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Dawn



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

NOVEMBER, 1959





Our Cover

This month we have chosen for our cover pretty little Claudia Carr, of Nanima, a typical aborigine lass, just bubbling over with health and vitality.



“DAWN”

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

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The Superintendent's Letter

Many Towns Visited

Dear Friends,

I have been very busy lately visiting around the State. Murrin Bridge, Brewarrina, Moree and Boggabilla have recently been inspected. I wish I was not so rushed and had time to call at every house when I am at different Stations, but there is so much to do and always so little time before I must rush off to the next place to catch a train.

Recently at Boggabilla I arrived the very day the School had an Open Day. Such a lot of important visitors came from Goondiwindi and the town of Boggabilla. I was so sorry I missed the displays by the children, but I was able to see the excellent book work done by the children, which is a credit to them and the teachers. A very lovely afternoon tea was prepared by the mothers of the the children. Everyone on the Boggabilla Station must be excellent cooks and wonderful sandwich-makers. Madeline McGrady thanked, in a very good little speech, all the visitors for coming.

By the time you read this I shall probably have been down the South Coast with some of the members of the Board and also out West to Walgett, Goodooga and Burra Bee Dee.

I suppose many of the children are saving up for the next Summer Camp. It will soon be here, only a few months away and then off to Sydney for a wonderful holiday.

A little while ago I wrote about libraries and reading books. I am disappointed to learn that where library books are available on the Stations so few are using them. It is not very encouraging to provide things when they are not used, so what about going along and borrowing a good book for the week-end !

Yours sincerely,

H. J. GREEN,

Superintendent of Aborigines' Welfare.



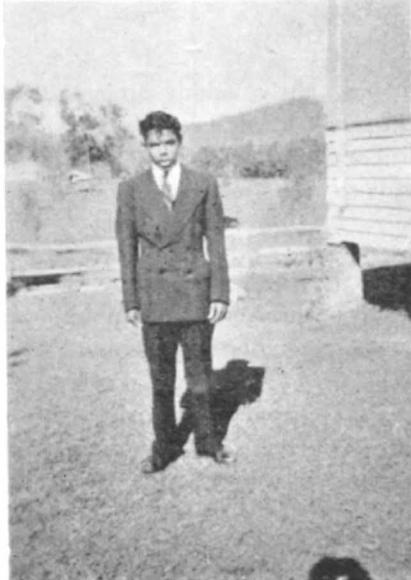
OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN

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.



What better way to spend a sunny afternoon than on a swing, says Brenda Lynwood, of Coff's Harbour



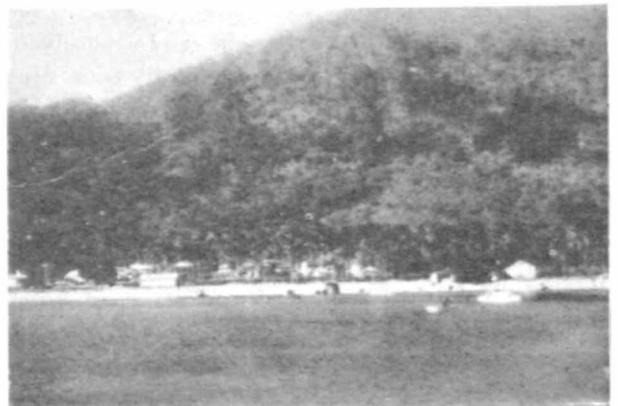
This well-dressed dapper-looking young fellow comes from Tabulam, but we don't know his name. Do you?



David Torrens, of Tabulam, mightn't be so big yet but he gives every indication of growing into a big fellow



Three pretty girls from Tabulam : L. Donnelly, L. Collins and P. Williams



A view of the beach at lovely Palm Island, in Queensland



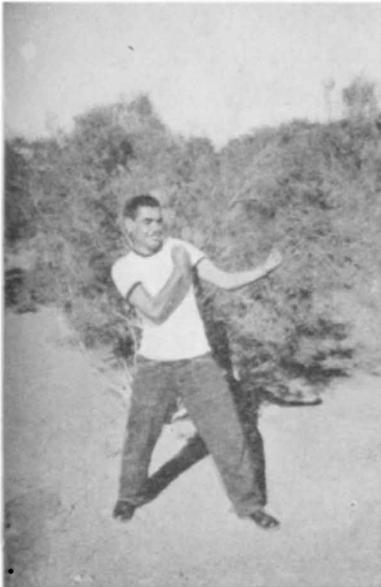
All ready for the high dive! Pretty Yvonne Sandow, of Cherbourg



May we introduce Mrs. A. Walker, of Tabulam



Meet Edward Phillips and Robert Caldwell, of Tabulam



Nolan Johnson, of Wilcannia, is a very handy fellow with his fists



Pretty little Terese Slater found it hard to smile for the Cameraman



Another Tabulam identity: Mrs. Violet Exton

HOME HINTS

Ordinary paste wax, applied uniformly to tool surfaces, protects them from rust. First, thoroughly clean the tool surface. Remove dirt and hardened oil by rubbing with a pad of fine steel wool moistened with a few drops of light oil. Wipe immediately with a clean cloth, apply the wax and polish lightly.

* * * * *

To avoid a ragged break-through when drilling, always back up the work with a solid block of wood. If the drill snags, turn the work over and drill back from the other side.

* * * * *

To avoid kinks when bending metal tubing, fill with fine sand and plug both ends. Sand is tapped out after forming.

* * * * *

Cutting thin metal sheet to shape is easy if the sheet is sandwiched between two panels of scrap wood. This results in a clean edge cut without buckling.

* * * * *

The sharp edges of glass can be smoothed and rounded by rubbing with an oilstone. Keep stone well wetted with water.

* * * * *

Bring glass into a warm room for an hour or two before cutting.

* * * * *

When gluing and nailing two pieces of wood together, it is a good plan to drive the nails well through the top piece before the glue is applied. One tap with the hammer then causes nails to bite through into the lower piece, prevents shifting.

* * * * *

To make a neat patch in the linoleum covering of a floor, tack a matching piece over the area to be removed and, with a linoleum knife cut through both layers. Remove the tacks and place the upper piece in its position, cementing if possible.

* * * * *

If your watch is dirty, open the back, then cut a piece of blotter to fit the inside. Soak the blotter in petrol and place it in the watch. Leave it like this overnight and in the morning it should be going again.

Heavy plate glass, softer than ordinary window glass, should be cut with a dull glass cutter. A sharp one will flake the surface.

* * * * *

Formwork of timber used in concrete work is easily stripped from the concrete after it has hardened if the surface of the formwork is painted with a mixture of equal parts sump oil and kerosene before the formwork is erected.



In this lovely wedding group we see the bride, Grace Mundy, with her Maid of Honour, Shirley Vale and Flower Girl, Gale Smith



Everyone at Bellwood turned out to see the wedding of Grace Mundy and Joe Quinlin. In the first picture we see the bride and groom and flower-girl, Gale Smith, and then another lovely photo of young Gale

MY SCHOOL

By 15-year-old Gloria Cubby

My school? Walgett Aboriginal. For those who have never been to Walgett, the Station and School is situated 6 miles from the town of Walgett, right on the banks of the Barwon River. The school and its environs have been described by some of the local people as "a little bit of Heaven" and I feel that this description is apt.

The name of the Station can be clearly seen on the roof of the School. This was painted on for helicopter identification in the time of floods.

Although only a comparatively small school it is very neat and compact, with gravelled front and many nice flowers growing both in front of the school and just inside the fence.

In the road fronting the school colourful cedar trees are at present in full bloom, making the place a thing of beauty with their pale mauve delicate flowers. These, with the stately pepper trees, make a very pretty picture indeed.

There are two teachers at the school and the Headmaster's wife teaches us sewing and I have made frocks, slips, etc.

The boys are coached in football and have won all but one match this season, and for this splendid effort have won a large cup, and for sports in the season, two other cups. They also learn carpentry and have made trains and other articles which were on display in the last Education Week. The boys also have gardens and their vegetable patches were much admired in the recent Education Week. At present they are "harvesting" peas and spinach.

"Cudjee" the name prominently displayed at the front of the school means "Good place" in aboriginal.

Life In The Gulf Country

By

Mrs. DULCIE HEAD of Kinchela Boys' Home and
formerly of Vanrook Station, Gulf of Carpentaria

I hope to give the reader quite a good idea of just what this Gulf Country of North Australia is like, commonly known as the Gulf of Carpentaria, and just how we live up in these parts.

Well, firstly, my husband and myself, boarded the big DC₃ plane of A.N.A. in Cairns, on the far North Coast of Queensland, leaving at 6 a.m. and after touching down at the various Gulf cattle stations, all having their individual air strips, and from the plane one can plainly see the name of each station as it is written either on the side of the strip in huge concrete letters or some prefer, the homestead roof to paint the identity on; others form the name of the station by upturned bottles painted white which is the case here at Vanrook, and which is most effective.

We continue over the various stations until we arrive at Normanton at approximately 10 a.m. Normanton being on the Norman River, and a typical way out beyond town 56 miles from the Gulf Coast. We are taken into the township by car, which boasts three hotels, a Burns Philp & Coy. Store, Police Station, Bank and Post Office as well as a population of approx. 200 and a few other buildings such as Motor Mechanics shop, etc.

Now, here it is that the Gulf mail is thoroughly re-sorted as the rail motor which brings the overland mail from Cairns and other places en route, and terminating here is bagged for the plane to deliver from there on. After spending one hour here at Normanton which gives ample time to see the well equipped hospital up on a rise about one mile from the township; also the swimming pool is particularly nice run, with hot bore water spurting up out of the barren ground, and a catchment redirects the water into the pool where it becomes cooler. This is drained weekly, and is cemented and is a real attraction to the local people and visitors. We again board the plane on our route to Vanrook station. After being air borne, one can plainly see the Gulf coastline fringing beyond the wide stretch of forest type country which typifies our Gulf.

As I have told you we left Cairns at 6 a.m., and we are still to pop down to a few more awaiting station people and feeling rather hot by this time, we are treated with cool drinks by the Air Hostess on the plane, and later arrive at the Mitchell River Mission about 12.30 p.m. We are greeted on disembarking from the plane by the Mission Padre and invited to lunch where this is partaken of with the Superintendent of the Mission and attendants at the Mission. On our way to the cabbage leaf built huts on each side of the road as we were driven through to the main Mission buildings the aboriginals lined up decked out in all their gay array, waved very happily

as a genuine greeting. The plane day is a very important event in the lives of both white and dark folk alike right throughout this Gulf. Mail of course is re-sorted for the Mission. The aboriginals use this plane service extensively in this area also, as they work well, and are paid better wages than in the Northern Territory. They do not handle money they earn for themselves; it simply is paid to the Protector of Aborigines in Normanton, and when they need to move about from station to station or to Normanton, the distance is so great that the plane is no longer a luxury to them, so the fares are covered by the Protector, as well as clothing, etc., and their tobacco, stores and other requirements are obtained at the stations on which they are employed. This particular Mission houses some four hundred natives and it is here where they are taught schooling plaiting of mats from the cabbage tree leaf plant, raffia, etc. Now, after spending a further hour at the Mission we are driven back to the plane and board it amongst the bright smiles of these very primitive people. We set off for further stations until we circle over Vanrook and from the air it certainly presents a very attractive welcome as the greenery surrounding this station would have to be seen to be believed. The Pilot makes a perfect landing and it is now 3.30 p.m. Feeling very pleased to be at our destination, the homestead is nestled amongst at least twenty-seven huge mango trees and the contrast of the blue homestead against the seventy year old toweringly high mango trees is a very pretty sight. It is here that the plane crew and passengers are the guests of the management for afternoon or morning tea, as some weeks the plane calls in the morning.

Vanrook is one of the very earliest holdings controlled by Sir Wm. Anglis of Melbourne and is a three thousand three hundred square mile property running about 36,000 head of cattle. All the surrounding creeks are crocodile infested, and the type of vegetation is mostly summer grasses and couch intermingled with a good deal of burr. The type of country is definitely forest country and mostly flat country. The type of trees are ranging from the common gum in all its serenity to a beautiful tree called the Bohemian tree. This is a lime shaded foliage tree of fern like appearance.

Myself on arrival at the station being the only white woman I soon make myself useful—in the capacity of a nurse—attending to casualties which occur from time to time on or about the station. The climate is sub-tropical here and one is constantly showering. The barometer reaches 102 and 103 as early as October soaring up to 115 in mid-January and February. The gulf is unlike the Northern Territory in its heat, as being not far from the Gulf Coast the humidity is very high, and anything but easy to bear.

My husband and myself often go walkabout in the bush, game hunting, equipped with our guns and water bottle, and generally encounter some good shooting, and should we wound a wild pig one has got to be prepared to scramble up the first tree in case it attacks as they often become very ferocious and charge, so we have a little highlight to our sport. One cannot do a day dream while walking through this country as snakes are fairly plentiful—black and king brown—and it is believed that an occasional taipan is encountered in this Gulf country also.

Sometimes we ride out on horseback and one afternoon I got off my horse to have a drink at one of the creeks, when my husband said, "Be careful a big crocodile does not put his head up", which remark I took rather lightly then, but on remounting my horse and riding along the bank of the creek, he shouted "Look here, pet", and, dashing into the thickly weeded hyacinth creek were two large fresh water crocs about seven to eight feet in length, which I was very pleased had not surfaced whilst I was down having a drink out of this hole. My horse reared as my husband shot one of these crocs, and we rode on further to encounter a mob of wild pigs one of which was shot by myself.

On Vanrook we have approximately twenty black-boys engaged in work as well as about six lubras, and say a dozen whites. We live very well so far as food is concerned; vegetables are grown on the station in season and snake beans particularly thrive up here. A beautifully flavoured fruit also grown on the station is the Gulf papaw; bananas, pineapple, limes, lemons and oranges are also plentiful.

The beef supply is got from station cattle being killed as required, and refrigerated.

Our sixty foot high mango trees have just cropped their annual fruit which fall day and night on the roof like stones dropping, necessitating the black boys to sweep up and cart away in barrow loads each morning to dump these tasty fruits.

They are eaten by all, but the most attractive sight whilst they are ripening is the presence of thousands of green mountain parrots; their colours are very vivid and a treat to one's eyes. You can imagine the chirping that goes on while they feast on these mangoes, and it is hard to concentrate to hear on the phone.

The wild pigs also know that the fruit is plentiful and come right to the homestead and have their fill nightly from the fruit which has dropped on the ground.

Apart from the parrots this is not the only bird life that is in great numbers, as the variety here is noticeably numerous from king parrots, bush canaries, galahs, pigeons, doves to hawks and the old black crow.

Some people also boast that this country has a "gaitor" but actually it is the larger species of our crocodile growing up to 14 feet in length, and being the salt water croc which will attack humans as well as stock. The smaller fresh water croc is harmless and lives mostly

on fish. On taking the black boys out as a scout in our trucks, they are experts with the spear and invariably get their mark in a fish even in dirty water, even when the fish is not visible but only bubbles appearing on the surface of the water.

Fifty miles from Vanrook towards Cape York in a remote spot on the Staaten River is a rare Pelican Rookery, this being the only second Rookery in Australia of this kind.

We are now on the eve of our wet season which has already shown its signs by severe electrical storms, two recently yielding a rainfall of seven inches in two storms on succeeding nights. This is the warning to have all wet stores on hand as the roads in the Gulf country are definitely untrafficable once it commences, and our only contact with the outside world is by Outpost Aerial Radio transmitter and receiver, a real gem and blessing to the outback people. As our mail only arrives once weekly by plane from Normanton and Cairns, and our air strip being in the front of our homestead planes are unable to land, and drop our mail bags as they fly overhead; the storms making our strip out of order for the time being, so if one were not very happy in these parts the remoteness would make you unable to survive it. To give you an idea of our Aerial Radio necessity should one become seriously ill we can contact our Aerial Ambulance Base, being at Cairns, and describe the condition of the patient. Should they necessitate hospitalisation an ambulance plane is sent out to take the patient to Cairns Hospital, but if a Doctor prescribes treatment to us and we have the necessary medicines in our hospital kit I administer same.

A courtesy of this Aerial Radio Service is given to us by transmitting telegrams to and from stations which we appreciate very much. Should we need closer help, Normanton, only three-quarters of an hour flying time from Vanrook, has a Bush Pilots Pty. Ltd. Flying Service from which we can charter a plane to and from here.

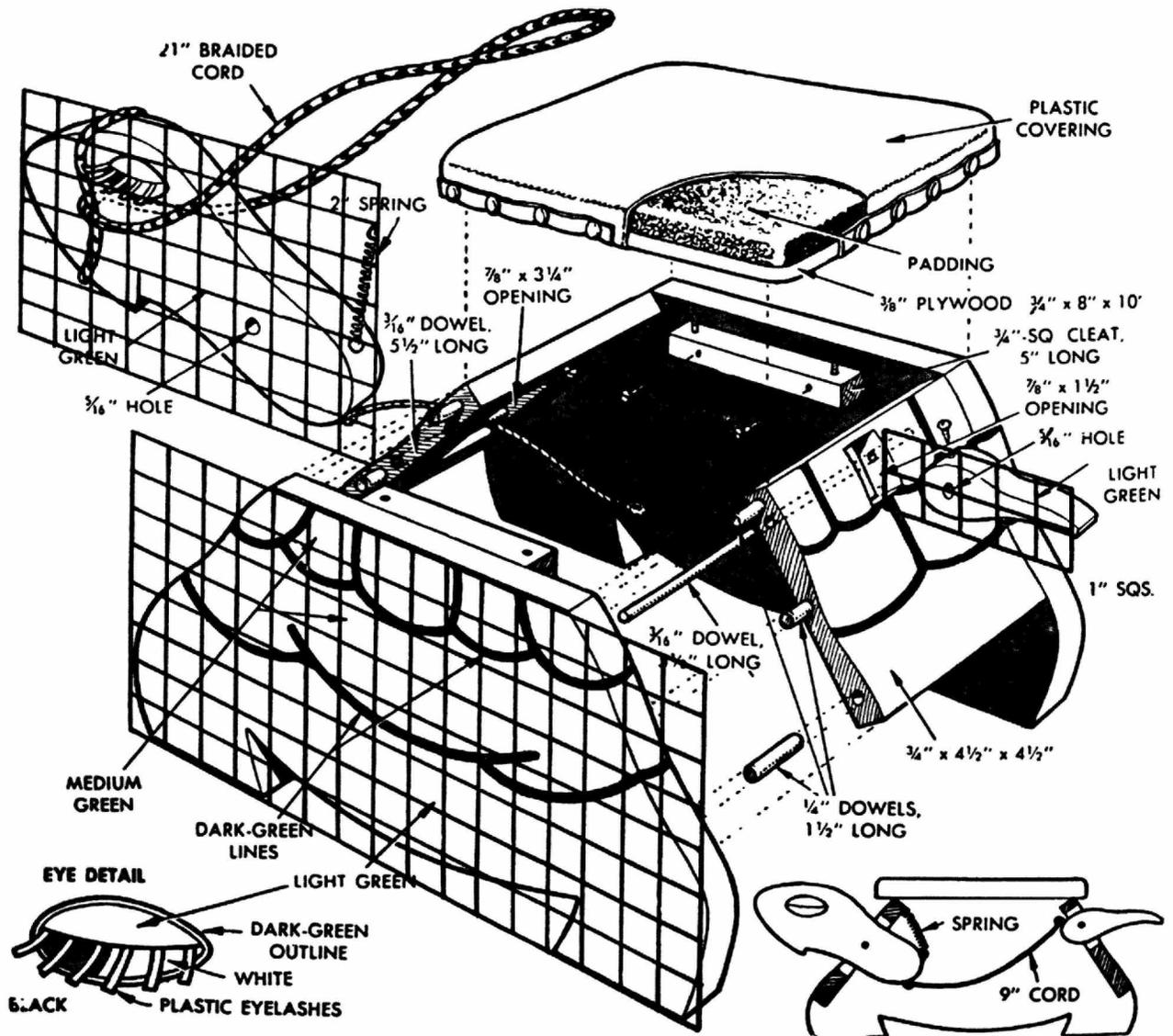
You will gather that a European woman has very good help with the lubras doing one's domestic duties about the homestead, and contrary to the belief that one must treat the dark people as our underdog my husband and myself have found utter respect only from the aboriginals through the manner in which we speak to them. Should they be treated more like children it is ever so much better than being hard on them and endeavouring to drive them, as they make loyal servants.

Nightly we share the electric light run from batteries with hundreds of insects of a million varieties and it is interesting to watch from the gauzed-in verandah a little insect-eater named 'Gecka'. These are for all the world like miniature crocodiles and they never starve.

I hope you have gathered from this account just how we live around the Gulf as we are assisted by a well organised and human network of humanity but it is perfect peace in God's own country.

HELP YOURSELF - - -

YOUR PRE-SCHOOL YOUNGSTER will enjoy sitting astride this friendly turtle. Tugging at the bridle lifts the turtle's head and his tail responds with a cheerful wagging. All parts of the turtle, except the seat, are cut from 1-in. solid stock, which measures about $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch in finished lumber. The front and back pieces of the seat are hollowed slightly to match the contour of the sides. This can be done with a wood rasp, then finished with sandpaper, or a disk sander chucked in a drill motor can be used to cut and finish the depressions. As indicated, the seat is cut from a piece of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch plywood, then covered with padding. Sheet plastic is stretched over the padding and held in place by a strip of plastic that is tacked to the edges of the seat board. (See the finished article on page 9.)





BURNT BRIDGE MARCHING GIRLS

It is pleasing to report that the Burnt Bridge Girls Marching Association successfully conducted the first Marching Girls Championship in conjunction with the Festival of Spring Committee on the 4th October, 1959.

From a social point of view in advancing the prominence of Aborigines in Kempsey, the occasion was an outstanding success. B.B. Aboriginal President, Mrs. Vicky Lang, officially opened the Championship, extending a welcome to visiting teams and commended them on their appearance. To quote Mr. J. H. Brown, M.L.A., "It was an unique occasion with Aborigines acting as hosts." The Mayor, Mr. A. Slack, followed with his welcome from Kempsey. Later in the evening Mrs. V. Lang presented the trophies to the winning Midget teams. The fact that the Mayor, Mr. Slack, put his arm on Mrs. Lang whilst he congratulated her, and that Mrs. R. Melville conducted them (Mesdames Lang, Campbell, Davis and Campbell) around the grounds and entertained them at lunch highlighted their day furthering out Policy of acceptance and assimilation.

The Sunbeams acted as runners throughout the day, marching as messengers from the Judges to the official recorders. C.T.Is. Aboriginal team which made their debut as non-competitive received a great ovation. Later the Sunbeams led the field in the grand march past, and the salute was taken by Pres. Mrs. Lang, the Mayor, Mr. Slack, and Mrs. Melville. The evening's entertainment was concluded with the Sunbeams taking part in the mass display.

Despite the fact that overhead expenses were high, the meeting should be profitable to the B.B.M.G.A. A gate of £101 10s. od. was realised, £30 from the dance in aid of the Championship, and net profits from the kiosk conducted by the C.W.A. have not been received. The Festival Committee is handling accounts on our behalf, and the profit will be handed over to the B.B.A.G.M.A. In accordance with Festival Week, half the money will be made over to the Festival of Spring Committee. Trophies to the value of approximately £90, partially donated, were presented.

The Manager's speech received good coverage by the Press, accorded recognition to the Aboriginal Committee, Mr. Evans and the Festival Spring Committee.

A special donation of £10 from the Newcastle M.G.A. to the B.B.A.M.G.A. was duly acknowledged by the President, Mrs. Lang.

Let us be Fair!

A READER'S VIEWS

I would like to say a few words on Mrs. F. E. Plater's letter. I do not think that our aboriginal friend, he or she, was quite fair to Mrs. Plater as I think Mrs. Plater is a very nice lady and kind and she only wrote that letter to draw somebody's attention to the conditions of the Aborigines living in these awful humpies and she was trying to help the poor Aborigines.

Our friend was quite annoyed about Mrs. Plater calling them "poor creatures". Well, I would not have been but, about that, I have heard quite a lot of people use that word. It is only a saying.

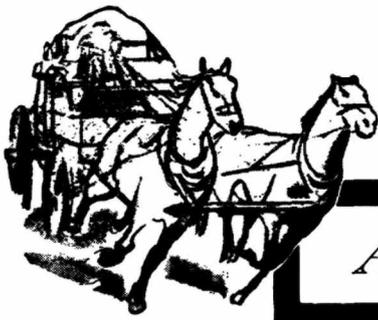
I do not want this Aborigine friend to think I am taking sides with Mrs. Plater. I have Aboriginal blood myself but I like to be fair. I have white friends here where I live. They always go to Yamba for their holidays and they have told me of these poor Aborigines living in terrible conditions in humpies. They have said to me, "Why don't the Government give these poor people back some of their own land and build them decent homes."

And I have friends who go to Forster on the North Coast and they cry "Shame" of the homes the Aborigines have there.

I think the public is very good and when any of our people need help, they give it to them. See how they helped some aborigines to get a home.

So, dear friend, don't be too hard on Mrs. Plater as I think she must be a nice lady and only wanted to help our people to get decent homes. She thought if she spoke up, someone might help them. Our friend is right in what he or she said about the colour that makes no difference because when we all stand before our God stripped of all, it won't matter what colour we are. The black man will stand side by side with the white man and God will be the Judge of us all.

Lavinia Cunningham,
7 Vaughan Street,
Lidcombe.



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE



Brenda Lywood and Marie Craig, of
Coff's Harbour

THREE DAY "BACK-TO" AT CUMMERAGUNGA

Huge crowds attended the three-day "Back to Cummeragunga" celebrations which began on Friday, October 23.

An attractive programme was planned with the get-together being held on Friday and a dance at night; sports began at 10 a.m. on the Saturday and a concert at night; and a pilgrimage to the cemetery at 11 a.m. on Sunday, and a pleasant Sunday afternoon programme began at 2 p.m. on the same day.

During the pilgrimage to the cemetery on the Sunday, Pastor Doug. Nicholls, M.B.E., dedicated a new fence and gates and also delivered the address on "The Future of the Aboriginal" at the afternoon function.

Money for the new fence and gates at the cemetery has been raised by the residents purchasing clothes from a type of opportunity shop.

The residents had been looking forward eagerly to the celebrations for some weeks previously, they had been busy painting their homes and buildings with paint made available by the New South Wales Aboriginal Welfare Board.

NEW APPOINTMENTS

The following appointments have recently been made—
Moree: Mr. and Mrs. W. T. French—Appointed as Assistant Manager and Assistant Matron.

Murrin Bridge: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Redmond—Appointed as Assistant Manager and Assistant Matron.

Kinchela: Mr. and Mrs. G. Head—Appointed as Attendants.

SOCIAL EVENING FOR BOGGABILLA RESIDENTS

The first of a series of social evenings began at Boggabilla recently. Several prominent people in Boggabilla attended as guests to the residents of the Station who were brought in for the evening in the Station vehicle. Members of aboriginal families in the town joined in the fun and games, which were held in the Church Hall. Everyone went home tired, hoarse (from singing) and happy.

PRESENTATION BY "ROTARY"

A number of members of Rotary paid a visit to the Station at Boggabilla to present a table tennis outfit. This was received by the members of the C.W.A. and given into their care for safe keeping.

An afternoon tea was arranged by the ladies who entertained the Rotarians, who made a brief visit to the School since the completion of the work that has now been done by Public Works Department.



This is Bill Quinn's home at Narrabri West

A FORTUNE FROM THE SEA

By DAVID GUNSTON

He dreamt of producing enough pearls to supply the whole world and he lived long enough to realise his ambition. This is the romantic story of the Mikimoto Pearl Farm Industry.

Japan's pearl industry is a remarkable example of the artificial reproduction of a natural occurrence for commercial purposes. By imitating nature on a much greater, controlled scale, the Japanese have perfected the human culture of pearls from oysters to an extraordinary extent.

Cultured pearls, to give them their correct description, as a world-wide means of feminine adornment, have come to stay, and there is no reason why they should not be accorded their full value. They are real, natural pearls, artificially stimulated, yet still produced by living oysters.

All shell-covered water creatures have strong, muscular bodies that are extremely sensitive to external irritation. To protect their bodies from the necessarily rough coating on the inside of their limestone shells, they secrete a smooth, varnish-like substance that when hardened is known as mother-of-pearl. This forms a lining on the inside of the shell protecting the soft fleshy body.

If any foreign substance, like a grain of sand, or a minute, tough-shelled water organism, gets lodged between the creature's body and its shell, it cannot be ejected. So, all molluscs coat intruding particles with protective mother-of-pearl. The result in such a case is a roughly spherical pearl, depending for its symmetry and beauty on the size and shape of the foreign particle and its position inside the shell—that is, on pure chance.

What the Japanese have done is to discover a way of inserting an artificial irritant in the shells of sound, scientifically bred oysters to produce the same effect. The only difference between the two kinds of pearls is in the material of their cores, and it takes a skilled expert to differentiate between them.

Other molluscs, besides oysters, also produce recognisable pearls, notably the ordinary mussel, but the oyster pearl is by far the largest and loveliest.

Two species of oyster, *Margaritifera* and *Meleagrina*, are the ones usually reared artificially for pearl production. The discovery of the exact way to "seed" such oysters, to improve on the chance of creating a pearl, is a typical piece of Oriental ingenuity.

This is now an enormous Japanese industry. When established it quickly revolutionised the world jewellery trade's attitude to pearls generally.

For a long time the industry was centred round one man, the legendary Kochiki Mikimoto, a venerable and highly respected figure in Japan, who discovered, after many years' experimenting, the secret of successful pearl culture and built up his original one-man business into an enterprise with limitless scope and possibilities.

Mikimoto was long noted for his wily shrewdness and business acumen, which contributed as much to his rise in fortune as did his long study of the ways of the lowly oyster. Through the efforts of a special commission set up after the war by the Australian Government, bent on reviving the country's neglected pearl industry, Mikimoto was persuaded to release his secrets for the benefit of posterity.

Once the technical details of the process became widely known to the Western World, Mikimoto shed his customary reserve and became increasingly ready, with the loquaciousness of an old man, to talk about his life and work.

Clad in the traditional black kimono and sandals, with a battered Derby hat, he would sit in luxury upon his king-like throne, survey his extensive pearl farms, control the reconstruction of his industry which had been nearly destroyed by U.S. bombers during the war with Japan, and talk and talk. The story he told was an absorbing one, of permanent value to the world.

This wise old Japanese knew that centuries ago Chinese fishermen had discovered that it was possible to place miniature Buddhas and similar charms inside oysters, return the shellfish to the water and wait until the objects were beautifully plated with mother-of-pearl. If oysters could be made to coat such irregularly-shaped objects, he reasoned, could they not be persuaded to transform a tiny pebble into a lustrous pearl? His idea proved sound, but it took 40 years to perfect a method.

Just how Mikimoto came to be the world's "pearl king" reads like an ancient romance. One of a noodle-

seller's family of nine, he had little schooling and as a child lived in poverty. At the early age of sixteen, he showed business acumen, when he built up a profitable trade selling eggs to the crews of European and American warships visiting Japan. He had a spell in politics.

When he went to Europe 80 years ago and saw valuable pearls in Paris jewellers' shops he began thinking deeply. Recalling the practice of the Chinese, he decided to produce fine pearls for sale below ruling market prices. He carried back to his native land the germ of an idea that was to launch the new industry.

Quickly he realised that pearl-fishing in the ordinary way was a hard and hazardous business, speculative in the extreme. Oyster after oyster might be brought to the surface without a single pearl being found. The proportion of worthwhile pearls found by this method was often lower than one for every thousand oysters brought up from the sea bed.

After discovering that a suitable foreign object placed well underneath the body of a healthy oyster would be covered spherically with nacre in the course of a few years, Mikimoto next realised that it was still much of a gamble to leave shellfish in their natural haunts under the sea. Wild-growing oysters were too risky altogether. Sea creatures of half a hundred different kinds from giant octopus to quite small starfish, attacked and ate oysters, while severe storms scattered the beds and caused heavy losses.

So a system was devised under which oysters would live and grow under natural conditions while suspended in metal baskets or cages on the sea bed. This method protected them. If the baskets were hung from skeleton-type wooden rafts firmly anchored to the bottom, ordinary storms could not scatter their precious contents, but even then typhoons several times wrecked the whole system, forcing Mikimoto to start from the beginning again.

Fortunately for him he knew how to face poverty and misfortune. Although often handicapped by lack of funds and insufficient knowledge of the habits and temperaments of oysters, he persevered. Mikimoto was undaunted when octopuses contrived to break through the metal defences and eat many oysters, or when snow and cold water currents killed off thousands of young oysters, or, again, when shells which yielded cultivated pearls contained only discoloured and malformed specimens.

It took 20 years to achieve the first modest results, but Mikimoto was convinced that greater success was ahead. His first marketable pearls, mostly half-spherical in shape and often stuck to the shells, were poor by the best jewellery standards, but they caused great excitement at international exhibitions and the world's jewellers began to be concerned about their future.

Tiny flattened pearls, often yellow or red, were not what Mikimoto had set out to produce, and he intensified his efforts, planting inside the shells of healthy specially-chosen oysters various types of irritants, lowering the shells hopefully to the sea bottom and waiting for four years to examine the results. He had previously found

that grains of sand did not produce good results, while metal killed the oysters in a short time.

One day he hit upon the idea of using a tiny fragment of mother-of-pearl itself as the irritant, but most of the shellfish so treated managed to eject the tiny grains. Undeterred, he tried again, this time covering the grain with a layer of mantle (the natural lining next to the shell) from another oyster.

At last he was successful. The oysters took so little objection to this almost natural intrusion that they immediately responded by producing good round white pearls.

It was, however, a difficult task to insert the speck of mantle-covered nacre and this still remains the trickiest part of the whole undertaking.

Finally, by painstaking experiment Mikimoto discovered that there was a minute natural pocket between the stomach and kidneys of each oyster, and it was there that the speck must be planted for best results.

The finest pearls took anything up to seven years to grow in this way, and the best underwater conditions for pearl culture had still to be found. A trial was made in baskets growing oysters at different depths. At 30 feet the pearls were dull and lacking in lustre; at only a few feet beneath the surface they were reddish in colour; at 13 feet deep they were fine and sparkling.

This discovery was made in 1913, just 23 years after the first efforts were made to develop the idea. At last real success beckoned.

By 1927, Mikimoto was growing good pearls inside a million oysters a year. In 1934, his oyster farm set-up on the Kii Peninsula, Central Honshu, at the small seaport of Toba, 150 miles south-west of Tokyo, was cultivating 15 million oysters, of which about one million yielded pearls of great worth.

Jewellers, at first apprehensive, were relieved to find that cultured pearls could be distinguished from ordinary ones by illuminating the thread hole, when the opaqueness of the central core could be tested, or by X-ray or electro-magnetic methods when no hole had been bored.

Prices for cultured pearls fluctuated uncertainly for a time, but eventually settled at a pretty steady level, about one-fifth of the price of natural pearls of comparable size and beauty.

By the early 1930's, about 250,000 good Japanese pearls were sold annually, many of them to the United States, and women the world over were able to wear real pearls instead of substitutes made from plastics or glass.

Mikimoto was careful to avoid flooding the world market with his universally popular product and vast stocks of pearls were actually burned—the easiest way of destroying any pearl is to apply a flame to it—when prices fell too low.

By 1936, the industry's heyday seemed to be over; it received a set-back from which it never fully recovered, although during the past decade much work has been done to resume production on something approaching the prewar scale.



These happy, healthy-looking youngsters are all from the United Aborigines Mission home at Bomaderry, near Nowra

Although bombs destroyed Mikimoto's plant, most of the oysters on the bed of his bay grew on unharmed, so there were stocks to resume production after the war.

The three-year-old oysters, or "spats", were brought up to be "seeded" by skilled women, who were adept at cutting the living graft from an oyster, wrapping the nacre in it, and placing the whole in the mollusc being treated. In this way, they dealt with five or six dozen oysters a day and replaced them in the sea, to remain there for about seven years.

In practice, only about one oyster in every ten yields a saleable article.

Some 2,000 girls are employed as divers to bring up the oysters. They work for three short shifts of 20 minutes a day and are then exhausted. At the age of 35, they have to retire from the work. They become cold quickly and are cared for accordingly, as the most important workers in the industry.

With a monthly salary of about 15,000 yen these divers are several times better paid than office workers or factory hands. Since the American occupation they

have had to wear overall costumes, but before the war they worked clad only in trunks and goggles.

Despite his adoption of modern mass-production and selling methods, and the fact that to the end of his life he continued to receive one of the highest individual incomes in Japan, Mikimoto always retained a superstitious reverence towards the lowly creatures that made his fortune. He used to tell visiting Westerners that he ate two pearls for breakfast every morning in order to keep fit, but in reality he and his numerous workers were conscious of a strange, continual sense of guilt at destroying so many oysters.

In 1937, the pearl king built a temple dedicated to the spirits of the oysters. To the opening ceremony came 50 priests and 10,000 girls clad in their best kimonos, bearing offerings of flowers to pay tribute to the millions of humble molluscs upon which they had built success.

Kochiki Mikimoto died in 1954 at the age of 96 mourned and venerated by many thousands in Japan. With the continuance of his work, countless women the world over owe something to his vision and genius.

Burra Bee Dee Concert

Recently an enjoyable concert was held in the School Building of Burra Bee Dee. Real troupers the children were under the tuition and leadership of Barbara Sorby, who also compered the show.

Under the leadership of the Matron, a fortnight later a fancy dress dance was run to raise funds for a battery transmitter radiogram for the Station.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Hawkins, of Coonabarabran, judged the fancy dressers and had quite a job separating the

winners, and in one section declared a dead heat. The Manager thanked them for giving their time up to come to the Station, and little Denise Griffith presented Mrs. Hawkins with a basket of flowers grown on the Station as a token of appreciation. Mr. Hawkins then played the piano for the dancing for the night. The result was most gratifying as £9 3s. od. was cleared for the night. No one person could be singled out for special thanks as all put their shoulder to the wheel which made it turn successfully. Three hearty cheers were given for Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins and the singing of the Queen brought to an end a happy night.



ABORIGINES' WEEK

During Aborigines' week, one of Sydney's major stores, Farmer & Co., arranged an Aborigine Crafts Exhibition, which attracted big crowds and provoked some very favourable comment.

Writing to the Board, the Company said:—

"We appreciate your assistance in securing for us the services of Mr. John Timbery and Mr. Joe Timbery, to demonstrate Aboriginal Crafts during Aborigines' week.

We would like to say how pleased we were with their punctuality, their conscientiousness, their skill, and above all, the very pleasant manner they showed to a great number of people who watched them at work and who asked them many questions. Their personal appearance was excellent and we were very happy indeed to have had them with us for the period of two weeks."

Our Wonderful Legends Among the World's Best

Writing to the Editor of *Dawn*, Miss Mildred Norledge said :—

Dear Editor,

Firstly I would like to say how much I enjoy reading *Dawn*—it is an interesting magazine. Secondly I read the enclosed article in “The Sun-Herald”—and thought you might like to reprint it. I think that it would be quite a good idea for La Perouse to come into its own as a Tourist attraction, as far as the aboriginal citizens are concerned, it would make people more conscious of them and I feel perhaps do quite a lot of good. Not only for La Perouse, but reserves elsewhere. Mr. Simms is to be commended in making boomerangs. Did you know that Mr. Morgan, of local radio fame—for his many interesting talks on his people—also makes Aboriginal boomerangs and shields. He is quite good at making them. As far as preserving Aboriginal culture is concerned, I think that too should be.

I honestly think the legends of the Australian Aborigines are most beautiful, and are more than equal to any legends of any of the people in any part of the world. Ancient Greece and Rome did not have legends to surpass our legends of the Australian Aborigine.

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Face-Lift for Reserve

ABORIGINES AS TOURIST LURE

Aborigines living on La Perouse Reserve have hopes of a golden tourist boom if a redevelopment scheme gets Government backing.

Aboriginal boomerang manufacturer Bob Simms said: “We could make this place the greatest tourist attraction in Australia, with the proper support”.

A redevelopment scheme prepared by students of town planning at the University of N.S.W. envisages La Perouse peninsula as the showplace of Sydney.

They prepared the scheme at the request of La Perouse Progress Association.

Bob Simms said: “Most people in the Reserve agree we would get a lot more tourists if the place were rebuilt.

“Part of the Reserve could be set up to look like it was when Captain Cook arrived here.

“Some gunyahs, a few wallabies and kangaroos and we’d do the rest.

“I could get some of the boys to paint up for a corroboree, and we’d pack the tourists in.

“It would also help us preserve aboriginal culture, which is dying out in this settlement.”

The more I interview these people, the more I realize what an interesting people they are. When I think of their tribal customs, particularly in war—I wonder how many so-called civilized races would terminate a battle, because one or two have been fatally injured. Yet we read this is what the Aborigines did.

In the May edition of *Dawn* 1959, I read with interest the fact that Mrs. Kate Robinson had been employed at Yugalbar with another white resident who is still living.

In my work as research worker for our local Historical Society, I have met the white resident of Tabulam. She is so far as I know, the only white woman to have tasted the Aboriginal foods, including carpet snake. Shortly I will be interviewing her again, she has a most wonderful account of Yugalbar and the aboriginals of her time. I understand from her granddaughter—whom I know—that her grandmother is now 86 years of age.

Congratulations and every good wish for *Dawn*. Keep the good work going. Your readers may be pleased to know, that when I’ve read my copy of *Dawn* I send it to an overseas pen-friend, and she loves it.

This is the article to which Miss Norledge referred

Civic Centre

Some residents said that the aboriginal reserve in its present condition would be the biggest stumbling block to the scheme.

Others had doubts about practical aspects of the plan.

“Twenty years ago they had great schemes for putting a waterfront drive around here—and we’re still waiting for it,” said Mr. J. Fisher, a local boat builder.

“This could be a showplace all right, but it’s one thing to talk, and another to get on with the job.”

His brother, Mr. W. Fisher, had doubts about a motor yacht club being established near Yarra Point, as called for in the plan.

“We’ve been here 45 years and I can tell you it’s a pretty wild stretch of water in a southerly or westerly wind,” he said.

“There would be boats all over the rocks if they put a yacht club up there.

“The only solution would be to build a good break-water from the shore as a shelter.”

The scheme calls for a civic centre at Yarra junction, a luxury hotel, an aboriginal crafts museum, 50 acres of natural reserve, preservation of historic monuments, a model aboriginal settlement, and other features.

The senior lecturer in town planning at the University of N.S.W., Mr. J. H. Shaw, believes the redevelopment would help exploit tourist potential at La Perouse.

The plan was a long-term one, which hoped to get support from private enterprise, State and Federal Governments, and local government.

"Development of the aboriginal reserve into a first-class community centre with good-quality housing would be one of the first steps," he said.

Hangovers

"It could contain the administration offices of the Aborigines Welfare Board, and become an advisory centre for the aboriginal race."

Some of the houses, which were hangovers from the "Happy Valley" era, would have to be demolished and replaced by cottages and flats.

Overall cost of the scheme was conservatively estimated at £1-million.

A spokesman for Randwick Council said council had agreed to co-operate with the association and to support the scheme.

Burra Bee Dee Aboriginal Station COONABARABRAN, 6W

Written by: MRS. R. NICHOLLS

Burra Bee Dee Station is situated about 6 miles from the town of Coonabarabran. It comprises some 623 acres and in its acreage is a native cemetery and a high forked mountain. The Station itself is steeped in history as far as the town is concerned, and the dark people are accepted in the town and can use all its sporting facilities, the town boasting an Olympic swimming pool.

The town of Coonabarabran is situated in the Central Western Division of New South Wales in close proximity to the Warrambungle Mountains famous for their age and beauty. The climate all the year around is delightful—experiencing hot dry weather in the summer—as in all places at this time of the year, and in the winter months the temperature drops as low as 19 degrees, being influenced by many ranges.

The Aboriginal Station itself is comparatively small compared with other Stations in the State, although there is a reserve in the town as yet with only four homes erected, and a further five modern houses erected in a nearby street that would do credit to any town. It is anticipated in the near future that the Station itself will be moved into the town. Here at the Station there are only eight houses including the Manager's residence. Electricity is generated for the Manager's residence from a lighting plant and washing water is brought in pipes from a spring on the property. Drinking water is conserved in tanks.

At one time "Burra Bee Dee" ran many head of cattle, but at the present time the only live stock running on the property is one horse named "Tess"—this horse being used to bring wood for the dark people. There are also three carts, one being a light spring cart, the other two of the heavier type. The inhabitants of the Station are very fortunate in that there is a Morris truck attached to the Station, and this vehicle is used frequently for shopping trips to the town (twice weekly) and generally one night a week to the local picture theatre.

There is also a Missionary from the Australian Inland Mission who comes to hold Sunday school for the children in the small Church on the Station. At one time the children of school age attended the small school on the property, but the policy of the Aborigines Welfare Board is to assimilate these children into the white schools, so they go into the town per bus.

The scenic beauty approaching the town of Coonabarabran is superb. The sunsets are a thing of splendour, and the deep purple of the Warrambungle Ranges would be unsurpassed anywhere in the world.



Grace Mundy (Quinlin) signs the register in the church vestry while proud husband, Joe Quinlin, looks on

HISTORIC WEDDING

It is not the policy of this newspaper to pry into the married life of any citizen, but it feels that it would be failing in its duty if it allowed to pass without comment a wedding which aroused such interest in this centre, as that recently between Miss Tessa Kirby and Mr. Dezo Donaczy.

As Rev. Ray Walder pointed out at the service, the young couple provided all of us with a high example and much food for thought.

The two young people joined in the Holy Bonds of Matrominy were of a different colour, and he is what is known as a New Australian, a former Hungarian.

They found love and were married after keeping company for 12 months. She did not despise his light skin, and he did not despise her dark skin, proving that a loving heart leaves no room for prejudice.

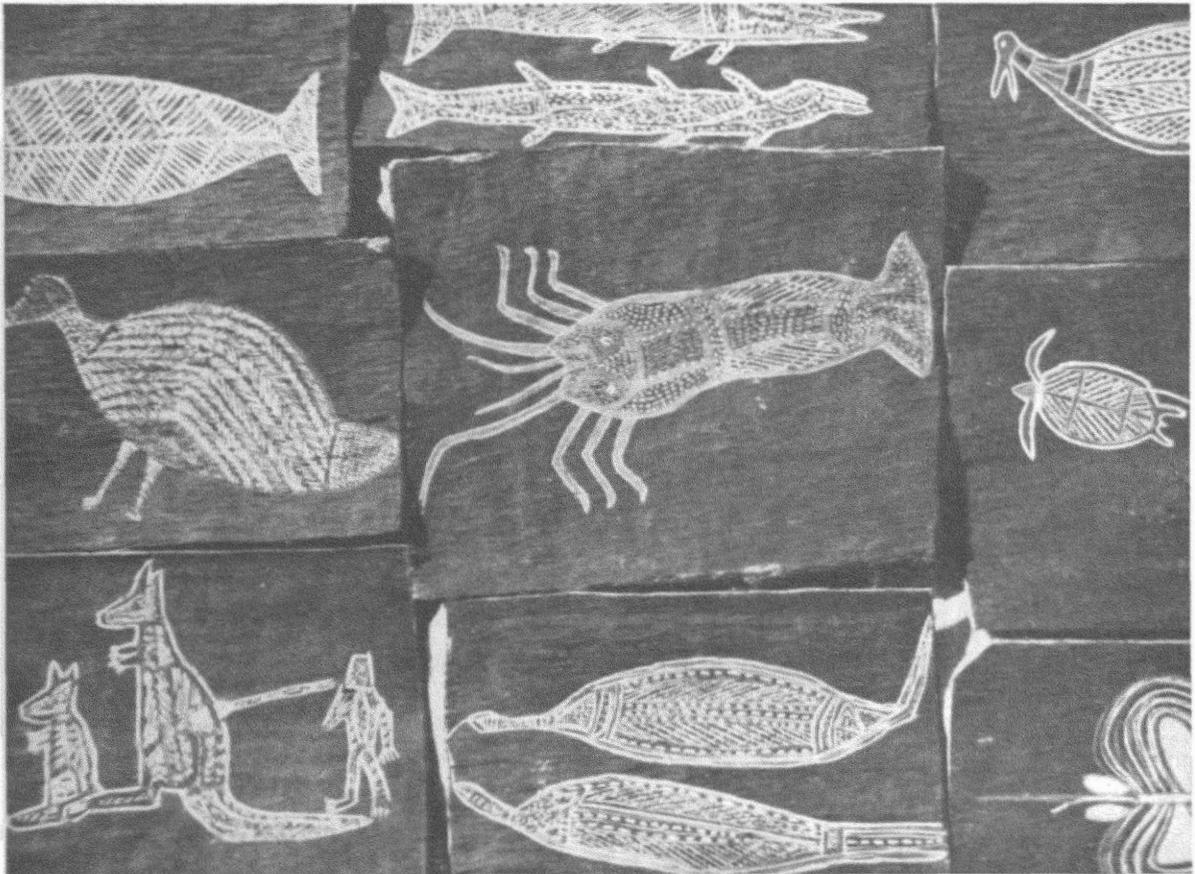
In the present time of racial strife, colour bars and lack of tolerance, Tessa and Dezo have shown the key to the problem.

Without wishing to appear dramatic we could say that their love story would be one of the most tender ever told. What prejudice they had to overcome—not of their own making, but of the brand that has been established in the British Commonwealth for centuries.

That they did so, and their love triumphed makes us wish that the story could be told all over this country and all over the world, so that others could take courage from it and do likewise.

—*The Coolamundra Herald.*

* * * * *



Bark paintings from Arnhem Land. Natural rock ochres and pipe clay have been used. The design is made on bark that has been removed from trees and straightened by heat treatment. Hunting scenes and mythical interpretations are the favourite subjects.

SWIM IN SAFETY

Swimming is a sport which exercises every part of the body. It is a popular sport from hot parts of the globe to cold parts.

It is never too late in life for a person to learn how to swim. Remember : once a swimmer, always a swimmer.

To learn to swim, however, it is best to place oneself under a trainer.

When swimming in the sea or a river, there is more risk of accident. In public swimming baths, the space is smaller and help is readily available.

SAFETY RULES

It is very important that—

1. You allow at least two hours after a meal before swimming (to avoid stomach cramp).
2. You do not go swimming alone.

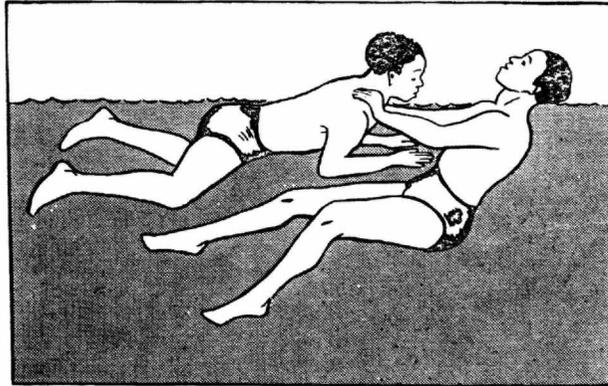
Swimmers often come into the following dangers when swimming—

1. *Swift current.* If you should be caught in a swift current, select a spot on the land some distance ahead and then swim diagonally towards it. In the sea this may not always be possible. Always swim *through* not over the waves when the sea is very rough.

2. *Cramp.* If caught by cramp (muscle pull) lie still on your back (floating) until a friend comes along to rescue you. You are conscious and must obey the instructions given you by this friend.

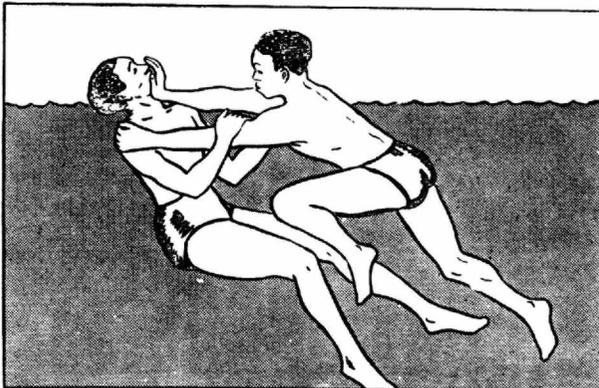
8 RESCUE SAFETY
DIAGRAMS

1



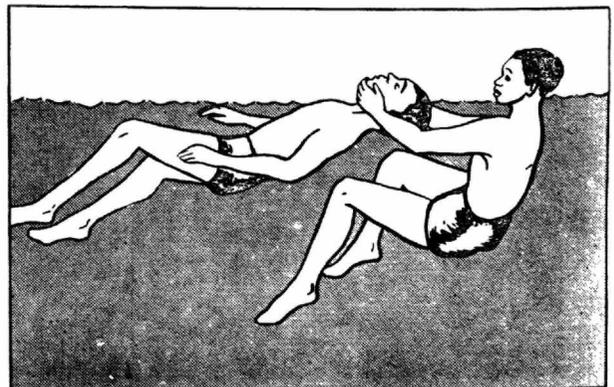
First remove your shoes and heavy clothing. If the drowning person swims well but has cramp, he can help himself by floating. As you approach, tell him to stay on his back and put his hands on your shoulders. Swimming Breast Stroke, push him in front of you

2



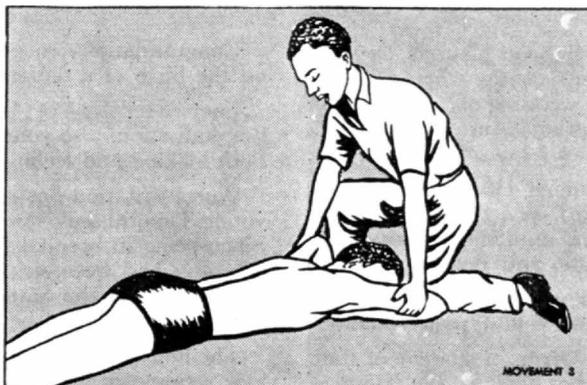
A drowning person will try to catch hold of his rescuer, which can cause both your deaths. Stop this by putting one hand on the man's shoulder and the palm of your other hand under or on his chin. Push upward and back. You may have to bring your knee against his chest.

3



Do not worry if he seems to lose consciousness, as this will help you to save him. Turn him on his back. Lie on your back, holding him above you. Place your hands on either side of his face, near his ears or jaw, and pull him to land by swimming Back Stroke.

4



For Movement 3, keeping your arms straight and taking care not to raise chest from the ground, count "6" for 1 second, lower rescued person's arms to ground and put his hands back as at first. The whole Movement takes 6 seconds. Keep going artificial respiration until breathing starts or doctor says he is dead.

5



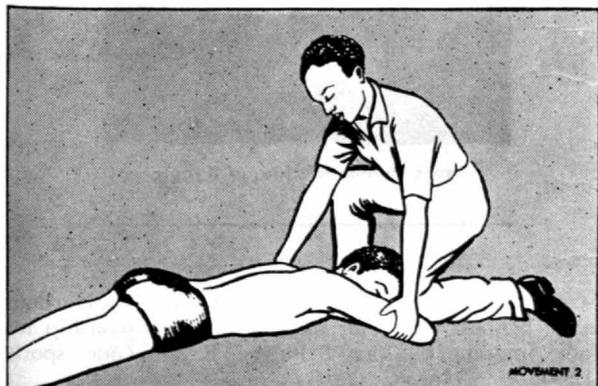
For the Holger-Neilsen Method, lay rescued person face downwards as for Schaffer's Method. Put your left knee alongside his cheek 6 to 12 inches from top of his head. Put your other foot with heel in line with his elbow. Put hands with palms on his shoulder-blades, thumbs alongside spine, and fingers towards feet.

6



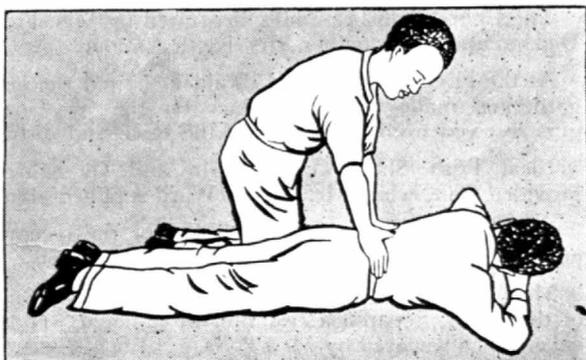
If the rescued person is unconscious, give him artificial respiration. For Schaffer's Method, lay him face downwards, his head turned slightly to one side. Place his hands one over the other, under his forehead. Face his head, kneeling below his hip. Put your hands on either side of his backbone as shown.

7



For Movement 1, keeping arms straight, move gently forward counting "1, 2." Arms should be vertical now, or almost so. For Movement 2, rock back, count "3" for 1 second, slide your hands past rescued person's shoulders until they can hold his upper arms near the elbows. Raise and pull on arms, counting "4, 5."

8



Without bending your elbows, move slowly forward until your shoulders are above your hands, letting the weight of your body press on the person's loins. Swing slowly back to your heels, relaxing the pressure. The two Movements take 5 seconds, 2 seconds being occupied by Movement 1, 3 seconds by Movement 2.

MIGRANT AND GIRL FROM HOME WED

There was a happy gathering in Scots Church, Cootamundra, one Saturday afternoon recently, when a large crowd attended to see the pretty wedding of "dinky di" Aussie Tessa Kirby and migrant Australian Dezo Donaczy.

Tessa came to the Girls' Training Home, conducted by the aborigines' Welfare Board, as a baby and spent all her life there, about 20 years, until she left to work as a domestic at Gundagai, Illabo and Bethungra.

Tessa looked charming in pink nylon with a tulle veil, carrying a bouquet of mauve and yellow pastel shades.

Her bridesmaid was Beatrice Green, a student of the Cootamundra High School, who lives at the Home. She was frocked in blue, with a matching bouquet.

The groom was attended by Chatza Balind, a fellow Hungarian, who resides at Juneec.

There was a large crowd outside the Church when Tessa arrived in Mr. Ernie Gardiner's beautifully decorated car.

She entered the Church with Mr. I. Potts, maintenance officer from the headquarters of the Board, who has been in Cootamundra supervising the construction of the new dining hall.

There were only one or two seats left in the Church as Rev. Ray Walder conducted the service.

To Dezo, Rev. Walder said, "You, who have come to Australia all the way from Hungary, have shown us something and provided a great example, together with your young wife.

"It is a fine thing you have both done, in showing that the colour of a person's skin makes no real difference."

He presented the young couple with a New Testament on behalf of his wife and himself, and urged them to build their marriage on God's word.

While the register was being signed the girls of the Home sang Psalm 23 to the tune of Crimond, made famous by the choirboys of Westminster Abbey at the wedding of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Miss Marge McClintock was at the organ.

The Church was beautifully decorated by Mrs. Frank Dickson and her daughter Mrs. Keith Armour.

At the reception later Rev. Walder chaired the large gathering, made all the brighter for the very many gifts received from the people of the town and district.

Ideal Fruit Shop, G. Goodwin and G. Murphy provided fruit, while Mr. Arthur Ward supplied cream.

Mr. Resch donated the soft drinks for the reception and Cohens and Mrs. Walkom provided the sweets.

Many people sent cakes, while matron and the girls of the home prepared a beautiful three-tiered wedding cake, which was iced by Mrs. Potts.

The new dining room looked lovely for the occasion, and Matron Hiscock, who is a mother to the girls, must have felt as proud as any mother.

Walgett News

Congratulations go out to May Doolan, of Walgett, on the birth of a daughter.

Lucy Murphy, of Walgett, has had a period of hospitalisation, also young Veronica Murray. They are both looking and feeling much better.

Walgett Station has been saddened by the passing of young Timothy Sullivan in the Walgett District Hospital. Since being in hospital from April last with pneumonia, Timothy had been sick on and off. The sympathy of all residents of the Station goes out to the parents and relatives in their sad bereavement.

The houses on Walgett Station are taking on a "gay" look. Some are painted cream and red, some cream and yellow, others blue and white. However, it will be some time before all of the twenty-two houses are completely "gay".

Children nominated for the Summer Camp are already anticipating the pleasures in store. It is really an event for the children from these Western Stations, as some of them have never been to Sydney.



Meet Dennis Ritchie, of Kyogle

Congratulations to Margaret Mercy, of Coff's Harbour Public School, who won the Senior Championship for High Jumping in the Bellinger River Zone sports recently.

She has been selected to represent Coff's Harbour in the P.S.A.A.A. Sports in Sydney during the middle week in December next.

“Called Home”

Mr. S. W. RIDGEWAY

This was true in a two-fold way for the late Mr. Sid Ridgeway . . . His simple faith and trust in the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, made him the child of a King and also our brother came from an earthly royal line—his father was king of the Karuah, Port, Port Stephens, N.S.W., people, and had set a good example to them all by witnessing a good confession for his Lord and Saviour.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Ridgeway were the first secretary and treasurer for the Australian aborigines Missionary Movement. It was he who suggested the name “A.A.M.M.”. He had many talents. He wrote the hymn “Right out in the wilds of Australia” which is included in the A.I.M. hymn sheet and has been widely used with much blessing for about thirty years.

We read of the Lord Jesus Christ that “as His custom was He went up to the house of God” and for a number of years, after coming to Sydney to live, he was a reader in the Church of Christ at Bankstown. He suffered a stroke some time ago and was not able to get about much, but in earlier years he was a first class tradesman, working as a carpenter on many building projects in the Sydney area.

He suffered a second stroke on August 28, and was laid to rest “in sure and certain hope” on Monday, August 31. Rev. E. C. Long, A.I.M. Director, conducted the funeral service and Pastor Frank Roberts, who is pastor of the Bankstown Church of Christ, also took part. The funeral was a widely representative gathering, showing the esteem in which Mr. Ridgeway was held.



These two pretty little lasses look rather war-like with their rifles

Life Story of Kelly Family

of Tarakeeth, near Urunga

By MRS. I. BONEY, OF URUNGA

It is my privilege to write about Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, my parents, who reared twelve in the second family. I have twin step-brothers, their names are Harry and Jim Kelly, and that brings the number of Kellys to fourteen.

I lost my dear mother about seven years ago here at Urunga.

My dad had a little farm up at South Arm where he used to grow vegetables and corn. He even had a poultry farm. My sister, Mrs. Allan Stuart, of 29 Phillip Street, Alexandria, Sydney, and I, used to sit up in the old barn with the help of Muriel, Madge and brothers, Stan and Tom, and Uncle Horace, husking corn by lantern light to help dad because the other brothers and sisters were all too young.

At that time, I was living with my grandmother who was always known to all her people and friends as Tilly. One of my Uncles' used to play the violin for all the dances. It was the white boys who taught us to dance and they all respected us.

I must tell you all about the Yellow Rock Reserve where all my relatives lived. They were all happy there. I'm going to tell you about my grandfather, King Ben Benalong, who used to wear a gold plate half moon as a plaque for being a King.

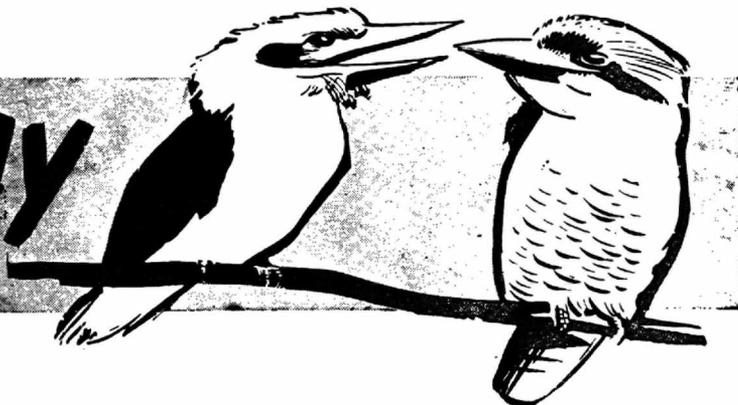
There were only three of these ever worn on the North Coast. His wife, who was called Polly, reared a family of five girls and two boys. They were classed as Princesses and Princes.

They all lived here until the Reserve was broken up and my people were all sent away to Kempsey.

The white people of Urunga and Bellingen missed these people because they were all happy there. Then my father took over Yellow Rock and has worked it up growing vegetables.

I used to work on a farm about a mile from Bellingen and it was there I finished up and got married. My husband joined the Second A.I.F. with my brothers Stan and Uncle Amos's brother-in-law, Tom Brown. They all sailed overseas but all returned safe.

THEY SAY



PEN FRIENDS WANTED

Six girls from Green Hills have written to **Dawn** looking for some boy pen friends between the ages of 15 and 20.

These girls, whose addresses are Post Office, Green Hills, North Coast, are Valarie Hoskins, Gloria Mumble, Pam Dickson, Betty Smith, Mavis Jackey and Zona Moran.

Their hobbies are football, swimming and dancing (especially Rock-n-roll.)

How about some letters, fellows?

Mr. James Morgan of Box Ridge Aborigine Reserve, was recently again the guest speaker on the programme sponsored by the Richmond River Historical Society on 2LM on Sunday evenings. Mr. Morgan gave another of his interesting talks on Aboriginal Tribal Law and Customs. These talks are proving very popular. Mr. Morgan has a good radio speaking voice. The Historical Society and listeners hope to hear him again, and any future talks that Mr. Morgan will make will, I'm sure, be as greatly appreciated by all.

All these talks have been most interesting.

EXEMPTION CERTIFICATE

John Francis Walker

John Francis Walker, aged 25, of La Perouse, is receiving congratulations on his being recently granted an Exemption Certificate.

Mr. Walker, who is a married man with two children, has a good job at the Prince Henry Hospital, where he is employed as a wardsman.

The Supervisor of the Aborigines' Reserve at La Perouse said Mr. Walker was a very good type of citizen. He owns his own racing boat and is a member of the La Perouse Football Team.



They say Jack Walker, of Tabulam, never smiles. We wonder why

Little Miss Jenny Roberts of Kyogle is an enthusiastic Hockey player. Jenny we are pleased to say is included in the A grade team of Kyogle High School. Good luck, Jenny, and may you have many more outings playing for your team.

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Wilma and Pat Albert of Palm Island, after their wedding