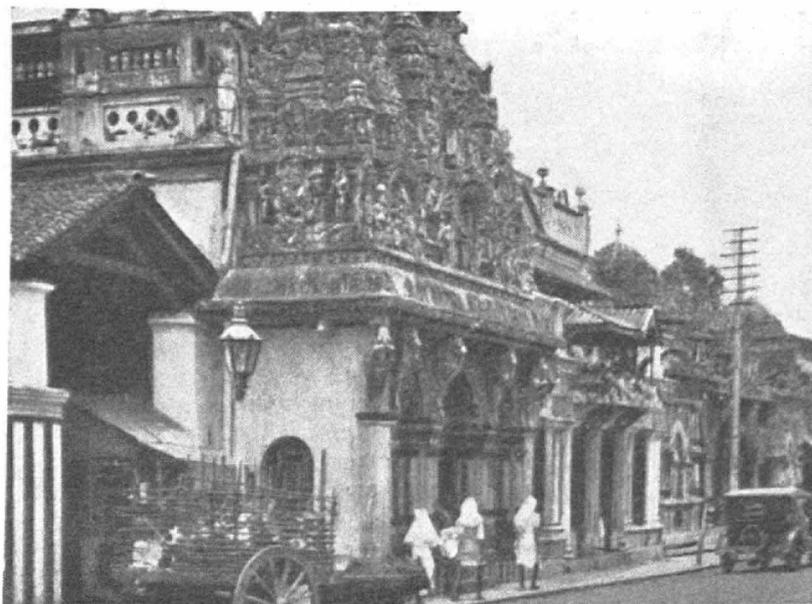
COLOMBO

Ceylon was taken by the British from the Dutch in 1795. The Dutch, who held it for 150 years, had taken it from the Portuguese, and the people of Ceylon include many of Dutch and Portuguese descent (known in Ceylon as Burghers) as well, of course, as Britishers and the native people of Ceylon. The natives are mostly Cingalese, Tamils (from Southern India) and Moorish descendants of Arab traders. Cingalese men as

well as women wear graceful sarong skirts. Some wear decorative combs in their hair and few are without umbrellas, to keep off both heat and tropical rain.

Natives paddle out to our liner in small craft filled with ebony elephants, models of ox-carts, woven baskets, and hats, sapphire and moonstone jewellery and leather-ware. They hold up their wares from their boats and bargain noisily with our passengers. They send the goods up the side of the ship in a basket joined to the ship's rail by a rope, and passengers send the money down in the basket. Ashore you can visit, by rickshaw, the shopping centre (known as the Fort) and the Pettah, which is the busy native quarter of the town; and can see Buddhist or Mohammedan temples and shrines and many of the quaint native bullock waggons. At Kandy, the ancient hill-capital, 70 miles inland, stands the celebrated Temple of the Tooth where they say a tooth of the great Buddha himself is kept.

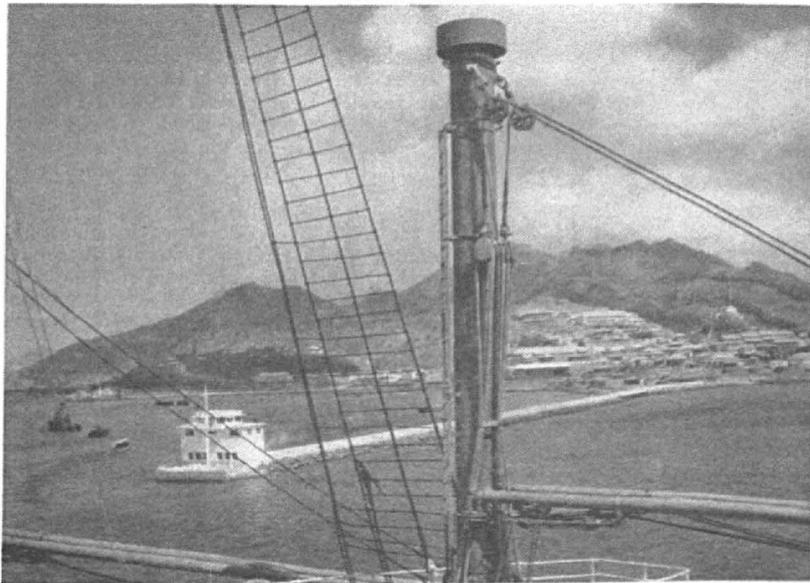
You must see the mango tree magician, also. He shows you a small mound of earth and a mango seed. He places the seed in the mound, waves a cloth, makes strange noises, removes the cloth and a small green shoot appears. More waving and chanting and the shoot is six inches tall in less than a minute. In less than five minutes the magician has a bush two feet tall. How the trick is done is a secret of the East.



A temple in the Pettah at Colombo.

ADEN

The town of Aden is set on the flat floor of an extinct volcano and has about 80,000 inhabitants. It is the main centre of the British Protectorate of Aden. Aden Protectorate as a whole has a population of about 800,000 and an area of 112,000 square miles.



There is a rugged grandeur about the fuelling station, Aden.

EGYPT

Meanwhile, however, our ship enters the canal, or as sailors call it "the ditch", in evening darkness, with our searchlight shining ahead. By day there are camel trains to be seen on the banks of the canal and we pass in sight of the fine war memorial to Anzac troops of World War I. Alongside the Canal for many miles there runs a fresh water canal, a railway



Bum-boats alongside the ship at Port Said.

Arabia is on our starboard or right-hand side and the rugged mountains of Abyssinia are away on the port side.

Our ship leaves Port Said and sails along the southern shore of the blue Mediterranean, past the desert wastes on which

Captain Stafford Haines captured Aden with a small British force in 1839. This was the terminal of the old caravan routes from the East bringing goods to be shipped to Africa. Favourable winds blew ships across the straits without necessity for tacking. When the Suez Canal was opened and steamships came, Aden developed into a major coaling station. In addition to selling oil and coal to ships, Aden exports coffee, salt, hides, skins and gums. You can see huge salt-pans, and skins stretched on frames to dry in the hot sun. One of Aden's most interesting sights is its series of seven huge wells or "tanks" hewn by slaves from the solid rock—by order, it is said, of the Queen of Sheba. Cain, who killed his brother Abel in the bible story, is said to be buried here and to this idea is attributed the barrenness of the region. Life is colourful in the native bazaars, and goods are cheap. Camel-drawn watercarts move around the town, and toward evening camel trains wend their way out to distant oases, to return laden with vegetables and other food for the people of this strange place which can grow nothing for itself.

and a main highroad; and British Royal Air Force planes and troops are seen in numbers.

M. Ferdinand de Lesseps started to build the canal in 1859, and it was opened for the first ships in 1869. The waterway is 100 miles long, 200 feet wide, with a minimum depth of 34 feet and the passage through usually takes mail steamers about 12 hours. The Canal is internationally controlled — France, Britain, Holland, Egypt and America all have representatives on the controlling Board; but in 1968 the original lease expires and ownership of the canal reverts to Egypt.

If you are interested in ships you will see vessels of all nations in the roadstead at Port Said, waiting their turn for passage through the canal.

This is one of the most cosmopolitan places in the world which means you see a great mixture of peoples, hear many different tongues and encounter a variety of strange, interesting customs. Scores of native boatmen, with their craft crammed with Turkish Delight and other sweetmeats, also leather goods and Egyptian hats (known as the "fez"), offer their wares. The "Gillie Gillie" man, a magician, comes aboard and delights and mystifies everybody by producing day-old chicks out of the pockets of people's coats and even from behind children's cars!

PORT SAID

our troops fought during the Middle East campaign of World War II. We pass the active island volcano of Stromboli and see it glowing red in the night sky.

NAPLES

Excitement quickens on board as we pass through the narrow straits of Messina, between Sicily and Italy, and the day is at hand when we can first put foot on European soil—in Italy. The Bay of Naples, which we enter past the famous Isle of Capri, is so beautiful that a saying has arisen “See Naples and die.” We can see the lovely villas clustering on Capri’s steep hillsides and in the island’s little blue-water bays; but from our ship we cannot, of course, see in the blue grottos which are among the world’s leading beauty spots. As we steam into the Bay of Naples we see the city spreading before us in a great half circle, leading round towards Mount Vesuvius, the volcano which in the year 79 A.D. broke into eruption and overwhelmed the Roman city of Pompeii with ash, and that of Herculanium with lava. Dominated by its historic castle, the teeming city of Naples is full of interest. Everyone is amused to see the endless household washing on clothes lines strung from house to house right over the narrow streets; and it is thrilling to drive on the autostrada (high speed roadway) which takes us to the ruins of Pompeii and then to the coastal beauty spot, Sorrento, which is celebrated in song and story.

Our day at Naples is a busy one and has included inspection of a factory where, from shell, they make cameo brooches with exquisite, miniature carvings.

We steam out of the bay at night, seeing the glory of the city’s lights reflected in the passive waters and head towards Napoleon’s Corsica which, like the nearby Sardinia, is as mountainous as it is historic. After another night we find ourselves approaching the great maritime city of Marseilles and early in the morning draw into the wharf past the grim Chateau d’If, the island prison where the Count of Monte Cristo was imprisoned for many years before his romantic escape.

MARSEILLES

Here, at last, we can try out our school-room French on people of that country; can taste real French dishes on the out-of-doors tables of street-side cafes and pay for them in francs. Even if we cannot catch a word of the Frenchman’s rapid speech his many shrugs and gestures of the hand are eloquent as to his meaning.

The unspeakable desolation caused on the Marseilles waterfront during the recent war by German bombers, which utterly destroyed port facilities built up over a hundred years, has, by a gigantic effort, been rapidly replaced by great new wharves, docks and railway systems. Of 170 vessels sunk at their moorings at Marseilles by bombers all have now been salvaged.

Near Marseilles we see lovely maritime and provincial places, full of the quaint interest which foreign visitors love about France. We are charmed alike by the animated city dwellers and the more placid peasant people in their old world villages: so old indeed that many structures date right back to the Romans.

High on a hill above Marseilles we see the great church called Notre Dame de la Garde, where there are many model ships which are thank offerings from sailors who have been delivered safe from dreadful storms.

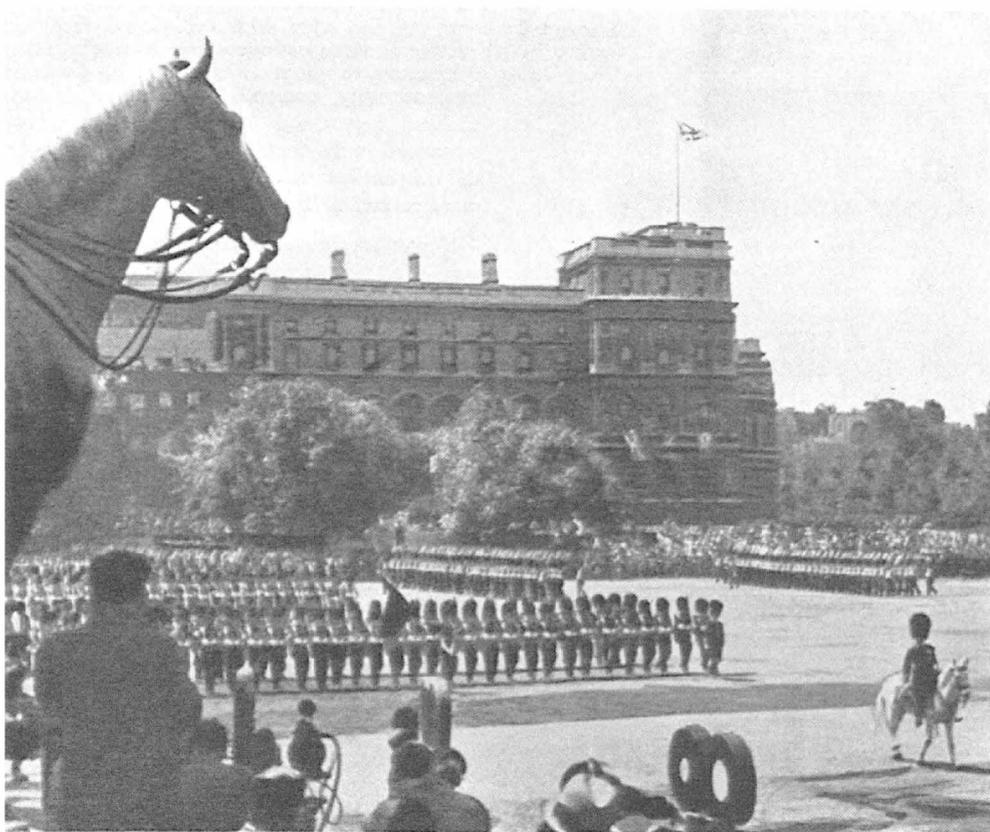
GIBRALTAR

Finally we reach Gibraltar which commands the famous straits into the Atlantic Ocean.

In the stone galleries (a network of tunnels and chambers within the rock) are gun emplacements, water tanks and caves. Living in the caves and scampering all over the Rock there are still a number of monkeys, which is a good thing because there is an old legend that when the last monkey on Gibraltar dies, Britain will lose “The Rock.” In the gardens of the Governor’s palace is a “dragon” tree estimated to be more than a thousand years old. After Gibraltar we steam round the coasts of Spain and Portugal (Britain’s oldest ally), continually passing points of historic interest. There is Cape Trafalgar, where the great Nelson died, and Capes St. Vincent, Vigo and Finisterre, all famous names in British naval history.

Across the Bay of Biscay the great lighthouse of Ushant, one of the most powerful lights in the world for guiding ships, points our way towards England’s famous White Cliffs.

The White Cliffs spell “Home” to an Englishman. As a matter of fact, British people all over the world would know you meant England if you said it was your ambition to go “Home” some day. Then you would see for yourself all the wonderful things on the sea trip via Suez and in the British Isles.

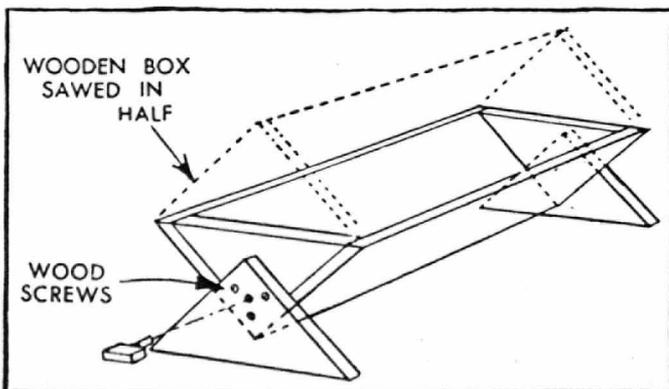


Trooping the Colour—London.

HOME HINTS

Book Trough.

All that is needed to make this simple book trough is a common wooden box, which makes it an ideal project as part of it is already made. First, one side of the box is removed and then, with the box left intact, the ends are sawed in half diagonally, producing the trough part of the project. The triangular-shaped waste pieces left from the ends previously cut are screwed to the trough to serve as feet. After gluing a disc, block or knob over the screwheads at each end to serve as handles, the trough is sanded and given a coat of bright enamel.

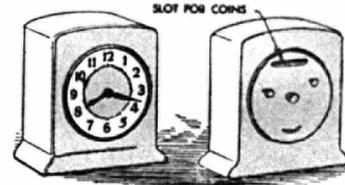


Put a safety-pin through the stud hole when washing men's soft collars and clip it on to the line. Several collars can hang on the one pin and disfiguring peg marks are avoided.

Meat loaf won't stick to a baking dish if you lay strips of uncooked bacon in the bottom of the pan before putting in the meat.

"Piggy" Bank.

A "piggy" bank can be made from an old, discarded alarm clock. The works are removed (leaving the face and hands in place) and a slot is cut in the back for inserting coins.



Keep a sparkle on spoons and forks by washing each day in warm soapy water to which a dessertspoon of cloudy ammonia has been added. Helps give a shine to crockery and glassware too, and keeps the wash-up water soapy with the use of much less soap.

Keep an old curtain shade (rolled up) in your car boot for motor emergencies. When trouble occurs, roll the shade out on the ground to kneel on so that you won't soil good clothes.

Hang fishing rods neatly in your shed on cup hooks screwed into a board fastened to the wall. Hang rods by their "eye" end.

Stitch a small loop to the waist-band of your bibless aprons, so you can hang them up without tying the apron strings.

Set opened jars of baby foods together in a small cake pan in your ice-chest. It's easier to lift the whole pan out to select foods than to hunt for individual jars.

When house flies gather on door or window screens, rub the latter with a cloth dampened in kerosene; flies dislike the odour of kerosene and will soon leave.

A few cheesecloth bags filled with moth balls and hung where sparrows are nesting will usually cause them to leave.

CHILDREN IN THE SHADOWS

The guns are silent now in Korea but as in all wars, the most tragic of all casualties—the young—still haunt the ravaged land.

By RONNIE NOBLE, from Seoul*



The Han River runs through the outskirts of Seoul, the capital of South Korea. It's a wide river, and reaches the sea through the important port of Inchon.

In winter it freezes over; in late spring it floods; and in the hot dry summer it recedes, leaving behind two wide sandy beaches, which are used as rubbish dumps. The trash carts and trucks arrive in the evenings, dump their loads and return to their bases.



I heard that a gang of children were living on the dump—living as scavenging animals on the mouldy bits and pieces, even rejected by the hungry population.

I went there at 5.30 one morning recently and roamed over the mountain of stinking filth. Soon I found a ragged tent, made of a few old rags stretched over a rope.

Although the sun wasn't far enough up to warm the cold morning air, a thick black swarm of flies circled over the tent. I noticed that there were none over the pile of rubbish itself.

After a few moments, the cloth that formed the door of the tent was pulled open and a dirty face peered out.

It belonged to a small Korean boy, about 12 years old; his face was black with grime accumulated over weeks and his knees as they came in view were covered with leprous-like sores. He stretched and yawned, called inside to the rest of the gang, and they filed out one by one.

Most of them had sores on one limb or more. Their clothing consisted of misshapen rotten rags which gave little cover or protection.

The children ran 20 feet or so to the dump, and crawled over it on all fours, sinking in to the elbows as they groped for anything that was edible.

Their morning find was about a pound of orange peel, several handfuls of unrecognisable sludge, and some mouldy crusts of bread. All of it went into a cooking pot and they heated it over a fire made of paper.

As the mess began to bubble, the smallest member of the gang crawled to the "kitchen", waving a dirty piece of greasy paper. At some time it had wrapped a kind of fat. Triumphant he threw it into the pot and crouched around with the others to watch it cook.

When it was ready—and I've no idea how they knew when it was done—they dipped their cans into the revolting mixture and devoured it ravenously. The meal finished, they rushed off to the servicemen's canteen to beg their next meal.

Starvation.

Each carried his tin can, which is the sign of a beggar in Korea. The canteen is the social centre for troops in Korea. When they can get leave from the forward positions the troops drift to the middle of the city, which used to be the shopping centre before the shelling and the bombing. Here the servicemen can buy popcorn, soft drinks, ices, sweets, tinned foods and other luxuries.



It is the centre, too, for the Korean children, the core of their existence. They don't go there to buy. Their object is to sell.

Any soldier who hesitates for a moment is surrounded by a swarm of them, each with his own line of patter, with his own line of goods: wrist watches, brooches, diamonds, or dirty pictures.

Given a good day outside the canteen a Korean child can keep himself in food for a fortnight.

Driving to Inchon one day I picked up two Korean boys on their way home from school. They were more fortunate than many, for they had a home. As we drove along, they sat in the back. As one of them kept talking I watched the other one in my driving mirror. He slipped his hand inside my camera case, and tried to steal a lens.

I turfed them out of the jeep, and as I drove off they waved and smiled. There was no shame at being caught trying to steal. They had learned to survive during the war, and to help their parents they were prepared to steal anything from anybody in order to buy more food for the family.

* The author is a cameraman for U.S. television networks, whose assignment in Korea has been to film the aftermath of the struggle since the Armistice was signed on July 27, last year.

There are many reasons for this state of affairs, and they are all man-made. In less than three years these children have been brought down to the level of animals. The war has raged up and down their country, and each time the battle passed it has brought destruction and death.

During that time what has happened to the Korean people? How have these years affected the ordinary man and woman?

We of the Western world are on the outside. We see the overall picture of the West versus communism. Does the man in the Korean street see it that way? From my experience with them, I would say that their prime consideration is holding on to life—the battle against communism or for communism has only succeeded in taking life.

Here are some statistics put out by the United Nations Nations Command recently—in March, 1952, there were 10,406,000 refugees and destitute people in South Korea; in January, 1953, there were still 2,769,000 refugees, plus 1,235,000 “local destitutes”—that is, people who have no visible means of support.

War orphans are not included in these figures. There are thousands of them. It must be almost impossible to give any correct estimate, with so many of them running around living like stray dogs, unregistered and neglected.

Uneasy Peace.

Now that the armistice has at long last been signed, and its uneasy “peace” months are dragging on, these children go on living the same way; by crime, by vice, by begging, by any means at hand. Will they never change? Because the adults that went to war have changed their ways, and decided to stop, can the children change overnight?

Yet the picture is not always so bad. A lot is being done. There are organizations which have been struggling to keep abreast of the number of orphans or unclaimed children and they have worked in the face of great difficulties. One of their biggest battles has been against the blackmarkets.



An American sergeant I met in Seoul spent all his spare time tending as many children as he could care for. One day he took a dozen to hospital for treatment. While waiting he heard the doctor complain that he had run out of drugs and medicines because the demand had been so great.

No penicillin; no aureomycin; no streptomycin; the three wonder workers and none left for the sergeant's brood of children.

Blackmarket.

Taking up his pistol he went to the blackmarket area. At the gun's point he confiscated every kind of medicine and drug he could find. They were being sold openly with their United Nations batch numbers still on the phials.

The sergeant rushed them back to the hospital, and his tiny friends were treated.

Later the batch numbers were checked and it was discovered that the very drugs he had rescued from the blackmarket were part of a medical consignment sent to Seoul—to be used specifically for Korean refugees. They had got “lost” on the way.

The United Nations Civil Affairs Command in Korea—or UNCAK as it is known, is doing an admirable job for the children. There are more than twenty orphanages in the Seoul area alone. But that's still not enough. Nor are there enough Europeans for the administration.

Take the case of Miss Hansen from Copenhagen. She is a nurse with UNCAK. She has given up all claim to normal life and spends every waking minute looking after the welfare of orphans in her area.

I went with her to a small establishment put aside for children suffering from malnutrition. I was shocked to find that though they had been in orphanages for over a year, yet they still suffered from malnutrition.

When Miss Hansen walked through the gates, six or seven tiny tots ran forward to greet her. They clung to her coat-tails, just looking up into her face. She picked one up and kissed him. His head was covered with sores.

She spoke to each one, then walked into the square courtyard. Here the other children were playing a Korean version of “Ring-a-ring-a-roses”. I stood back watching them.

There is something about children playing together that touches the hardest heart. They danced and jumped. Their hands moved gracefully in time to the song, and to all intents and purposes this was a typical scene of happy children playing.

Then I saw their eyes. There was a vacant stare in most; no sign of happiness. The big almond eyes in their small, pinched faces reflected nothing but pain and misery.

Vitamin Pills.

Food they wolfed as though they had not eaten for months. Yet they are given three meals a day, a balanced diet containing vitamin pills, cod liver oil, fresh vegetables, meat and rice.

Koreans are not idle people. They are used to hard work, as any cultural community must be. Nor do their children lie down and give up easily. One sees them continually striving to help themselves.



A short while ago, on the outskirts of Ui-jon-bu, a small boy waved me down and I stopped the jeep. In halting pidgin English he asked, "Orfinidge. Havva yes?" (His nearly blind eyes searching mine.)

"Orphanage. Havva yes!" I replied; and he hopped into the jeep.

Later that night he tucked himself in his own bed—on the floor, as all Koreans sleep—after being injected, vaccinated, clothed, and more important, fed. He felt that at last somebody cared about him.

He knew about orphanages. He'd been told. But many of them have never heard about these homes that give food and clothes.

At one time the situation was so bad that the Korean authorities carried out surprise raids on the slums and brought all unattached children forcibly into the comfort of specially prepared orphanages.



One little girl, known as "Miss Pak", was picked up carrying another child on her back. Everybody concerned thought it was her sister, until the interpreter found the truth.

Parents Killed.

"Miss Pak", aged five, was living with her parents in the "Iron Triangle", so named because of the intensity and duration of the battles in that area. A bomb killed her mother and father. She started walking, to get away from the war, and she saw a baby lying alone in the road.

She picked it up, hoisted it on her back and kept walking. She had no sense of time or distance. The "Iron Triangle" is more than 100 miles from where she and her passenger were found.

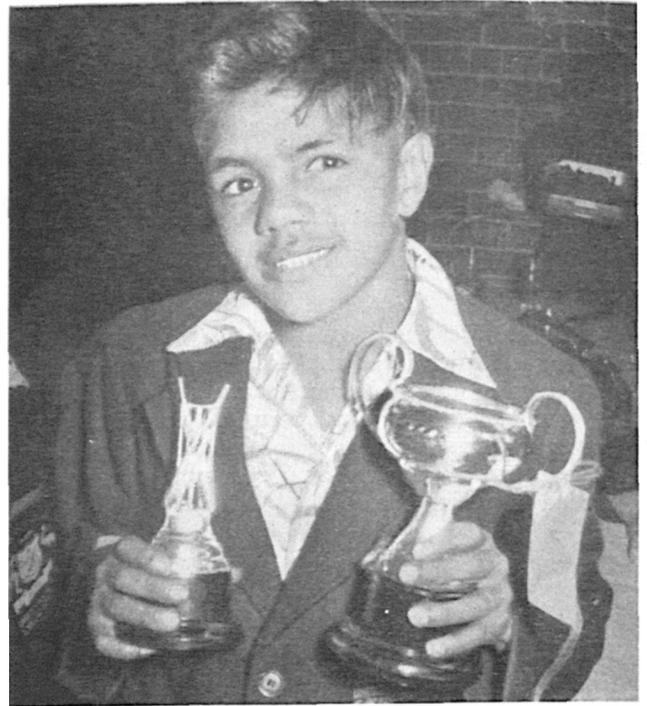
"Miss Pak" was still tending her "adopted sister's" needs in the orphanage the last time I saw her. But now she was dressed in a spotless white pinafore, hair combed and brushed, her cheeks were full, her eyes, bright and living.

When the new arrivals to the orphanage enter the gates, "Miss Pak" is among the first to welcome them. Very seriously she bows, then leads the other orphans in a welcoming handclap.

She has found life again and in common with thousands of others, has come out of the hopeless shadows and found a mother in the Miss Hansens of Korea.

Xmas Holiday Camp

Parents who would like their children to attend the Annual Summer Camp are advised to contact their local Welfare Officer or the Secretary of the Board, NOW!



Keith Staggs, a grandson of Mrs. M. Bell of, Redfern, goes to Bourke Street High School. A talented all-round sportsman, he is shown holding some of his cricket and boxing trophies.



The two figures on the roof top are Bill Matthews and Chic Sampson, painting their Carroona home.



Some of the Boyd family from Billynugle.

NOW YOU KNOW!



PENSION POSITION EXPLAINED

YOU MAY BE ELIGIBLE

The position of pension payments to aboriginal persons at the present time may not be generally known. The following conditions apply to Age, Invalid and Widows' Pensions:—

- (a) Persons with any admixture of aboriginal blood (including full-bloods), who reside on an Aboriginal Station where a Manager and Matron are in charge, are **NOT ELIGIBLE**, whether holding an Exemption Certificate or not.
- (b) Persons of aboriginal blood (including full-bloods), who reside on Aborigines Reserves without residential management, or with a Supervisor only in charge, are **ELIGIBLE**, only if in possession of a Certificate of Exemption.
- (c) Persons of aboriginal blood (half castes or less), who do not live on either an Aboriginal Station or Reserve, have **FULL ELIGIBILITY**.
- (d) Aborigines more than half caste (full-blood or three-quarter caste), who do not live on a Station or Reserve, **MUST BE EXEMPTED** to be eligible.

If you know of anybody who should be getting a pension in terms of the above, please communicate with the Board or with the nearest Welfare Officer.



Here we see the Tingha Sunday School group.



The Tingha ladies' sewing group spared a moment to pose for a photo.

from the Board



SAVINGS BY ABORIGINES

The Board wants to encourage all aborigines to save money from their earnings and use these savings wisely to establish themselves as independent units in the general community. Encouragement is also being given to join Ambulance and Hospital Contribution Funds, and Medical Benefits Funds.

At Woodenbong, five of the Station residents operate their own bank accounts, and about twenty children have accounts at the school bank, some with as much as £13 deposited.

In the past, some of the residents have helped the Ambulance, and after a recent conference with the local Ambulance Organizer, it has been decided to have another drive. Judging from the past performance, there should be good results.

This is a good record: Let *Dawn* hear from other Stations. What have *you* done?

RENT ARREARS

The Board has been concerned for some considerable time at the neglect of its tenants on Aboriginal Stations to pay rent. At one particular Station, a glaring case came under notice where the tenant was well able to pay, his earnings running into four figures.

The Board has decided not to stand any further nonsense and a letter will be addressed to him calling upon him to pay his arrears, which are considerable, within a period of one month, and if he does not do so, court proceedings are to be instituted.

The rent position in the towns is ever so much better. There, the people appreciate what the Board has done, and realise that their first obligation to the community is to show that they are able to accept similar responsibilities. Further, in the town houses, people pay a much higher rent; in fact, on the Stations the rent can be said to be only a token.

Why does this state of affairs exist? Is there a spokesman at Caroon, Taree, Moree, or any other of those Stations where the people refuse to pay rent, who can give a valid reason why they should not accept this responsibility?

MORE EXEMPTIONS GRANTED

Many Accept Responsibility

The large number of exemptions granted by the Board at the September meeting indicates beyond any doubt how more and more aborigines are becoming anxious to accept the responsibility of everyday life and take their places in the community. Here are the latest exemptions . . .

Name.	Address.
Baker, Joyce	Box Ridge Aborigines' Reserve, Coraki.
Bond, Joseph William	"Daisy Bank," Bega.
Boney, Alfred Ernest	Ingelba.
Briggs, Aubrey	East Armidale.
Caldwell, Colin	Railway Camp, Single Street, Werris Creek.
Carberry, Charles Keith	Aborigines' Encampment, Coff's Harbour.
Dodd, Rangi Alfred	Keelendi Station, Pilliga.
French, Thomas	Bingara Road, Moree.
Kennedy, Roy Lawrence	Department of Main Roads, Barracks, Ivanhoe.
Longbottom, Trevor James	Roseby Park Aboriginal Station, Orient Point.
Merritt, William Alfred	Bridge Reserve, Narromine.
Moodie, Oscar Keith	49 Little Conadilly Street, Gunnedah.
Roberts, Joseph Martin	Golf Avenue, Taree.
Silk, Leslie	7 Belgravia Street, Moree.
Simon, John George	McIntosh Street, Forster.
Swan, Onlan	Bingara Road, Moree.
Tighe, Arthur Frederick	Summervale, Walcha.
Vincent, Frederick Walter	C/o. Post Office, Eurabalong.

ACCOMMODATION PROVIDED BY EMPLOYERS FOR CASUAL ABORIGINAL EMPLOYEES

Early this year, an inspection was made by the Superintendent, accompanied by the Welfare Officer and the Health Inspector of the Eurobodalla Shire Council, of accommodation provided on a property at Eurobodalla for aboriginal workers. As a result, the Council took proceedings against the person concerned, and a conviction was recorded as follows:—

- (1) For allowing waste matter to remain upon premises so as to tend to cause danger to health. (Ordinance No. 39 (6))—fined £10 with Court costs 12s. and professional costs £3 3s.
- (2) For failing to keep sanitary conveniences belonging to premises in a cleanly condition. (Ordinance No. 39 (4))—fined £5 with Court costs £1 and professional costs £3 3s.

Following this successful prosecution, it has been reported to the Board that a very pleasing improvement in the general accommodation position for aboriginal pickers at Bodalla and Eurobodalla is now evident. One farmer is constructing three new dwellings with fire places, water and sanitation facilities, and all the others are improving their accommodation and are providing at least the necessities, such as water and sanitation facilities.

When the report of this case came before the Board, satisfaction was expressed that farmers in that particular district now appear to have become aware of what it expected of them so far as accommodation for their employees is concerned. It is a pity though, that it was necessary that one of their number should have had to be prosecuted before they realised how seriously is viewed the omission to make available facilities to allow aboriginal employees to live under decent conditions.

PENSION PAYMENTS TO ABORIGINES

The Board was very pleased to receive particulars of a resolution passed at the General Synod in the Dioceses of Australia and Tasmania which was recently held in Sydney under the presidency of the Primate of Australia, the Most Rev. Dr. H. K. Mowll. The resolution was submitted to the General Synod by the Ven. Archdeacon H. A. D. Graham, who represented the Diocese of Bathurst, and was as follows:—

- (a) That the Maternity Allowance be paid to women of predominantly aboriginal blood.
- (b) That Social Service Benefits be paid to aboriginal people living on Reserves or Stations.
- (c) That increased grants be made to State Governments to assist the Aborigines Welfare Board in N.S.W. to finance work on Reserves, and to make for proper supervision of living conditions for aborigines.

The Board has expressed its thanks for this information, to Archdeacon Graham, and also to Mr. A. G. Kingsmill, the Assistant Under Secretary, Chief Secretary's Department who, himself, was a lay member of General Synod, representing the Diocese of Carpentaria, Queensland.

NATIONAL SERVICE TRAINING

To All Young Men of 18

Have you registered yet for National Training?
Do you know what you are missing?

Last March the cover of *Dawn* showed Cecil Donovan, of Stuart's Point, in his C.M.F. uniform. The picture was published at Cecil's request, and to give all the young men of New South Wales an opportunity to see what a fine chap training had made of him.

Naturally, when the picture was published there were enquiries, and one particularly was of interest. The enquirer was anxious to know what the Board felt about it.

Now the Board has formed the opinion that young men of aboriginal blood should be registered for National Service, similarly to other young men, and that their colour—in some instances only to a very slight extent—should not be regarded by them, OR ANYBODY ELSE, as an excuse for exemption.

Quite apart from the obligation which rests on all young men to register for National Service, it is a wonderful life. Ask any young chap who has done his three months as a trainee and he will tell you that he wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

The National Service Act exempts some (but not all) youths of aboriginal blood from registering. Your duty, therefore, is to do so and let it be said by the military authorities whether you are to be excused because you are of aboriginal descent. Unfortunately, there have been cases where young men have been anxious to serve but Area Officers have rejected them. Any such case should be brought under the notice of *Dawn* or the Board, and the Board will take up the matter with the military authorities.

“Go to it, boys, there's nothing like service.”

POT-POURRI ONCE MORE

Looking To The Future

Last of a series of articles contributed by
L. N. BRIGGS, Manager of Taree Station.
(Copyright)



The Author

This will be the last of this series of articles. You should know me pretty well now, young people. In the future I will write some tiny little bits for "Dawn" now and then. The Editor can put them away for some time when nobody else has thought to write anything.

You will remember that when I first started to write to you I told you that I was not much of a hand at writing. The whole idea behind these bits and pieces from my own experiences was to bring you a simple story of a very common man's life. I have never done anything wonderful and I never reached the goal my parents set for me. At the same time, I have enjoyed doing what I have done, and most of all, I have enjoyed what I have done for other people.

Some of you are now attending public schools for the first time and in many other ways you are mingling more freely with the rest of the community. I thought it might help you to learn how I first became a Red Indian of America, then an Indian of India, and finally, an Australian. You can be what you want to be in your community if you think right and do right hard enough and long enough. Set your standards up with the highest in your community. If you only get half way to your standard, it will be better than staying where you are.

Now, let us pretend. We will pretend that when I was in India I learned from some of the very wise old men there to gaze into a crystal ball and see there all the past and future of men and women. I won't say that I can, because that might scare you. Nor will I say that I can't, because then you might lose interest altogether. So we will just pretend that I can.

I have my crystal ball before me and, as I gaze into it, this is what I see :—

A vast bush land is forming before my eyes in the crystal. There are tall giant gum trees growing everywhere. In gullies where there is water, great creepers twine round and round the gum trees like giant snakes trying to crush their prey. 'Possums and koala bears play hide and seek among the leaves. Kangaroos and wallabies munch the green grass on the banks of creeks.

There are grassy clearings here and there where little shelters of branches and bark have been arranged to form a little village. I see little dark children peeping from the doorways and from behind trees. Some are playing a game with sticks which look like boomerangs. All of the big people I can see seem to be very old and wrinkled. They seem to be watching over the children as they play.



The sun is getting low in the west now, and I can see younger men and women coming in from the bush. The men are carrying spears and some of them have kangaroos on their shoulders. The women have seeds and roots tied in little bags. The children all rush out to meet them as they put their burdens on the ground. Everybody looks very happy, but they must be tired and hungry.

Little fires are burning everywhere now. The kangaroo is being divided up and laid on the coals to cook. The women are grinding the seeds into a flour.

It is quite dark now, but in the light of the little fires I can see the men all painted up with white stripes on their naked bodies. I can't see the women now, but I think I can hear some of them singing back in the bushes. The men have started a kind of dance now. It is not a waltz or a fox-trot. They seem to be acting a play, without using any words. To me it seems like a weird jumble of music and movement, but it all seems to fit together and the men who are taking part in it seem to be getting very excited and they are putting all they have into it. I do hope they get something out of it.

The fires have died down now and the crystal has become black. Wait a minute! Light is coming again, but the scene has changed. I can see the sea, and there is a sailing ship at anchor in a beautiful bay. Men in a little rowing boat are rowing in to the beach. They are white men dressed in blue coats and white trousers. Some are wearing funny three-cornered hats. The most of them are carrying long rifles in their hands.

As they come in to land on the beach, I can see dark-skinned men, with spears in their hands, creeping silently and swiftly from tree to tree and gradually getting nearer to the party landing from the little boat. It looks as though there will be a fight. No, the head man of the party of dark men is going forward to meet the head man of the boat party. They are trying to talk to each other, but neither of them can understand the other. Now the white man is giving the dark man some presents which seem to please him. The others are all gathering around them now and, although the white men and the dark men do not seem to trust each other very much, they all seem willing to try to get on happily together.

Now the white people have spread out over the land and there are women and children among them. They have built villages where they live and they are growing new food plants to eat and they have animals such as have never been seen before in this land. Both the new plants and the new animals provide great quantities of food for all the people.

Now I can see dark men helping the white men to grow the new plants and care for the new animals, but they do not seem to be living in the villages and mixing with the white people when they are not at work.

Now there is a complete change in the scene. It does not seem real at all. It must be what they call a "fantasy".

The white people have planted two great trees which have spread over the land. No other trees I have seen could grow to spread over the whole of this great land.

They have strange names for these two trees, too. One is called the "TREE OF OPPORTUNITY" and the other is called the "TREE OF DESTRUCTION". Both of these trees bear several different kinds of fruit the whole year round, but there is a big difference between the two trees.

The TREE OF OPPORTUNITY is very high and hard to climb, and its very best fruit grows right at the top. On the lower branches there is the FRUIT OF LEARNING which boys and girls must eat and learn to like before they are allowed to climb up further to the FRUIT OF SELF-RESPECT, and no boy or girl is allowed up this far unless he or she is clean of body and of mind. Those who have climbed up this far look very smart and happy.

When I first saw this tree, there were only a very few dark boys and girls climbing its branches, but now there seems to be quite a few more. At first, the white people

seemed to want to push the dark children away from this tree, but now they appear to be inviting them to come and enjoy its fruit.

Right up in the top of the TREE OF OPPORTUNITY grows the best fruit of all. It is called the FRUIT OF INDEPENDENCE AND JOY. It seems a pity that so many boys and girls never find their way up to this lovely fruit because they try to reach it by fighting the boys and girls on the lower branches of LEARNING and SELF-RESPECT. As soon as they do this, they fall right out of the TREE OF OPPORTUNITY.

The Tree of Destruction is a scraggy-looking old tree. It spreads out as far as the Tree of Opportunity, but it is not nearly so high.

Its fruit all grows low down and is easy to reach. It also has several different kinds of fruit all mixed up on its branches. Its lowest fruit is the Fruit of Laziness. It is a very soft sweet-looking fruit, and, at first, it tastes quite good, but boys and girls who eat it get very poor and miserable-looking and they don't have enough strength to wash themselves or their clothes. The boys and girls from the Tree of Opportunity won't have anything to do with them.

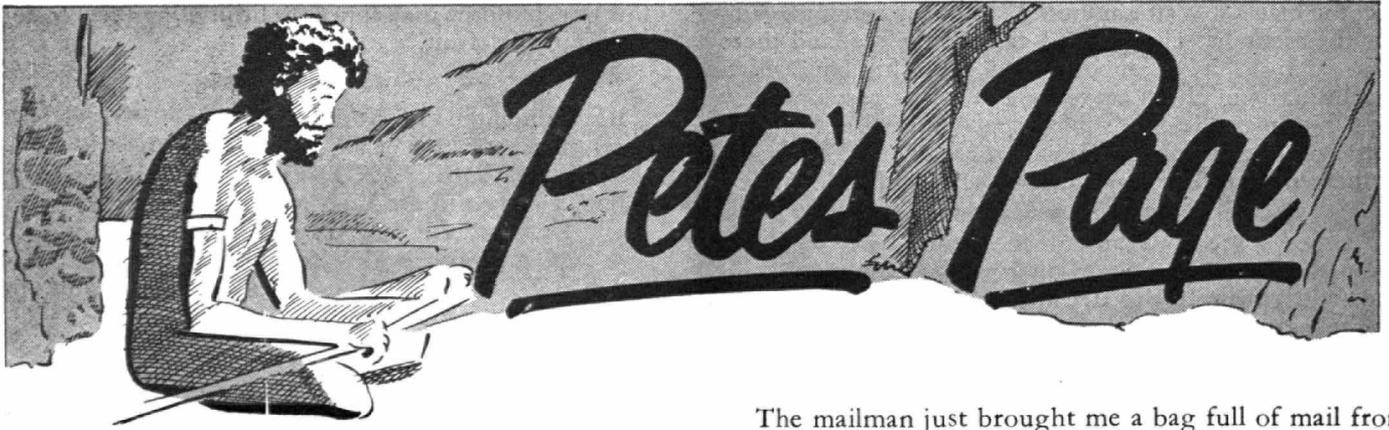
Some of the fruit of the Tree of Destruction is shaped like bottles. They are full of juice, but when you drink the juice, it poisons your mind and makes you act like a madman.

There are many other kinds of fruit on this tree. All of it is easy to get, but the most of it is full of worms which destroy the minds and bodies of those who eat it.

There are lots of people hanging round this tree. Nobody seems to be pushed away from it, unless they have gone mad and have to be locked up or have become so sick that they have to be carried away. They are a shabby, grubby, dirty-looking lot. Many of them are white and there are too many dark ones among them. I wish they would clean themselves up and go over to the Tree of Opportunity where all the happy, bright-eyed boys and girls would welcome them, if they wanted to climb that tree according to the rules of the climb.

Now the picture in the crystal is changing again. It is rather dim and seems to be a long way into the future. All of the houses look better and brighter, and, although the people have different shades of skin-color, they, all, seem to be living happily together, doing all sorts of different jobs together, and having fun together.

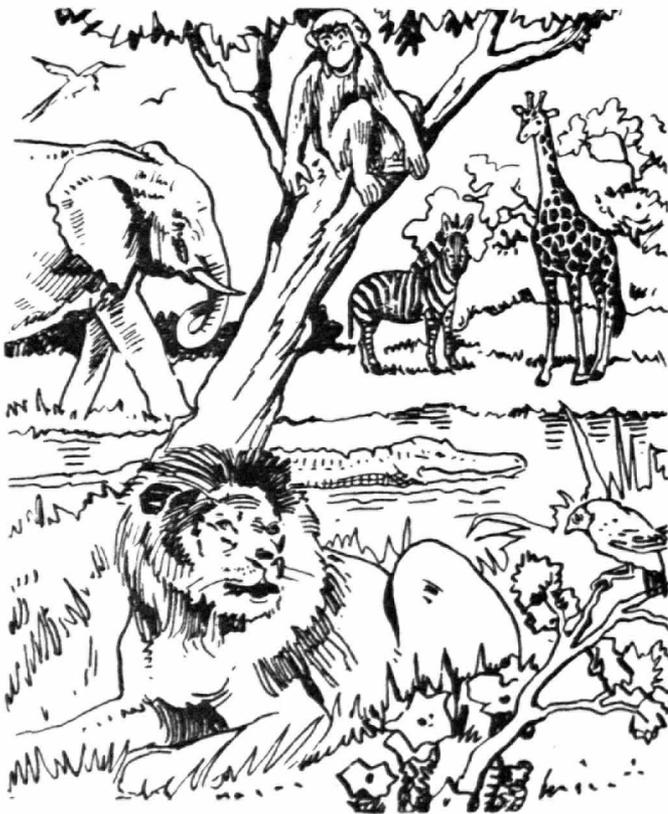
Just a moment! All of the homes are not so bright and beautiful. Away off to the back I can see a few shabby old places where both white and dark people live. Their yards are full of the rotten fruit of the Tree of Destruction.



HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS !

Well, we are really getting close to Christmas once again, aren't we ?

I suppose you are busy digging up the biggest stockings you can find to hang up for old Santa. I certainly hope they are all filled. This month, as you see, we have a very interesting colour-in competition. Colour this drawing in as neatly as possible, with crayon or paints, and send it along. There will be some good prizes and you may win one.



Name

Age

Address

The mailman just brought me a bag full of mail from Condobolin. In it were some splendid pen and ink drawings from Neville Goolagong, Alice Briar, Andrew Sloan, Pauline Newman, Anna Woolfe, Keith Dargin, Colin Sloan, Merle Cummings, and Robert Reid. Thanks a lot, Condobolin gang. Please send me some more. I also had a very nice Micky Mouse coloured painting from Marie Moore, c/o. Mrs. Copeland, Morecourt Station, Goondiwindi.

Fourteen-year-old Betty Black, of Murrin Bridge, sent along a number of coloured drawings and one of them won a prize. Congratulations Betty! I had a nice letter from Fay Davis (16), of Bellwood, and a drawing. Fay wants some pen friends about her own age. How about it Kids—some letters for Fay! Steve Hoskins, of Wallaga Lake, sent a fine drawing which just missed a prize. Better luck next time, Steve!

One of my most regular writers is Carol Donovan, of Bowraville; her letters are always very interesting and I look forward to them.

Another prize this month goes to Zetta Clarke, of Murrin Bridge, for a very fine country scene. Congratulations, Zetta! Maggie Taylor, of Murrin Bridge, just missed a prize for her painting.

I will be looking forward to meeting some of you shortly when you come down to Sydney for the Summer Camp.

Mr. Mullins tells me this year's Camp will be bigger and better than ever.

Well, Kids, that's about all the news for this time, so I'll sign off now until next month.

All the Best to You All,

Your sincere Pal,

Pete



DAWN IS YOUR MAGAZINE!

If you know any aboriginal people who are not already receiving *Dawn*, ask them to send their names and addresses to the Editor, *Dawn*, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney, and they will then receive a copy of the magazine each month.



SEEDLINGS.

SEED PLANTING of tuberous begonias needs great care. The seed is minutely fine and the soil must be sterilised before sowing. A tin dish three inches deep is preferable to a wooden box, to facilitate sterilisation. Punch nail holes in the bottom, for drainage, fill with sieved soil and put it in a hot oven for half an hour.

As soon as it's cool enough to handle, immerse it in water just deep enough to reach the soil surface—the laundry tub makes it easy. Let it soak for five minutes.

Dust the seed finely over the surface of the soil. Don't cover it, but cover the tin itself with brown paper, and then put a sheet of glass over the paper. Place it in a warm spot, out of the sun. Keep the surface damp, by dipping the tin into water, each day; and look for seedlings in about 10 days. Then remove the paper, but leave the glass in position for another week.

As soon as the third leaves show, the plants are ready for transplanting into pots.

Seedlings go first into three-inch pots; and later, as their roots fill the pots, they need to be lifted into bigger ones, ultimately going into six-inch pots for flowering.

Seed sowing is done generally in February and March. Plants should flower in the following January.

CALCEOLARIAS requires much the same treatment in culture as begonias and cyclamen, seedlings being transferred from pot to pot as they develop. Seed is sown in autumn, for spring blooming.

CYCLAMEN require very much the same treatment as begonias; both in cultivation from seeds or tubers. Seed is sown in early autumn, to bloom fifteen months later; tubers are planted December to February, to bloom in the following June–August.

Cyclamen seed sometimes is erratic, and it may take up to eight weeks in germinating.

Plants must be kept well watered, always; and a light fortnightly sprinkling of complete fertiliser is recommended after the first buds show, in early June.

When flowering ends, and the leaves die down, cut watering to a minimum, providing just enough to keep the tubers from shrinking. As soon as the first new

growth appears, lift the tubers into new pots. Tubers which grow too large can be divided with a sharp knife into smaller sections, each necessarily with at least one "eye."

GLOXINIAS require exactly the same treatment as tuberous begonias. Seed is sown in August/September, or tubers may be obtained from good seed shops; for a flowering season which, under perfect conditions, will extend through summer and into autumn.

As with begonias, be careful to water always direct on to the soil, and not on the plant. As with begonias, too, lift the tubers from the pots, when the plants die down, and store them until replanting time comes again.

STERILISE THE SOIL.

It is possible to control and check disease by drenching the crown of each plant with one pint of a solution of corrosive sublimate (from any chemist). Dissolve one quarter ounce in a small quantity of hot water, and then increase the volume to three gallons with cold water.

Loosen with a fork, the soil surrounding the plant so that the solution will soak quickly through to the roots.

If that treatment is not effective, take out every affected plant and burn it. Then sterilise the soil with formalin.

The last word on these wilt and root-rotting diseases is that sprays of any kind are useless against them; only treatment of the soil will kill the organisms which cause them—and if you don't cleanse your soil, the disease will persist there, year after year. It might not always develop a sufficiently-strong concentration to become dangerous; but the risk will always be there.

EDGES MAKE WORK.

As we have said before, it will pay you not to cut flower beds into a lawn. Diamonds and circles of flowers might look nice in a green lawn; but every edge of every diamond and circle means more edges to be hand-cut when mowing time comes.