

# Dawn

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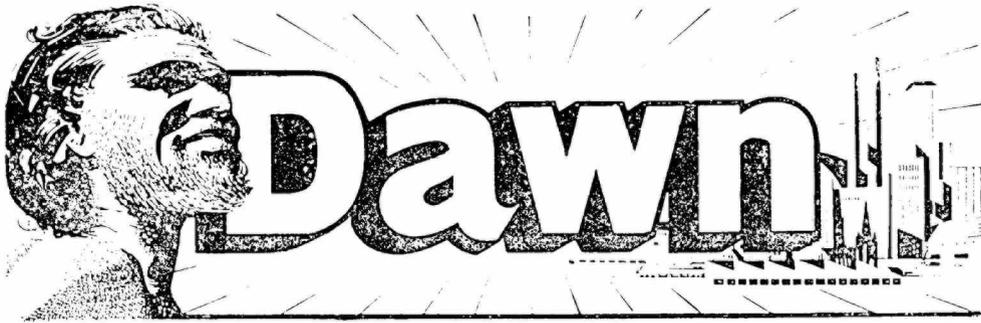
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A MAGAZINE FOR THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE OF N.S.W.

OCTOBER, 1966





## Our Cover . . .

This splendid type of aboriginal citizen is Alex Stanley a very well-known and respected resident of Moree.

*Photo by courtesy of Petschler Studios, Moree.*



## "DAWN"

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

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

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# Aborigines say . . .

## “SUBURBANITES ARE KIND”

This letter, which appeared in one of our suburban papers, indicates the interest and sympathy expressed by many white people for our aborigines :—

(TO THE EDITOR.)

Sir.—I am interested in the reference to our aborigines in your last issue.

My knowledge of the full-blooded aborigines is, like most other people's, second hand. But I did some research on mixed bloods in the metropolitan area in 1950.

There are a surprising number of these, estimated then as about 2,000, mostly settled around La Perouse and Redfern, but there are other groups and scattered families and individuals, including several in the Shire of Hornsby.

As far as I could ascertain, the original Port Jackson tribe completely died out, and these are all immigrants or descendants of immigrants, from other parts of the State.

### Better Chance.

They give a number of reasons for moving to the city, but all centre on the experience that they have a better chance here than in most country districts.

Several of them astonished me by saying that they found city people “so kind”.

One elderly woman told me that she had more than once been offered a seat in a crowded La Perouse tram by a young white man or woman, and a young mother, living in Alexandria mentioned that white neighbours had thought that her little girl was sick and had called to ask about her.

In other words, they had met with the ordinary courtesy and kindness that decent white people extend to each other as a matter of course, and to them it was an entirely new experience.

### Shy and Sensitive.

I suggest that white people of goodwill who come into contact with aborigines should bear in mind that they are shy and sensitive, and often lonely, that they fear to make friendly advances because of a long history of past rebuffs; and, like people of any other colour in similar circumstances, they easily imagine that they are slighted, even when slights are not intended.

Little acts of unobtrusive courtesy and friendliness can be worth an immense amount to them, because they represent not merely good manners, but an acknowledgment to them of human fellowship and equality “long desired and long delayed”.

This is something that any ordinary citizen can contribute to the solution of the problem.

There are other things we could do here and now, besides, but the question is complicated, and I have not the space to discuss it here.

ESTHER WAIT,  
27 Manor Road,  
Hornsby.



This lovely lass, all ready for the Summer, is Elaine Newman, of Karuah. Throughout New South Wales there are thousands of young people eagerly awaiting the hot weather again.



## MORE EXEMPTIONS GRANTED

At its last meeting, the Board approved of the issue of Certificates of Exemption to the following :—

Name.	Age.	Address.
Binge, John .....	53	84 Barwon Street, Narrabri.
Blakeney, Annie (Mrs.) .....	55	Box Ridge Aboriginal Reserve, Coraki.
Darcy, Harry Victor .....	56	28 Railway Lane, Coonamble.
Farrell, Leslie Douglas Henry .....	27	7 Rydalmere Avenue, Parramatta.
Hammond, Ethel Violet .....	42	Aborigines Reserve, Gulargambone.
Holten, William Henry .....	31	Tacking Point, Port Macquarie.
Lovelock, Mary Jane .....	31	Summervale Aborigines Reserve, Walcha.
Murray, Oscar .....	65	Aborigines Reserve, Goodooga.
Phillips, Harry .....	80	Nanima Aboriginal Reserve, Wellington.
Phillips, Nelly (Ellen) .....	62	Nanima Aboriginal Reserve, Wellington.
Porter, Norman John .....	42	Caroona Aboriginal Station, via Quirindi.
Ritchie, Allan Thomas .....	33	McDonaldtown Hostel, McDonaldtown.
Robinson, Walter .....	68	Eager Street, Coraki.
Shillingsworth, Alfred .....	40	Aborigines Reserve, Condoblin.
Sines, Norman .....	40	Stewarts Island, Nambucca Heads.
Stewart, Brian Arthur .....	21	150 Pierce Street, Wellington.
Stewart, Christopher .....	60	Tallawalla Sawmill, Kangaroo Valley.
Thaidy, James Lance .....	24	Bellwood, Nambucca Heads.
Trindall, Bernie Claude .....	34	30 Barwon Street, Narrabri.
Walford, Mary Ann .....	21	Kingston
Wedge, Isabel Agnes .....	43	Aboriginal Station, Cowra.

## Annual Summer Camp

The Board will hold its Annual Summer Camp for children, nine years to thirteen years, from the outback centres, at La Perouse from January 6th to 20th, 1957.

Names of those fortunate children who will be attending the Camp, are now being collected, and all the detailed arrangements to give them a good time are under way.

It is hoped that the 1957 Camp will be as great a success, if not a greater, than previous Camps.



This happy little lass is Irene Mitchell, one of the Cootamundra Girls. One of the Board's problems these days is to persuade the girls to leave the Home.

# Memories

by

W. K. BOXSELL, Wallendbeen.

What "girls" hold memories of Matron La Mont, Miss Wales and Miss Owen, of the Cootamundra Training School—we won't say how many years ago?

No doubt there were many other good women who served in the same capacity, but as I look back, I see grand work done under the firm wise hand of Matron La Mont.

Possibly, it was the handful of boiled lollies I received on a shy visit, when my father sent me to the Home with a billy-cart filled with vegetables from his garden, or a parcel from my mother.

No, I am sure there are some "girls" about to-day who will agree with me, that it was the grand inspiring quality in Matron La Mont and her co-workers, at that time, that fills minds with memories of combined love and pride.

On a hot summer evening I have sat on the rail of a front verandah, on the hill opposite to the Home, and listened in the glow of the setting sun to voices harmonising, with light and shadow across the gully as the girls trained for a concert.

Is it any wonder I hold memories of Miss Wales, the girls' teacher (in residence), filling this evening hour after a day's heat and drudging with the harmony of song and hymn.

From the concerts performed there was bought a piano, a wireless and the pride of the Home, a Chevrolet 4 car—what proud and cherished articles from the girls' own personal effort.

Who remembers Miss Owen's pet opossums? Oh yes! I remember them. It was another hot evening in another long, hot, dry summer, water was carried up a worn path from the dam at the foot of the hill. A large round tub was placed in the centre of the cherished flower plots in the court yard—by the passage between the buildings.

Miss Owen was the little Welsh lady in charge of the cooking, she had befriended several little funny friends, who at dusk came bounding along the guttering for their evening morsel—"Willie" was to see the pets fed: backing back to get a better view, then there was a splash, Willie was in the tub of red, muddy water in his new nicker-bocker Sunday suit. Yes, I remember Miss Owen and her pets!

I remember a grand trio of women serving life in a grand style—and service leaves its mark on time.

# Books for Condobolin

## *Fine Gesture by Rotary*

A very fine gesture was made by Condobolin Rotarians recently when they presented a library of books to the Condobolin Aboriginal School.

Today the younger generation are learning to appreciate good books more and more and the books provided by Condobolin Rotarians will surely be put to good use:—

(a) In this picture we see some of the pupils admiring the books. The boys and girls could hardly wait for the official ceremony of "handover" to be completed and the visitors on their way, before they began choosing their favourites.

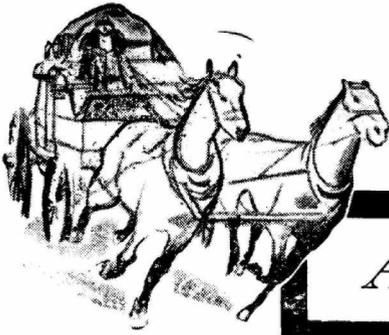
(b) Here we see Rotary Anne L. McKinnon, President Elect Alan McKinnon, and President Basil Gaggin, handing the books over to Fay and Andrew Sloan who accepted them on behalf of the rest of the pupils. On the right of the picture are Rotarian Colin Wheeler (the teacher-in-charge) and Rotarian Bill Hastie.



**Aborigines School, Condobolin, showing Rotary handover of library books. Teacher and children admire the books.**



**Rotary Anne L. McKinnon, President Elect Alan McKinnon (Elect), President Basil Gaggin, handing books over. Fay and Andrew Sloan who accepted the books. Rotarian Colin Wheeler, Teacher-in-Charge, Rotarian Bill Hastie.**



## ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

### Notes from Ungundahi

At present there are not many natives on the Ungundahi Reserve, and the school has been closed.

All children attend the Primary and Intermediate High School at Maclean. They are doing well, and are freely accepted by the other children.

During Education Week, we attended the school, and were very pleased at the progress of the pupils, and at the high standard of work being done by the Aboriginal children. We were also able to show all children boomerangs and other native weapons.

The sugar-cane cutting season is in progress in our area at present. Ten of the Ungundahi men are now engaged on the Lower Clarence, cutting sugar-cane and are well spoken of by the farmers. A number of the men play football very successfully with local teams.

Some of the other Ungundahi men, and women, are at present picking peas for local growers, for the Sydney market.

Church services are held regularly on the Reserve and residents attend the various Churches at Maclean.

The Ungundahi residents have the usual problems to solve and the difficult bridges to cross, but by taking the broader views, they hope to overcome them.

### Two Actors Meet at La Perouse School

Shakesperian actor met Shakesperian actor at the La Perouse public school recently.

The two actors are Peter Finch and 11-year-old aboriginal Reg Weigand—Reg Wiggins on the stage.

Finch met Reg in the classroom while on a tour of the school.

Reg, one of the school's star actors, played Olivia's page in the Elizabethan Theatre production of Twelfth Night a few months ago.

He has also starred in school productions and had "bit" parts in movies.

#### He Prefers Football!

While he was shaking hands, Peter Finch asked Reg, "Which do you like best, acting or football?"

Reg, with a flashing, white-toothed grin, said, "I'd rather play football!"

Reg later presented Finch with a boomerang as he was leaving the school.

Peter Finch made the trip to La Perouse school after he had seen it featured in the film, "Proud Heritage," at the Alice Springs premiere of "A Town Like Alice."

Pupils from the school were featured in the film.

Johnny Monsell was a main-fight attraction at Urbenville when he met Stan Hayward at a Tournament in aid of the Woodenbong-Urbenville Ambulance. Nice work, John!

\* \* \* \*

Who are the boys doing all the gardening at the Woodenbong School these days? Next time I might mention the best worker.



These two pretty lasses live a long, long way from Sydney. They are Ruby Lander and Barbara Khan of Tibooburra.

# Aboriginal Choir Praised



With the praises of the adjudicator still ringing in their ears, this happy group of aboriginal schoolchildren from Tabulam are obviously delighted at the success that came their way in the schools' choral festival recently. The headmaster, Mr. Soorley, has reason to be proud of his charges, whose singing was warmly commended by the adjudicator, Mr. Hollands.

## GRANNY SAMPSON PASSES ON—CAROONA'S OLDEST RESIDENT

"Granny" Sampson, Caroona's oldest resident, passed away at Caroona on 18th August, 1956, at the age of 91.

Granny was spry and active until the day before her death, when she had a bad fall, from which she never recovered. The funeral service was held at Caroona, the Rev. Newton Bagnell officiating, and was attended by a large number of people, representing the whole community.

With the passing of Granny, we have lost one of our few remaining links with the old Walhallow station, where she worked for over 50 years.

She was married at the age of eighteen to Alfred Sampson, and had a total of 275 descendants, 12 children, 147 grandchildren, 118 great grandchildren, and 8 great-great-grandchildren, of whom 241 are living today.

Granny had a good memory, and her reminiscences of the old were featured over the air, and in articles in the Press. Granny, with her stick and great activity were a part of the atmosphere of Caroona station, and will be sadly missed.

# Some North Coast Folk

Many of our aboriginal people live along the North Coast of New South Wales and here the cameraman has captured a few of them in different moods.



Taking advantage of a rare fine day, Mavis Jacky and Sid Button went along to the nearest beach to relax and enjoy themselves.



This musical young man is known as the boogie woogie king of the North Coast. He is Clarrie Newman of Karuah.



Introducing Mr. and Mrs. Cook of Green Hills. Mrs. Cook managed a smile but hubby was just a bit doubtful what it was all about.



This young lass modelling the very latest in Summer beach wear is Marjorie Smith of Green Hills.



One of the glamour girls of the future. This lovely little lass, looking so very demure at the moment, is Gail Smith of Green Hills.



This husky young fellow, obviously getting quite a kick out of life, is Gordon Jacky of Kempsey.

# Murrin Bridge Stands Fast

*People Display Courage*

*by G. Carlin.*

Excellent morale was maintained at Murrin Bridge Station despite the severe flood conditions.

Due to the many months of constant rain and heavy snows on the tablelands, the Lachlan River on which Murrin Bridge is situated, rose to an all time high flood level. The Station has been cut off from all road traffic for a period of over two months, and looks like being for a further month or two. Despite this and the fact that very few of the residents have been able to move off the Station during this time, I am pleased to say that a very happy and understanding feeling has been maintained throughout.

The Station has been in no danger of being flooded, although at one time the flood water was within fifteen feet of my house. It has now moved a little further away, and believe me, my chickens were very pleased for they were the only residents that had to be evacuated.

Supplies of food stuffs and vital stores have all had to be transported across the flooded river by the Station boat, and although no very serious accidents have occurred there have been quite a number of very amusing incidents. Mrs. Cobar Williams will, I am sure, remember the day when the engine failed in midstream and Mr. Sully, myself and a number of residents had an exciting few moments when we were all being carried down stream. I can verify that the Lachlan River water is very very cold.

I wonder if Mannie Johnson and Len Bowden still remember the day they walked across the flooded river on their return from Burke ?

To return to a more serious matter, the Management and everyone on the Station is extremely grateful to Mr. Joe Orr, our local baker, for without his unfailing co-operation and wonderful help, things would have been much more difficult and unpleasant than they have been. I know we all appreciate the fact that never once has Mr. Orr been asked to do anything or convey anything for us without it being done at once, without payment.

We would also like to thank Mr. Jimmie Woods. When crossing the river was impossible without a boat engine, he came to our rescue by lending us his, and once again, without payment. This engine has now been returned to Mr. Woods with all our thanks as we have now received one from the Board.

I am sure we are all looking forward to that bright sunny day when the Station vehicle will once again be on its way into town with all on board. In the meantime, I would very much like to thank all the residents and staff for their co-operation and help during this difficult period.

# Woodenbong Ways

*by A. Duggai.*

Sympathy goes out to all friends and relatives of Ralf Close who died in such tragic circumstances. It must have been a wonderful help to Ralf's wife, Bertha, to see the three hundred mourners who shared her grief at the funeral of her husband. The Station Church was crowded and a large group was forced to wait outside while Pastor Roberts and white Brethren from Bonalbo conducted a solemn and dignified service. Mrs. Close is left a widow with eight small children so we know that many will stand by her as true Christian friends in her time of need.

\* \* \* \*

Just one day before the burial of Ralf Close, the funeral of Jerry Logan took place on the Station. Jerry was found dead in his bed without prior sickness to warn his friends. Our sympathy is extended to his mother, Mrs. Eva Brown, his brother and all his friends and relatives.

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations on recent births go to Wynne Gordon, Toni Monsell, Ruth Culham, Dorothy Miles, Ella Cavanagh, Netta Boyd and Merle Bundi. Quite a crop of youngsters, isn't it? Wynne was in a hurry so she had her daughter on the Station.

\* \* \* \*

The young people of the Station were bitterly disappointed when they learned they were *not welcome* at the Woodenbong Youth Club, but have cheered up a little at the prospect of having a Club of their own, right at home on the Station. Congratulations go to those fine people from Woodenbong who have braved criticism in agreeing to accept responsibility for the running of the Station Club.

\* \* \* \*

Our thanks go to Mrs. Hyde, of Woodenbong, for her kind assistance in taking care of Ida and Babs Sandy for a few days before their recent transfer to Cootamundra Girls' Home. Mrs. Hyde is one lady with a heart in the right place.

\* \* \* \*

Lena and Eric King leave the Station to live at Boomi, with all our best wishes for a happy and successful future. We'll miss the green Austin coming to and fro.



# Help Yourself



## NAIL POLISH WATERPROOFS MATCHES.

Hunters and fishermen who need a supply of waterproof matches to take on trips can make them by dipping wooden kitchen matches in clear nail polish. In addition to waterproofing the matches, this treatment will cause them to burn better, and even stay lit in a strong wind. In dipping, the polish should be allowed to cover about half of the matchstick.

\* \* \* \*

Rubber gloves will have a longer useful life if tips of the fingers are protected from sharp fingernails. Simply place a small pad of cotton inside the tip of each finger so that the soft rubber will be protected when the gloves are pulled on tightly.

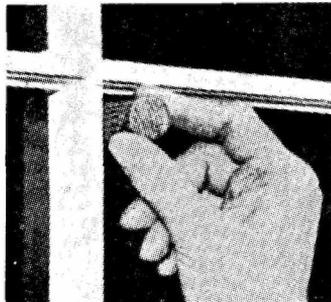


\* \* \* \*

A mirror can be cleaned and polished at the same time by adding a little starch to the water when washing the glass. Or rub a little alcohol or spirits of camphor on the mirror to brighten it. Never remove paint from a mirror with a razor blade, as this may scratch the glass. Instead, wash the paint off with a solution of hot vinegar.

\* \* \* \*

Bottle corks are fine glass cleaners. Rubbed over spots on windowpanes and mirrors, they clean them almost instantly without a cleaning agent. For getting into the difficult corners of windows, the sides of the cork may be trimmed to fit the spot before using it.



\* \* \* \*

Keep a small toothbrush in the kitchen specifically for cleaning the beaters of your electric or hand mixer. With it you easily can reach all those hard-to-clean surfaces of the beaters in a short time.

## POINTERS ON PAINTING.

Before opening a can of paint, turn it upside down for a little while and it will mix better when opened . . . Before starting a paint job, rub a little cold cream or petroleum jelly on your hands to make them easier to clean after the painting is finished . . . a preparatory cleaner for painted walls may be made at home by mixing household ammonia, 1 cup; vinegar, 1/2 cup; baking soda, 1/4 cup, and water, 1 gal. No rinsing is necessary with this pre-painting washdown.

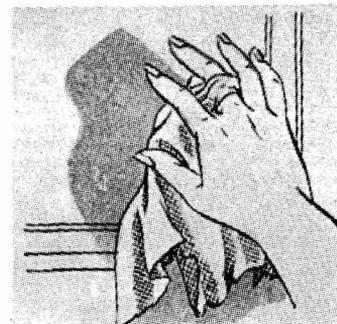
\* \* \* \*

Faded and dingy carpet can be restored in colour if it is sponged, a small portion at a time, with hot water to which a little ammonia has been added. Rub the area of the carpet dry after sponging.



\* \* \* \*

Cloths for washing walls or windows won't drop from your hands when you are at the top of a ladder if you cut a double slit in the centre of the cloth and insert one finger through it. This will save you many extra trips up and down the ladder.



\* \* \* \*

Bathroom mirrors which are subjected to an unusual amount of dampness will remain clear and unclouded much longer if a coat of clear shellac is brushed over their back surfaces. This will serve to seal out the moisture. A plastic spray also can be used.



### A BRIDEGROOM SAYS THANK YOU.

Mr. William Green of Tabulam writes . . . . .

"Would you please extend to me, an opportunity of expressing my thanks through our magazine *Dawn*, to the many people who helped to make my wedding ceremony so pleasant.

In particular I would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Levine, and Mr. and Mrs. Soorley.

I hope that all those concerned will please accept this as my personal thanks."

## The Battle at Wilcannia

The flood waters are still holding out at Wilcannia, and the Aborigines are finding it hard to battle out an existence without the comforts of their homes. The flood waters reached a new peak, at 36-feet 6-inches stationary, and it is expected that it will be some time before they will take up residence again as the Settlement has gone wild with vegetation, even the gardens have gone wild. There is very little hope of anyone being settled in properly before Christmas as it will take some time to clear the area. A working bee will have to be enlisted to do the job before anyone can move in. The Settlement has been completely surrounded by water, and there is plenty of snakes to get rid of in order to

make the place safe for young children. When it became necessary to strengthen the levee bank to cope with the second rise in the Darling River, sand bags were flown from Sydney to do the job. A gang of volunteer aborigines worked for a whole week filling the bags and placing them in position. They did an excellent job as the flood waters rose nearly to the top of the sand bags, but they never looked like weakening, although they were under a very heavy strain when early wind storms hit the place.

As the St. Theresa Mission School is under water, school has been going on at the Burke Park Show grounds for the larger children only (the younger ones were kept home). There is little doubt the school on the settlement will not open until next year as the ground has had a more severe soaking and it will not dry out properly for months as it is all black soil. Progress on the Settlement has been hampered because of the flood waters, and all sport has been dropped for the present. Those unfortunate people who were just making head-way with their gardens and painting operations had to stop when the flood waters reached the Settlement.

However, a progress committee will be formed when the residents return to the Settlement again, and will endeavour to collect enough funds to erect a Recreation Hall. A women's committee is also working on a cooking class, and a sewing class project, which they expect to be under way as soon as everyone returns. A long range programme has been drawn up by the Progress Committee and we wish them the very best of luck in their venture. Quite a number of the residents are anxious to get back to their homes now that the hot weather is beginning to set in as the water situation on the Town side of the River is rather serious, and very soon the mosquitoes, sandflies, and house flies will be on the move. These pests will cause much discomfort for the people who are camped in tents, but every effort will be made to get them back to their homes as quickly as possible after the flood waters recede.

Transport is one big problem in itself as there are approximately 250 aborigines to move back across the river when it goes down, and very few of them have transport of their own. This means that those who have transport will have to help the rest to move. All this will take time, as some of the people left a lot of their furniture in the houses when they shifted, but the majority took everything with them. However, the spirits have risen considerably now that the water looks like going down, although it will take some time for it to clear off completely.



This young fellow with the southpaw stance is Cyril Bayley, a promising young lightweight from Condobolin.



# 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.



This is a picture of Walter Bright. Does anyone know where he is? If so please contact Mr. Len Kirby of Murrin Bridge.



Here we have Mrs. Strong of Tingha and Dulcie Brown of Woodenbong.



All dressed up (or undressed!) and ready for the sun are Velvaleen Mumbler and Mary Cochrane of Hat Head.



This pretty lass with the lovely long hair is Summer Williams of Woodenbong.



The lass with the nice smile is Shirley Clarke of Wilcannia.



Just look at that perfect smile! The wearer is Mrs. Phyllis Davis of Bellwood.



**A park bench made a very good background for Mrs. Bonnie Missit of Condobolin when she posed for her picture.**



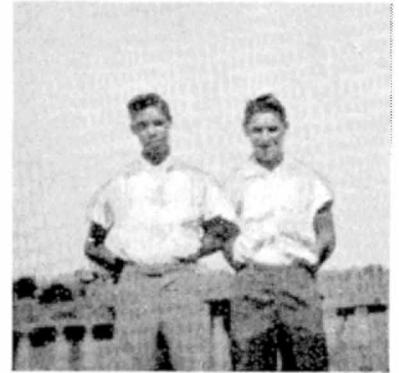
**Jack Bullock of Burnt Bridge is a real music maker, and naturally, he's very popular.**



**This is Mrs. Isabel Kirby of Murrin Bridge.**



**Alfie Hordern of Condobolin can supply some hot jive if you like it.**



**These two young fellows are Wally Munro and Owen Blair of Tamworth.**



**Eric Strong of Guyra, just couldn't raise that smile for the cameraman.**



**This perfect specimen of young manhood is Kenneth Moylan. We could safely hazard a guess that one day, and not too far distant, he'll be a champion footballer.**



**Here we see Amos Harvey of Coff's Harbour and some of his friends in Ceylon.**

# Great Barrier Reef

by DARCY NILAND

Beyond the coast of Capricorn, still to the east, lazes the satellite of Queensland, the greatest mass of coral in the world, the Great Barrier Reef. It runs for nearly 2,000 miles, from Bramble Bay to Lady Elliott Island. It fences an area of 80,000 square miles of water, most of which is uncharted. You could put Lake Superior in it twice and still have room for a thousand islands.

Don't imagine the Reef to be a sort of coralline Great Wall of China, projecting above the surface of the sea. It's not. In some places it is submerged deeply; in others it forms archipelagoes of islets all named by poetic sailormen . . . Trinity Bay, Herald's Prong, Throne Shoal, Guardfish Cluster, Tam o' Shanter Point, Pandora Passage.

There are sufficient uninhabited islands to divide among the homeless hermits of the world. Some of these are true atolls with reefs and lagoons of their own. Others are mainland islands, or the peaks of drowned ranges.



Following the line of the subsident Continental shelf, the reef varies greatly in its distance from the mainland. In some places towards the north it is within sight of the shore. In others going south it veers out to sea for 200 miles, so that an arrowhead channel of water divides it from the coast. Scientists speculate on the cause.

Some believe that the Barrier was at first a fringing reef, but was separated from the shore as the land sank, either through erosion or earthquake. Others think that the outflow of the fresh-water rivers kept the reef well out to sea. Whatever happened, the coral animalcules continue to build. In time the Barrier will become so high as to be an immensely long narrow island extending from New Guinea to half-way down the eastern Australian seaboard.

Your connections are strung all along the coast, depending on which island you have settled for—Lindeman, Orpheus, Brampton, Daydream, Dunk. You've come by train, bus, or plane, or by all three. A launch will take you the rest of the way. To some of the islands, Hayman for instance, you can travel direct by flying boat from all major cities.

Our own first destination was Long Island. The comfortable launch headed out into the Whitsunday Passage, Captain Cook's highway, towing a couple of maple-coloured young men on surf skis. They bumped placidly along in our soapy wake for upwards of two hours.

Thousands of small yellow butterflies fluttered just above the surface of the water, making a sea migration of several miles from one isle to another. We sat on top of the cabin. The wind blew in a steady tumult from the gulf, the same wind that stacked the canvas of the first white men's ships; the questing *Portugese's Eredia*, and the seeker for Spain, proud, fierce *Torres*. Nothing seemed to have changed in 400 years.

It was impossible not to feel the sense of floating towards some strange extra-terrestrial secret of discovery, as the islands streamed out of the heat haze cloaking the horizon. Over some hung a mirage. They had become detached from the water hovering a few feet above it. Some had stalks like mushrooms.

Far out we saw small, smoky waterspouts. They marked the northward passage of the pregnant hump-backed whales, drifting up to the tropical calving grounds. In the early days, the whalers came from England and America after the fat catches in the Coral Sea. Along this very coast, too, you may often find the gigantic shells of Galapagos turtles, caught in those thorny islands by the American whalers and brought halfway around the world alive, to be finally eaten in some wild feast on an Australian shore.

Other traders came along this coast, too, notably those who made grisly commerce in tattooed heads lopped from the shoulders of New Zealand natives. Dried and preserved, these hideous specimens were used as household ornaments.

Our host was an ex-keeper of luxury hotels, a man who had catered for the Duke of Gloucester during his Australian vice-regal term. In his middle years he had announced his intention of climbing into khaki shorts and an Hawaiian shirt and staying on the Reef. Before long he had leased a sizeable lump of Long Island and set up in business as a camp proprietor. Witty, worldly and cultured, Reg Brook is typical of how amazing is the variety of personality among the Reef men.

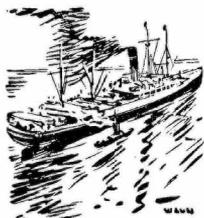
Anybody, he said, can lease or rent an island from the Queensland Government. All he needs is a fishing line, a rifle and a few packets of vegetable seed and he can live happily for the rest of his days.

He said nothing of toil, but Reg and his wife and two sons had worked for two years to build their chalet-type camp—the ten white huts and the rustic, low-slung, windowy dining-room under the poinciana tree; to plant and establish the flourishing gardens and orchards.

Unlike most of the Whitsunday Group, this island has a natural spring of its own, as well as an artesian bore which supplies the shower-rooms. Artesian water is piped up from the bowels of the earth in much the same way as oil. It has a curious quality, bursting from the faucet with a flash like a chandelier, as though astonished at its rush from subterranean darkness into light. Water has its value on the islands. Even the glamour tourist resorts, Hayman and Daydream, were paying a shilling a gallon for it that season.

Water to sustain the native flora and fauna comes from the blows—those sudden squalls that fume up from nowhere. The wind strikes shriekingly; then with a roar the rain comes, in sheet upon sheet like a series of bamboo curtains.

There are Reef islands where you can wear white tie and tails every night and be served dinner by a dress-suited waiter with an English accent; there are islands where you can get room service, French brandy, caviar; but on Long Island, and most others, we got plainer but good food and plenty of it; in fact, if you didn't back your cart in twice, the chef came out of the kitchen and asked what was the matter with you.



Meals were served by John Brook—when they run out of Tony Curtises, Hollywood might give him a ticket—in starched white shorts and shirt and bare feet. The guests mostly wore the same, though some went conventional and put on their sandals.

After tea we congregated on the beach, around a bonfire, singing and yarning—all except the fishermen, who were dark humps out on the lagoon until late at night.

Sometimes a man landed with a catch that had not had time to lose the gemlike quality that belongs to a live fish. Reef fish not only fight to take the hook, they taste exquisite and look like dreams. The coral cod wears a radiant pink, polka-dotted with blue: he grows to about 40 lb. weight. The savage king snapper is blue and ruby, broad in the beam. The red-mouthed emperor is ink-blue with rakish fins as red as his lips.

The magnificent Spanish mackerel is the principal sporting fish of the Reef: he has the lines of a jet fighter. The largest caught by an amateur, using

36-thread line, went nearly 67 lb. Professional fishermen have caught mackerel up to 120 lb. Mackerel run in the Whitsunday Passage during the winter months—June to October. Other fighters are the queenfish, the giant trevalli, and the truculent giant pike, which is pretty much the same as the American barracuda, and much feared by skin divers.

Out in the deeper waters, marlin and many kinds of shark draw sportsmen. This was not a Zane Grey fishing paradise for nothing; but the average Reef visitor gets as much fun out of the smaller stuff, albicore, tuna and yellowtail kingfish.

Just to look at the Reef fish is a delight. We spent hours lying on the rocky shelves which protrude like ruined piers into the water. Here we could gaze down into the deep, peacock pools where tiny orange-banded fish, quite circular in shape, flit about in the sinister pits of rotten coral. Their movement is that of flying beetles, lightning angularity. Other fish are the livid blue of a butterfly's wing. They swim in close-packed schools, which, like irregular blocks of opal, reflect light through the water. Then may come six or seven little patches of darkness, fish perfectly black and velvety, with petulant lips. One of these spotted our shadow in the water and spoke.

“Moop,” he said.

Somebody in the party, a shell collector, was interested in getting a specimen of the beautiful cone shell and wondered if they were easily found. I recalled the case, only a few months previously, of the tourist who died because of his ignorance of this gaily-striped killer. The cone is one of the rare shellfish which can defend themselves. Its weapon is an intensely sharp, poisonous spike which it can dart into the hand of an unwary investigator.

One of the Reef men, Jack Hannah, told us of a dramatic fight for life. Out on the main reef he had been fossicking with a friend who found a cone shell he thought was dead.

The lethal thing drove its spike deep into his palm, and the poison syringed into his bloodstream. This unclassified poison is a rapid paralysing agent, causing the victim to double up in agony. By the time Jack got his friend aboard their launch and bound for the mainland hospital, he had already despaired of saving his life. They had a meal cooking aboard. Jack took a scalding hot onion out of the stewpot and closed his friend's paralysed fingers upon it. The man's face was twisted with pain. Tough as he was, tears came to his eyes.

Cold, clammy, shaking, he lay only half conscious on the deck, but the onion was still clutched in his hand, burning and scarifying. Jack got him to hospital. He lived. He lost all the skin of his hand. He still bears the scars, but that fantastic bit of first aid had worked.

After only a few days I knew that the Reef men had attained perfection in their manner of living. The feeling did not leave me, but rather was emphasised in every island I visited. I remember especially the way the heat pings silently on your flesh . . . the sky aglare with sunlight . . . an emptiness of languorous heat. The winds blow with the smell of fruit, the scent of hothouse flowers, the distant tang of the guano islands where the vast clouds of migrant seabirds nest.

There is a ghost in the air; the ghost of the teeming, hustling centuries, the tides of the human race. What little importance they seem to have, and yet you suffer a pang of nostalgia for all that courage and ambition and resource that meant so much then but, here in this outlier of the world, means nothing at all. There is no loneliness, though; only peace, a sermon of solitude. The Reef people know it. Although they have radios, they never listen.

The great coral rampart has watched many a tragedy. Captain James Cook, the man who was reared in Yorkshire, to become the discoverer of Australasia and to end his brilliant days and his gift of friendship in the cannibal pots of the Sandwich Islands—this man mapped out the coastline within the Reef and beached his tiny squat vessel in Endeavour River, patching the coral-bitten keel with tar and canvas. Captain Matthew Flinders, that fiery romantic, seeking to survey the bays and inlets, was shipwrecked on the Reef, but built a boat and sailed a thousand miles back to Sydney.

There was *H.M.S. Pandora*, under the command of the notorious Captain Edwards, returning from Tahiti to England with some of the *Bounty* mutineers aboard. Thirty-five men perished; ships' boats took the 99 survivors to Timor.

Because the barque *Charles Eaton* struck the Reef, only seven persons escaped with their lives; the remaining 23 were eaten by natives.

There was the clipper, *Martha Ridgway*, with part of the 50th Regiment aboard: she drifted on to the Reef in the darkness and never got off. The same thing happened to the *Ferguson*, thrown high on a jagged spine of coral. Both ships were conspicuous sea marks for many years afterwards, crunching and grinding in the swing of the tides, their timbers creaking eerily in the silence; derelicts that became even more horrible and uncanny in their spectral dissolution.

How long ago did the coral animals begin work on this incredible project? Maybe about the time the whales floundered down to the breakers and became sea beasts.

It didn't take me more than ten minutes on the Reef to discover that the "coral" souvenirs I had so often coldly looked upon in tourist-trade stores were only artificially coloured skeletons. Those stony, brittle, fancy shaped bits and pieces have no more likeness to the real live coral than a child's crayon scratch to a colour photograph. It's a pity that the world has to be introduced to the Henry Kayser of the infinitesimal kingdom in such a way.



The coral animal or polyp has been described as an animated blob of jelly which makes a habit of manufacturing lime in much the same way as the human body manufactures bone. It's not too animated, though. After about a week of free swimming, in the period immediately following its creation by a bisexual parent, it settles down and leads a sedentary life for the rest of its stay, even going so far as to cultivate a garden of oxygen productive plants in its own tissues.

A creature no bigger than a pinhead, it works harder, longer and with more gracious design than an earthly architect. The coral that piles upon the beaches, bleached white and dry as knucklebones, is but a conglomeration of limy skeletons, each piece in effect a deserted city.

If you're even a moderately good swimmer you can go down and visit the coral gardens in water goggles. In water which seems a clear golden green, the choicest corals grow, undisturbed by freshwater, or the hurricanes which cause such havoc on the outer Reef. Here they have formed great fans of lavender, purple and viridian green; delicately branched trees of peacock blue and soft rosy pink; and Buddhist temples arranged in angular tiers, each shelf paler and brighter than the last.

The staghorn coral grows in hedges of electric blue, perfect antlers that seem to quiver with the movement of the water. Tiny fish stare with large bright eyes from the shelter of the gigantic brain corals, which look like ebony-stained mushrooms. At night each coral structure, looked at through a glass-bottomed boat, glitters and glows like a city from the air.

Every island on that long absorbing trek up the coast has its own quaint individuality. You can remember Daydream for its Saturday night dances, flocked to by young people from all over the blue wilderness of the Reef—only they don't come in cars and buggies but in launches, and cockleshells with sails. You can remember Heron for the green ants that weave silken nets, using their own larvae as shuttles.

Long Island, that perfect place of happy-go-lucky companionship, I remember not for the pandanus palms standing like a battalion of giraffes on their curious prop roots, not for the turtles in their carapaces of cinnamon, lemony-yellow, russet-red and warm walnut brown, and their large sad eyes of garnet red, but for the sight of a mermaid rolling along in the shallow surf, blowing away the spray like a horse blowing in wet grass. She was a dugong, or manatee, coloured bright amber, 9 ft. long and weighing half a ton. These harmless beasts were slaughtered by the blacks for food and by the white man for their oil, which was believed to be a curative for tuberculosis.

The Reef industries are plentiful and varied. No one who wants to get-away-from-it-all has to join the Foreign Legion now; he can just go to the Reef and live off it. Shell collecting brings people from all over the world; the Reef supplies shells which are found so rarely in other places that they command appalling prices from collectors.

All along the Reef, but particularly in the north, you may find beche-de-mer fisheries, the workers Chinese, Japanese and all sorts of Polynesian, aboriginal and Melanesian wanderers who make big money from this almost exclusively Oriental trade.

A beche-de-mer (Portuguese bicho-do-mar, or sea-worm) is a creature you can only peer at with reserve. Dirty black above and bright crimson below, it gets about its affairs as starfish do, on tube feet; but if you pick it up you won't find any feet, for they are on a retractible undercarriage. You're not likely to pick it up twice, either, for it has a disgusting habit of jettisoning all its internal organs. This causes no permanent digestive trouble; in about 10 days it has grown another set. The thing is mostly about a foot long, has a face like a frayed dish mop, and when dried and smoked becomes delicious soup. It is worth about £90 a ton and China buys all that the Reef itinerants can pick up.



The trochus fishers, or trochamen, comprise all sorts of characters from ex-bank clerks to ex-tourists who went to the Reef for 10 days and stayed on. The trochus is a thing you're going to hear a lot about on a Reef island, for the trochamen usually come in of a Sunday for a good feed and a bit of white man conversation, at which they're pretty handy, for their minds are repositories of all the exotic lore of the reefs.

The trochus is shaped like a clown's traditional hat, maybe five inches high. The buttons made from it are inferior to real pearl buttons, which are stamped from the silverlip or blacklip shellfish—known as the pearl-bearing oyster, though it's really a mussel—but they're

still better than plastic, and while they continue to be, the trochamen will be diving down where the giant clam waves its treacherous purple mantle and the groper, swollen and sinister, stalks the human interloper around the coral quays.

Some of these men make an extra income catching rare fish for national and overseas aquaria. There was a scurry to the beach the day Jack Hannah came in with that sinister curiosity, a stone fish.

"Watch out," he said, "it's just about the most poisonous fish in the world."

We peered into the slimy mud and water at the bottom of half a petrol drum. The fish was nothing but an outline, a relief map in the mud. A soft and shapeless body, thickly covered with ooze, thus it lies for days unmoving in a shallow pool, its scoop-shaped green mouth opened and upturned like a living fish trap; but herein is not its danger to humans.

"I'll tickle him up," said Jack. He took a stick and gently stroked the fish along its almost invisible backbone. "This is what happens when you stand on him."

Instantly, fanning along that warty, malformed spine, rose 13 dagger points, sharp as and greatly resembling slivers of glass. Normally they lie in recess in the flesh. Each of these spines is grooved laterally to carry venom from a bluish sac at the base. The slightest scratch is enough to kill the victim. The poison has a double action: it destroys the red corpuscles in the blood and also paralyses the nerve endings.



"You don't want to let him scare you away from the Reef," said Jack Hannah.

He told us that stone fish are so rare that some authorities think them almost extinct. The last stone fish casualty was three or four years ago. The wounded man, almost asphyxiated by agony, was rushed by launch to a mainland hospital and given the obstetric anaesthetic, trilene. The relief from pain seems to have done a great deal towards saving his life, for he was one of the few stone-fish victims who lived to talk about it.

This devilish dweller in the paradisaal pools is also called the warty ghoul, the lion fish, the sea scorpion, and *Synanceia horrida*.

Wearing heavy shoes is enough to defend reefing tourists from any danger and all reefing tourists wear heavy shoes, any way; walking barefoot on coral is a thing no one does out of books.

*Continued on page 17.*

# HOME HINTS

If no hot-food tongs are available, hard or soft-boiled eggs can be removed from pan of hot water in which they are cooked by using a tea strainer. The strainer permits eggs to drain dry quickly and will not crush the shells as will some tongs.

Spar or quick-drying varnish should be used on rattan furniture that may be exposed to sunlight and rain. Clear lacquer or white shellac, may be used if the furniture is to be used indoors.

## Removing Grease Spots from Rugs.

To remove grease spots from rugs and upholstered furniture, add water to baking soda to make a paste and rub liberal amounts into the spotted areas. Allow the paste to dry and then remove with either a brush, vacuum cleaner or carpet sweeper. Repeat this operation several times if stain is stubborn.

## Dolly Moves Scrub Pail and Brush Easily as You Wash Floor.

A dolly that holds a brush and pail and can be rolled with you as you work, will save much time and energy when scrubbing floors. To make such a dolly, use a piece of  $\frac{3}{4}$ -in. plywood,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  x  $14\frac{1}{2}$  in. as the base. The sides are made from 1 x 3 lumber,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  in. long, and the endpieces are of the same stock, 12 in. long. The divider is a  $10\frac{1}{2}$ -in. length of 1 x 2 lumber. After assembling the dolly with glue and screws, swivel casters are attached at each of the four corners. The divider is located  $10\frac{1}{2}$  in. from one end of the dolly, making a large compartment for the pail and a smaller one for the brush and soap. To finish the dolly, paint or varnish.



Paint spots on linoleum floor that are too dry to be removed with turpentine, often can be "sanded" off with fine steel wool. Work carefully to protect linoleum, then wax and polish.

## Striker Board is Self-Aligning on Concrete Footpath Forms.

This self-aligning striker board was made by one contractor to overcome the difficulty of holding the regular straight-edge vertical when striking off the finish coat of concrete on paving jobs. Two straight edge boards are fastened together in the centre and held apart at both ends by large spacers which serve as convenient handles when using the striker. The spread of the boards at the end, resting on the forms, keeps the striker standing on edge. The curve of the bow also keeps the concrete running to the middle instead of spilling over the edges of the forms.



To protect the seat cushions of chairs and sofas, cut a piece of plastic sheeting large enough to cover the top of the cushion and tuck in securely around the sides. When children or pets climb over the furniture, the fabric will remain unsoiled. If company comes, extra cover is whisked off quickly.



A child's oversize rubber can be fitted snugly by inserting sponge rubber in the toe. The sponge rubber will not pack into uncomfortable wad as will paper.

# NOW YOU KNOW!



**HERE IS A CHILD ASLEEP IN BED. HOW STILL HE SEEMS! YET HE IS TRAVELLING FASTER THAN ANY EXPRESS TRAIN COULD GO. ACTUALLY HE IS TRAVELLING MORE THAN A MILLION MILES A DAY! THE REASON IS BECAUSE THE EARTH RUSHES AROUND THE SUN AT 18½ MILES A SECOND WHICH IS EQUAL TO OVER 66,000 MILES AN HOUR!**

**The TINY SEA-MORSE FOUND IN THE SEA IS REALLY A FISH. IT ATTACHES ITSELF TO SEAWEED BY CURLING ITS TAIL AROUND THE STEMS.**

**MEMBERS OF THE SAIVAL TRIBE, INDIA, ARE FORBIDDEN TO MARRY ANYONE WHO CANNOT PROVE THAT HIS FAMILY HAS EATEN NO MEAT FOR 203 GENERATIONS—MORE THAN 4,000 YEARS!**

**The GIANT PUYA PLANT OF THE ANDES, S. AMERICA, LIVES FOR 150 YEARS. WHEN IT REACHES THIS AGE IT PRODUCES A FLOWER 20 FEET HIGH... THEN THE ENTIRE PLANT DIES!**

**A DESERT IS NOT A VAST LEVEL STRETCH OF SAND. THE DESERT HILLS, INSTEAD OF BEING PERMANENT, ARE CONSTANTLY CHANGING THEIR SHAPE AND POSITION BECAUSE OF THE WINDS THAT SWEEP ACROSS THE SANDS.**

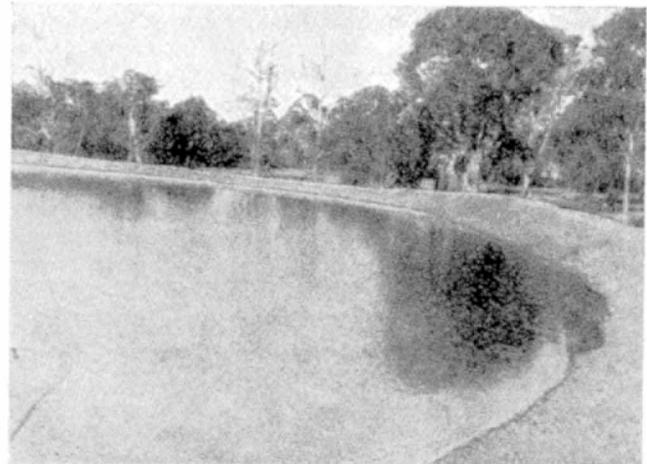
## The Great Barrier Reef—continued from page 15.

A long time ago a man called E. J. Banfield, came to Queensland from England, with six months to live. He stayed 25 years on Dunk Island, in the northern Reef waters, until his death in 1923. During that time, like Axel Munthe of San Michele, he wrote Confessions of a Beachcomber, a book which brought seekers for health and peace from all over the world to settle on Dunk and neighbouring islands. This was the first tourist migration to the Reef. Banfield exemplified in his beautiful book as well as in his life that gift which the Reef people possess and which the outside world yearns for but does not understand. They have the art of loitering. Do not mistake this talent for tropical inertia. They watch, they listen, they live in a way and to a degree which the mechanised world has forgotten.

Seeds of Sweet Pea, Lupin and kinds of similar size are best sown in the garden where they are to remain, and should be sown at a depth of about one inch in light soil, a little less in heavier soil. Also such plants as Gypsophila, Larkspur, Mignonette, Candytuft, Cornflower, Cosmos, Balsam, Godetia, Shirley Poppy, do better if not transplanted.

## A Turkey Nest Tank

Last month Michael Sawtell wrote about a Turkey Nest Tank. Here is a picture of one.



CROSS SECTION OF "TURKEY NEST" DAM AND VIEW OF THE BANK OF THIS TYPE OF DAM AT BADGERY'S CREEK.

The "Turkey Nest" principle aims to gain the maximum of storage from the minimum of excavation. Shallow "Turkey Nests" store water cheaper than deeper ones, but a certain minimum depth is necessary to offset evaporative losses. The more frequently the tank can be topped-off the shallower it can afford to be.

# HOW MUCH ? ARE YOU INTERESTED ? IN YOUR CHILD

by L. N. BRIGGS

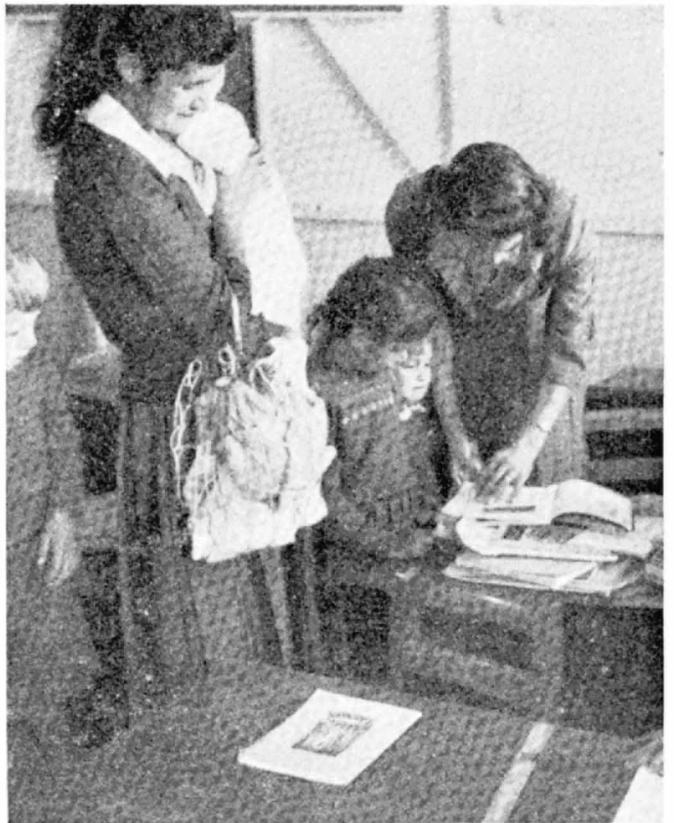
To my way of thinking, there is nothing more interesting in life than life itself. Now I do not mean that there is nothing more interesting in life than being alive, although we all seem keen to remain in this state as long as we can.

What I really mean is that a tree, which bursts from a tiny seed into a living thing of great beauty and usefulness, to be fed by Mother Earth and Father Sun, is much more interesting than a fence or a rock. (Provided, of course, one is not a bride-to-be and the "rock" is not a diamond.)

I am sure that most of you will agree that a soft, fluffy puppy which wriggles in your arms and looks to you for a bone and a game is even more interesting than a tree, because he has the power to move about with you and to express his likes and dislikes in so many different ways. Furthermore, he can be taught to do many interesting things which he would never think of doing, if he did not have you to teach and guide him. Of course, if you don't care much about your puppy and just let him go his own way, without worrying about how he looks or how he behaves, he will probably become just a nuisance to everyone and get himself and you into all kinds of trouble.

If a tree is so interesting because it is alive, beautiful, and useful, and a puppy more interesting because he can move and learn a few tricks, how much more interesting is that chubby little human child whom God places in your care and keeping. Not only does he have the power to move and learn a few tricks by patient training—he has the power to reason and has, or will have, the ability to express his reasoning by speech. His mind is so great, so wonderful and so delicate that everything which is done or said to him causes him to change just a little bit, or perhaps a big bit. It may be so little that nobody can notice it, or it may be so big that everybody can notice it.

For the first year or two of his life, he is going to be much more dependent upon you than a seedling tree or a baby puppy could possibly be; but, if you provide him with all his needs and train him in a proper manner to be clean in body and in mind, to be kind in his thoughts and deeds toward others, and to prepare himself for a happy life of fellowship and service in the community, you can have the great pleasure of seeing this marvellous creation in your own flesh and blood develop into a being so wonderful and so useful to the rest of mankind that your heart will overflow with pride and joy every time you think or say, "He's mine."



Mrs. Susan Russell and Mrs. Marion Simon visit their children's school at Taree during Education week.

Of course, if you don't really care much about that child of yours, and if you can't be bothered giving him the home-life and training he so badly needs, he can become just a useless nuisance, like the neglected puppy.

What kind of care and training do you provide for your child? I do hope you are not like one case I was called upon to investigate. The children of this family were reported to be neglected. When I spoke to the father about them he became quite annoyed.

"What are you worried about?" he said. "The kids get plenty of tucker. They've got enough clothes to keep them warm. They've got a roof over their heads at night. There's nothing to stop them going to school if they want to."

Yes, they had everything, he thought. They did have everything . . . everything that is necessary to rear a good litter of pigs for the market. As children growing up to take their place in the community, they had next to nothing. They had a father, a mother and a house, but they didn't have a home. They had a school to go to, but they were not being educated, because they had no home encouragement and they were staying away from school as much as they could.

So many people say to me : "Yes, I would like my boy to learn to be a doctor or an engineer," or "I would like my girl to learn to be a nurse or a teacher. If the school teachers can make anything decent out of my kids, I'll be happy."

Listen, parents. The school teacher can't even make a good garbage man or a good window-cleaner out of your child unless you do your part and do it extra well.

You can work a part of the reason out by simple arithmetic. The teacher has your child for less than 30 hours a week for 42 weeks of the year. You have him for 168 hours each week for 52 weeks of the year. You can't take too much off for sleeping time, because the very conditions under which the child sleeps can make a big difference to his learning. Furthermore, you have him all to yourself for the six most important years of his life.

If you really want your child to do well in life, you must provide a real home for him or her. A home in which love, peace and co-operation are not disrupted and marred by jealousy, vice or violence.

Father should work to provide a decently furnished home and mother should work to keep the home in such a manner that her children need never feel ashamed of it, whether it be large or small, new or old.

When children go to school they should be always clean and tidily dressed. If they go dirty, ragged and smelly, they suffer the scorn of other children and this does damage to their minds which you can never repair.



These two little country girls are Hilda and Doris Blair of Ashford.

It is not enough that you provide a decent home, decent clothing and decent home-care for your children, if you want them to do really well with their education. You must take a personal interest in their school work and show them that you are interested by going along to the school yourself sometimes to find out from the teacher just how they are doing and what you can do to help.

I visited a very large public school during Education Week and I was very pleased to see quite a number of aboriginal mothers there being proudly escorted by their sons and daughters who were proud to show what they were doing in their class-rooms. This is the sort of thing which gives both the child and the teacher encouragement to do better. I went along to show a few other children that someone was interested in their school work, even if their own parents couldn't be bothered. They seemed pleased to have me, but I am sure they would have been much more thrilled to have their own father or mother.

Now don't try to hand me the old tale that your kiddies can never be anything because they are dark-skinned and nobody wants to give them a fair go. It was a handy excuse years ago and some of you may be missing it to fall back upon. It isn't even a poor excuse to-day, and never was a good reason for failure.

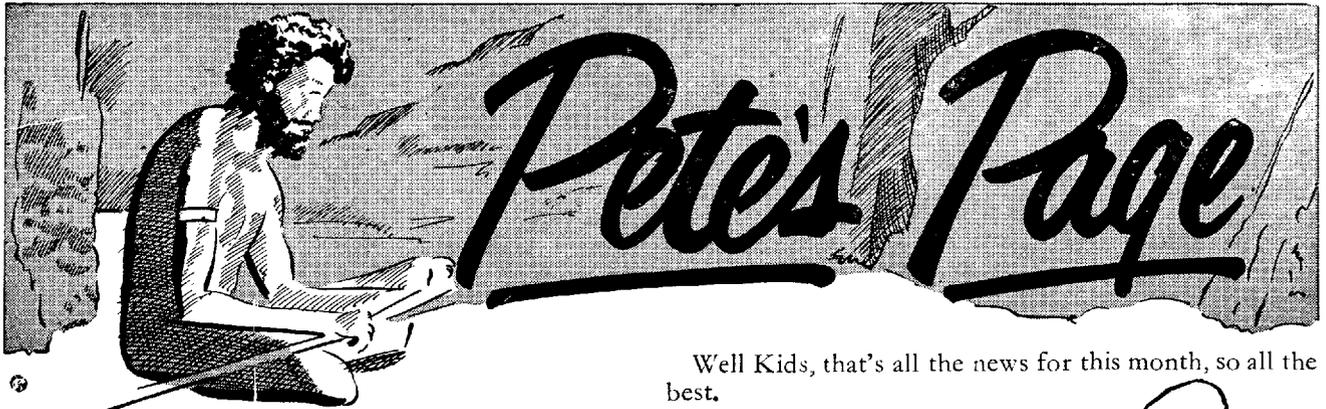
We had a guest at our house over the week-end a little while ago. He is a doctor in one of Sydney's biggest hospitals. His skin is darker than that of most *Dawn* readers.

I can hear a lot of you saying: "Yes, but he . . ." Listen, there is only one "but he" in this case. It's just this: "But he" had a good home and a good father and mother who were so interested in the education of their son that they were prepared to sacrifice their own immediate pleasures to give him a fair go.

It is an actual and undeniable fact there are more "fair goes" being offered to your children to-day than you parents are prepared to reach up and bring within their grasp.

I appeal to every parent to take stock of your little family to-day. Find out from your child's school what is needed from you to give him or her the best opportunity to reach the highest possible goal within his or her capacity. Maybe he can never be a doctor, and maybe she can never be a teacher. Only a small portion of us—black or white—have what is necessary to succeed in these high professions; but we are all capable of being better equipped and more useful than we are now.

Let us all improve ourselves and our way of thinking and living that we may provide a smoother path for our children to follow to greater heights of achievement.



Well Kids, that's all the news for this month, so all the best.

Your Sincere Pal,

*Pete*

Hallo Kids!

And how are all my pals this month? Particularly those Pals who live in the flood areas. It certainly looks as though old Santa Claus might have to come round in a rowing boat this year, doesn't it.

Anyhow the rain doesn't seem to have stopped my friends from writing to me. Today, I had a letter from young Eddie Smith (no address Eddie!), sending me a nice pencil drawing. Just missed out on a prize Eddie. Have another try.

Just found another letter and drawing, this time from Allan Smith of Rivertree, via Wilsons Downfall. I wonder is that Eddie's brother. The elephant drawings were very nice Allan, but didn't win a prize this time. Always do your drawings on a separate piece of paper to your letter will you?

I had such a nice letter from Katherine Smith at the Cootamundra Girls' School, that I think I'll let you all read it. Katherine said . . .

"I've been intending to write for a long time so you see I've eventually got round to it.

I am 14 and I have been in Cootamundra for almost three years. I had been fostered out for twenty months at Narromine. My foster parents were very nice but all the same I was glad to come back "home" here.

I am in 2nd year and I hope to be a nurse when I leave school next month.

My mother, who lives in Kempsey, is hoping to have my sister and I home someday, but it is so difficult to get a suitable home for us. I know how hard she is trying, by herself, for my father is dead and my brothers are helping her out as much as they can."

Thank you very much indeed, Katherine for such a nice letter and congratulations because it wins you a special prize.

I also had another nice letter from Margaret Eggins, who also lives at Cootamundra, enclosing some photos. Thanks, Margaret, pleased to hear from you.

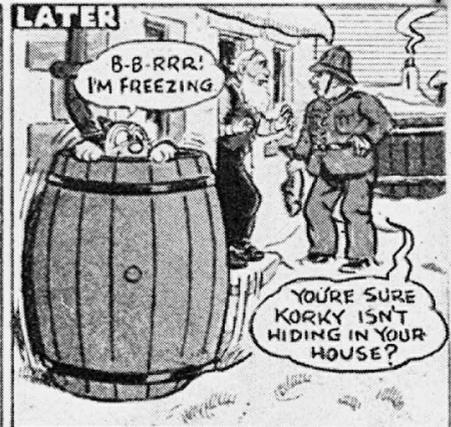


A fine sketch by Irene Roberts of Cubawee.



# KORKY THE CAT

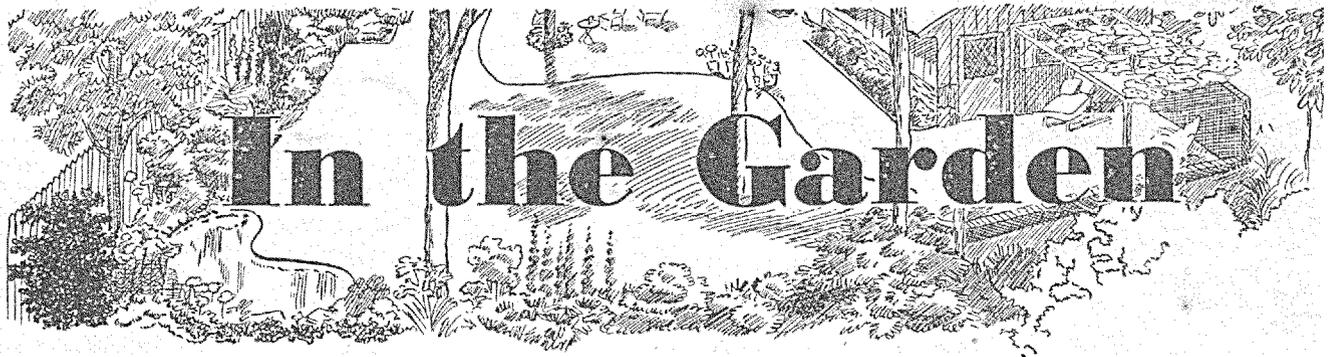
LOOK AT THE MOST UNUSUAL COAT THAT KORKY CAT HAS GOT. IT COVERS HIM FROM NECK TO TOE AND KEEPS HIM COLD, NOT HOT!



## PASS IT ON

When **You** have read DAWN Pass It On—

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



# HOW TO MAKE A LAWN

★ Selection ★ Construction ★ Maintenance ★

## (1) Selection of a Turf :

Points to consider :

- (a) Ability to withstand traffic if required to do so.
- (b) Season lush growth is desired, and behaviour at other seasons.
- (c) Water supply.
- (d) Climatic conditions, embracing frost temperatures, rainfall, etc.
- (e) Cost of establishment.

The best lawns are those composed of a single species of grass selected carefully for the best conditions under which to be grown. Such lawns well managed are always characterised by evenness of colour and texture, as compared with mixed grasses. However, lawn mixtures have a definite value in situations where there is variation in the character of soil, topography, moisture and shade, as it is almost certain that one or other of the species included will adapt itself to the various habitats. All turf grasses require sunlight, and do not grow well in shaded areas.

## (2) Grading :

Efficient grading of the site is the first important step in establishing a lawn. On it depends the success or failure of the undertaking. The first consideration is to provide for drainage from buildings, paths and drives. All small hollows and depressions where water could accumulate after rains must be eliminated. A fall of 2 inches in 10 feet will usually provide adequate drainage.

During these operations the most important point is to avoid the formation of steep slopes. Should the general slope be steep, the most satisfactory procedure is to build retaining rock gardens or walls rather than steep terraced slopes which are always difficult to establish and maintain. The appearance of many otherwise good lawns is entirely ruined by the presence of poorly grassed steep slopes.

In the grading process it is essential to keep the top soil aside so that in the final levelling it can again be placed on the surface, as it is more fertile than the subsoil.

## (3) Drainage :

Good drainage is essential. Most fine turf grasses require good soil drainage, while deep sandy soils are naturally well drained. Clayey soils often require some

form of artificial drainage. Any defect in this regard should be corrected before commencing to prepare the top soil for sowing. The usual indications of badly drained soil are the presence of weeds and moss, and unhealthy growth of plants generally. Underground drainage systems are seldom installed in the private lawn, but where the site has been excavated from the slope of a hill, the ground is apt to become waterlogged through water seeping out of the bank. Low lying heavy clayey soils are very often insufficiently drained and become waterlogged, and in both instances underground drainage should be provided. Earthenware pipes are one of the main means of underground drainage.

## (4) Preparation of the Soil :

The best lawns and greens are established on sandy loams. Excellent turf can be grown on these soils provided adequate water and fertiliser are supplied. Failures have occurred in some areas mainly because the soils generally in these regions are heavy clays, and as such are unsuitable for the growth of turf grasses ; in most cases they require the addition of lime or dolomite (approximately 50 to 100 lb. per 1,000 square feet) plus sand and organic matter. These materials should be incorporated in the top 4 to 6 inches of soil prior to sowing.

About 1 week after applying the abovementioned lime, a complete fertiliser should be incorporated with the soil. For this we recommend Anderson's Special Lawn Fertiliser, at the rate of 8 to 10 lb. for 1,000 square feet. This material can be broadcast and lightly raked in to the surface soil.

Turf is usually shallow rooted, and for this reason it is important that the surface soil be of a texture that will retain moisture and prevent the grass from burning out during dry weather. Thorough preparation of the top soil before sowing is essential, as any subsequent material alteration to this layer is almost impossible. In all turf work, whether for home lawns, golf greens or bowling greens, soil texture is more important than natural fertility. The fertility can be improved but the texture cannot be altered materially once the turf has been established.

*(to be continued next month).*