



DAWN



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

OCTOBER, 1957





Our Cover . . .

This young man, with his eye on distant horizons is Thomas McKenzie.

Eighteen years of age and an ex-Kinchela boy, he works on a dairy farm at Kangaroo Valley. This is the same farm where he did his training and he has elected to remain there as an employee.

Today more and more young aboriginal men are learning to realise the opportunities presenting themselves on the land and are becoming share farmers or even owning their own farms.



D A W N

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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THE PATH TO ASSIMILATION . . .

by **NORAH J. C. FOSTER**, Kincumber
(Ex-Matron, Walgett Aboriginal Station)

way is often hard

I read, with indignation, the hysterical outburst in the "Sunday Telegraph", August 25th, headed, "Behaviour of Aborigines Shocks Whites at Walgett", in which it was stated that some of the white families are thinking of packing up and leaving the town.

There is always a small section ready to condemn our dark people. The article mentioned gives the impression that there are no drunken whites in Walgett, whereas as much, if not a great deal more, liquor is consumed there, as in other places of similar size, by the whites.

For thirteen years my husband and I were Manager and Matron of the Walgett Aboriginal Station, during when there were several severe floods which cut us off completely for weeks at a time from any contact with other white folks. To really know people, one has to share hardships with them, and always on these occasions the Aborigines were respectful and helpful.

We also came to know those dark people in the town of Walgett and at no time did we hear of their being a menace to the white community. They had quarrels among themselves and now and then perhaps some undesirable type of white man would be mixed up, but the Aborigines certainly did not go out looking for trouble. For the main part they kept to what was looked on as their own part of the town. It is certainly hard to credit that these people have changed in such a short time and become the nuisance to the white community that the Sunday Telegraph describes. We have been away from them a little over eighteen months.

I always felt that the Walgett Aboriginal Station, and the same could be said of the town Reserve, was one of the safest places I knew.

Drink certainly is a problem, but that is partly the fault of the townspeople—the white section—who could if they had the interest of the dark people at heart, provide amenities such as I mentioned in a former article in *Dawn*.

When men arrive in the town with a wad of money after dreary weeks of toil on some outback station, and no place of entertainment is open to them, quite frankly, what are they to do? They congregate on a street corner (again I stress, at their own special end of the town), someone comes along and agrees to buy some wine which has to be drunk very quickly before someone makes a complaint to the Police, and there you have the start of drunkenness.

Condemnation of these dark people will not solve any problems. It would be far better to try and do something for them than to talk about packing up and leaving which, to put it mildly, is the coward's way out.

The drink problem at Walgett, though bad, is no worse than in other towns the same size where men come in from work after long periods away.

It is not accurate to say that the "dead beat whites" are the people who supply liquor to the Aborigines. They do, of course, but some of the last people whom one would suspect are suppliers, not for monetary gain, but to get the men out on jobs. The penalty for suppliers should indeed be as heavy as it is possible to make it. A term of imprisonment would be a good deterrent. Better still would be to permit Aborigines to enter hotels and leave it to the publican to deal with undesirables as is done with white drinkers.

There are the same few pitiful cases of drunkenness that come up before the Court again and again, but these are in the minority, and are really medical cases as they are constitutionally unable to resist drink. They are a nuisance to their families and at times a menace to them, but even these leave the white folk alone.

It must have hurt the decent dark people very much when they read that article and found themselves classed as a bad, dangerous lot. Since reading it people have asked me just what the Aborigines are like. This is only one of innumerable instances, but will give an idea of the sort of folk we lived among for thirteen years—

Owing to the nature of the black soil at Walgett, roads become impassable for vehicles after rain and often we were marooned for days with our own food supply perilously low. Invariably, one or two of the men or boys would volunteer to walk to the town six miles away, through slippery mud over their boot tops and bring out what we needed. They did not have to be asked. They would trudge through that mud which has to be seen to be believed, with a sack slung over their shoulders, and bring back our mail, bread, meat, etc. One does not easily forget such actions. Do folks such as these sound a menace to white people? Of course they don't.

I do not claim that the aborigines are perfect. They have their faults just as each one of us has ours.

In writing this I feel that I am speaking for those who cannot do so for themselves, particularly the young girls who are alleged to seek white men who will spend money on them. In all communities there are these little unfortunates, but the percentage is no higher in Walgett than in other towns. It is not difficult to understand how hurt and resentful the dozens of decent young dark girls in Walgett must feel at such a sweeping statement as that which appeared in the Sunday Telegraph.

[Continued on page 17



BERT GROVES RE-ELECTED TO BOARD

Mr. Bert Groves has been re-elected to the Aborigines Welfare Board as the Aboriginal representative. He will replace Mrs. Pearl Gibbs, who was the representative last year.

Mr. Groves said he would do everything possible to help his people find a better way of life.

ABORIGINES AND "CITIZEN RIGHTS."

In 1953 two articles appeared in *Dawn* regarding what are loosely referred to as "Citizen rights".

There still appears to be a great deal of misunderstanding on the subject, and for the benefit of readers, the following information is again furnished.

The Right to Vote.

So far as the State is concerned, adult aborigines are entitled to vote in exactly the same manner as other citizens. There is no clause or section of the Parliamentary Electorates and Elections Act which makes reference in any way to the entitlement, or otherwise, of an aboriginal person to vote, and an investigation made indicates that this has been the position for at least, as far back as 1902. In 1929, when compulsory enrolment and voting became law, the aborigines, as ordinary citizens, became liable in the event of their non-compliance with the provisions of the amended Act.

In the Federal sphere, the Electoral Act was amended in 1949 to give aborigines who previously may have been disfranchised under Commonwealth law, similar electoral rights as they enjoyed under State legislation. As a result of this legislation, aborigines in New South Wales who were full-bloods or had a preponderance of aboriginal blood and who previously did not enjoy the Federal franchise were brought into line with other aborigines.

The position, therefore, is that all New South Wales aborigines, irrespective of caste or place of residence, are entitled both to enrol and vote and, legally are compulsorily required to do so.

The Right of Property Ownership.

Aborigines are entitled to buy and sell without restriction. They may own their own land and house, and many do so.

It is competent for aborigines to seek financial assistance to secure their own home, from Building Societies, the War Service Homes Commission, the Rural Bank and the Housing Commission. In addition, limited funds are available through the Aborigines Welfare Board.

Access to Civil Courts.

There is no bar to aborigines approaching the civil courts to seek redress for wrongs suffered.

The Arbitration laws apply to aborigines, who are protected by the industrial awards appropriate to their callings, and the Worker's Compensation Act covers aboriginal employees.

Conversely, aborigines may be sued in the civil courts.

Trade Unions.

Membership of trade unions is open to aborigines without restriction.

Social Services.

In common with members of the community, aborigines are required to pay income and social service tax.

They are eligible for Social Service Benefits although in respect of certain Commonwealth benefits, an exemption certificate is necessary.

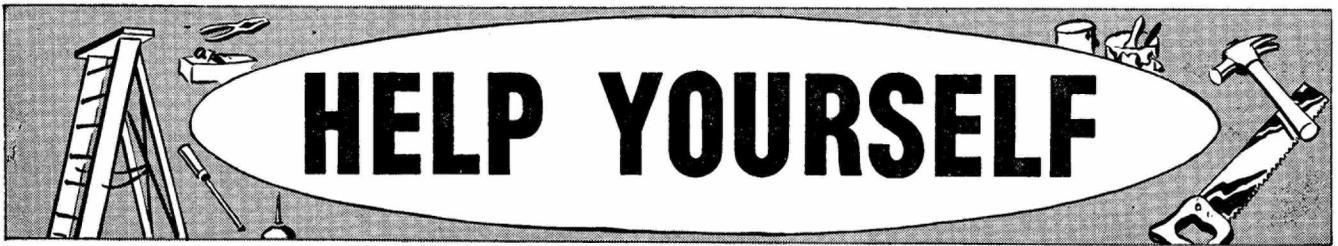
Far from restricting these benefits, the Aborigines Protection Act extends them, and aborigines enjoy many concessions of a social service nature not available to members of the white community.

Supply of Liquor.

The Aborigines Protection Act makes it an offence to supply an aborigine, or person having apparently an admixture of aboriginal blood, with intoxicating liquor.

However, the same Act makes provision for exemption from this embargo, and the Board is ever ready to grant an exemption certificate to any person affected, if it is satisfied that it is not against his best interests to do so.

This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the aborigine and his rights. In later issues *Dawn* will publish articles by the Officers of the Education and Health Departments who are members of the Board and are in a position to tell readers exactly what is being done for the aboriginal people in those spheres.



Quick Cleaning

When cleaning under a heavy low chest it is often easier to remove the lower drawer and get at the floor this way with the vacuum cleaner than it would be to move the entire chest.

If You Have a Coal Fire . . .

this idea will save you fuel. No matter what type of coal you buy you cannot help accumulating coal dust which won't burn on its own. Why not make it into coal bricks? You need only a simple mould—a flower pot will do. Mix fine coal dust in the proportion of eight parts of dust to one part of cement. Mix together thoroughly when dry, then add water gradually until the mixture is of a paste-like consistency. Pack the mixture into the mould and turn out when dry. Bricks must be quite dry before use! This is a job the younger members of the family will delight in!

Paint Patching

Those annoying scratches and chips that appear on walls and furniture between paintings can be easily eliminated. Whenever you are painting walls or doing other odd paint jobs, fill an empty nail polish bottle with some of the leftover paint. When a scratch does appear, the right colour paint is on hand and the small brush is just the right size for touching up the crack.

Old Linens—New Look

No need to discard sheets that are too short for the bed or worn and frayed at the edges. Add a length to the sheets and complement your colour scheme at the same time by opening the top hem and adding a colourful border which makes the sheet about six inches longer. Trim pillow-cases with the same material and the result is new linen!

For Cold District Dwellers

Wooden clothespegs are less likely to freeze to clothes on the line during the cold winter months if they are boiled in a strong salt water solution once each winter. And before you go out in the cold, don't forget to rub baby lotion or oil over your hands to help ward off reddening and dryness.

Scrambled Eggs

Keep scrambled eggs hot and at the same time prevent them from hardening and spoiling by standing the saucepan in hot water.

Add a few drops of vinegar to the water in which you boil potatoes to prevent them from turning black. And a few cloves tossed in a brown stew give a delicious flavour. Sausages will skin more easily if soaked in cold water for a minute—and dipping in milk before frying prevents the skin from bursting in cooking. And one more quick trick for the kitchen—suet stored in the flour bin will remain fresh so long as it is well covered with flour.

* * * *

Babies' booties or gloves always losing their ribbons? Following the slots, thread the ribbon half way around and double back for one slot, then finish threading up. It's not possible for baby to pull the ribbon out then.



An excellent black and white drawing by Kevin Boney.



OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN

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

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



Meet Ethel Williams of Sydney and Sam Simpson of Cowra.



What a smile! Young Byram Russell of Purfleet.



Mrs. D. Lake of Walgett and Dicky Jones of Coonamble.



Even the dog has a smile! Beverley Logan, Christine Cromlin, Josephine Hill, Harry Cromlin and Trevor Ord of Woodenbong.



A sturdy footballer type from Burnt Bridge . . . Bill Pitman.



Mrs. Annabelle Smith of Coffs Harbour, with Grahame and Marilyn Smith and Olive Holten.



Not a shag on a rock, but Allan Wallace of Narrabri.



This dour young man is Clem Penrith of Brungle, near Gundagai.



George Close and Rivina Roberts of Cubawee.



This is Noel Gordon of Guyra.



This fellow from Collarenebri is Wal Hall.



From North of the Border. Margaret Green and Kate Brown of Texas.



Meet Irene Rhodes of Cabbage Tree Island.



This glamorous girl is Janice Ridgeway of Karuah.



Meet Alan McKenzie of Armidale.

A CURSE TO THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE

Everyone will agree that strong drink has caused more heartaches, more poverty, more misery, and more ill health to the aboriginal people than any other single thing.

Mrs. Ella Simon, a Purfleet resident has written to *Dawn* expressing very strong views on the subject and her letter is published below

“I have been following the progress of *Dawn* and the reports of our people for a long time.

I think the answer to the great problem of strong drink among our people lies in a change of heart towards Christ.

In the Bible I have read (and I believe this great book and have endeavoured to bring it before my people) that the answer to all their problems is Faith in God.

For instance take Proverbs 20-1.

‘Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and who-so ever is deceived thereby is not wise.’

This was written a long time ago but it is still as true to-day as it was when it was first written, for long ago, even ordinary people found out that alcohol was harmful to the human body.

Now scientists are telling us just why it is hurtful and how it produces its hurtful results.

The fact is, alcohol is a thief that is not content to steal into the body by exercising its fascinating power upon foolish drunkards but steals the oxygen from the blood.

We all know that oxygen is very necessary to building up the body and the little red corpuscles in the blood act as carriers, conveying oxygen from the lungs to every part of the body.

Alcohol steals the oxygen and thus prevents the body obtaining this most important nourishment.

Alcohol also steals the red colouring matter in the blood, thus helping to produce anaemia.

Also, in the blood there is a gummy substance which thickens the blood and seems to gum up a wound, thus preventing an injured person from bleeding to death. Alcohol steals this gummy substance so that when a drinker meets with an accident which causes bleeding, he runs a great risk of bleeding to death. A famous surgeon once said the person the surgeon dreads most to see upon the operating table is the moderate drinker. This was because alcohol so thins the blood by stealing this gummy substance that death by bleeding could easily follow an operation.

It is our duty then to see we keep this dangerous thief out!

I was recently reading an article in a Magazine which said that alcohol was rated among the top four things in the list of world killers. It causes many great

worries because it is the greatest home wrecker. It completely changes men and women, making them cross-eyed, fumbling their brains, wobbling their legs and robbing them of their thinking power.

Isiah, 5-11 says: ‘Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink that continues until night, till wine inflame them.’

I have witnessed sad things caused by drink, so I would say to my people. Beware. Don’t let your idol kill you. Wake up before it is too late.”

Now you fellows, learn to fly

The Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association recently announced an Aboriginal Flying Training Scholarship. This has inspired reader C. W. Grant, of Myall Park Road, Yenda, to write the following poem.

A word to all young natives, who are eligible to apply
For training under the Welfare Scheme, to learn a plane to fly
The Board, it seems have a special scheme to prove the natives skill,
And success in sport like Flying may surpass our social ill,
So you with requisite training, why not give it now a try,
If you miss this opportunity, you may regret it by and by.
When humping your pack on a lonely track, or driving a horse that’s about to die,
This often occurs in the far outback where it gets so awfully dry,
It is then such old fashioned transport you would gladly exchange,
For a pilot’s pay and a uniform and to travel by aeroplane.
Now if flying is your ambition, don’t pass this offer by.
But do your people a service by showing the world you can fly.
And when flying you don’t have to worry about rivers that flood when it rains.
You’re no longer concerned about black mud that churns
Beneath wheels of vehicles that slither till bogged when crossing the plains.
Ho Yes, what’s more, when travelling by planes
You don’t get half choked by coal dust and smoke
Such as drift through the windows of old fashioned trains.

THE MOTHER OF SIX FIGHTING SONS

by R. SHERRY, Burnt Bridge . . . Dedicated to Mrs. MABEL RITCHIE

* * * *

We have read many tales of the Sands Boys,
Six brothers all fighters and game,
In their day they have all held a title
And therefore have won themselves fame.

The boys' dad was a hard-working bushman,
Cutting timber along the North Coast,
He was also a very tough fighter
And a man who could back up his boast.

But not much has been said of their Mother,
A proud woman, and so she should be,
For the name of the Sands boys as sportsmen
Has gone down in sports history.

But the powers that be ever watchful,
Took this man away from life's runs,
And from then it was left to the Mother
To keep watch on her six fighting sons.

She was thrilled to the heights of a mother
When her son had won fights overseas,
She has also known heart-rending sorrow,
As she looks back on sad memories.

Now young Russell, the babe of the brothers,
Who was crippled when he was a boy,
Said that someday he'd fight like his brothers
And give his Mother a home and some joy.

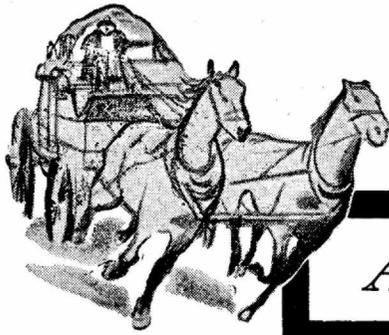
For her life has been no bed of roses,
She's had trouble pile up by the tons,
But with courage she fought all life's battles,
To bring up her six fighting sons.

And so far he has made good his promise,
He has kept up the Sands' fighting name,
He has once been the champ of Australia,
Now the world boxing crown is his aim.

And I know that young Rusty's a tryer,
He will win if he sticks to his guns,
So I'm saying goodbye with best wishes
To the Mother of six fighting sons.

* * * *





ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

The wedding of Miss Muriel Boney, of Walgett, to Mr. Richard Howell, of Brewarrina, was held in the Station Hall on the Station, recently.

The bride was dressed in a blue gown with lace trimmings and white accessories. The two bridesmaids, one of whom was Lola Hall, who was dressed in white silk, and the other being Blanche Ferguson, in a pink taffeta dress. The groom was dressed in a blue suit.

The best man was Bert Gordon, who came from Bourke for the occasion. Incidentally, Bert is now making his way to the Northern Territory. Working his way as he goes he preaches the Gospel.

The bride was to have been given away by Mr. Jack Coombes, but owing to ill-health was unable to do so, and the Manager stepped in for this duty at the last moment.

The ceremony was conducted by Miss Latimer, of the Methodist Nursing Service. This happy function, however, was not without incident. For weeks we had been in the throes of a dry spell, but on this particular day it decided to rain. It rained just enough to prevent the Sisters coming out in their Volkswagen, and being unable to get anybody brave enough to risk our famous road, as a last resort they were brought out in the Shire Blitz. The driver was Mr. Sullivan, Shire Engineer and Health Inspector, and the navigator, none other than the Shire Clerk, Mr. Seberry. They later "returned to base" without mishap.

Our thanks and appreciation go to the Methodist Sisters for braving the weather to perform this happy affair, and to Messrs. Seberry and Sullivan for making it possible.

* * * *

Congratulations to Mrs. Tom McGrady and Mrs. J. Woodbridge on the birth of their respective sons, born within a day of one another.

A Missing Family

Francis Cruse, who is a patient in Ward 20, Randwick Auxiliary Hospital, Randwick, is very anxious to find his sister whom he has never seen.

In a letter to *Dawn*, Francis said, "I thought you may be able to help me find my sister, Margaret Jean Cruse, aged about 20. I think she is married and has a little boy. I have never seen my sister, my mother or my brother. I used to write to my sister last year but now I have lost all contact with her. Perhaps if she does not see this letter someone may tell her. My father died in September, 1937, when I was only two months old and I was adopted out and never had a chance to see my family. Now that I am 20 years of age I feel I want to see them. It would help me a very great deal as I am very miserable and really down in the dumps."

Well, is there anyone who can help this lonely young man?



When Albert Namatjira visited the Cootamundra Girls' Home recently, he soon found himself surrounded by a bevy of beautiful girls.

HOME HINTS

Is it proverbial or just my fancy, that it always rains when we are all dressed up in our most delicate outfits to go places? Still, I don't worry so much about those nasty mud splashes on garments now that I know they can be removed if rubbed with a boiled potato moistened with water. The floury residue can easily be brushed off when dry.

* * * *

Haven't you often resented the moments lost when rubbing smear or fly marks from your mirrors, then finding the fluff left by the duster is just as stubborn to remove? Try making a pad of tissue moistened with methylated spirit. This will leave a lasting polish and no fluff.

* * * *

And while we are on the subject of glass you can prevent your windows from steaming over if you mix equal quantities of glycerine and methylated spirit and rub lightly over the glass. Use this sparingly or you may leave it sticky.

* * * *

We've all heard that a new broom sweeps clean but here's a bit that is not so generally known. If you scald your new broom in hot suds before using, it will last longer—and that is something pretty important in these days of high prices.

* * * *

There are several schools of thought about preventing milk from burning when being boiled. Some say rinse out the saucepan with cold water before pouring in the milk; but I find that if you put the pan on the fire, after rinsing, and wait until the small residue of water spits off in bubbles before pouring in the milk, this is twice as effective.

* * * *

Now another tip about boiling milk. We all know the exasperation of waiting with growing impatience for milk to boil, then looking away for just one second and—presto!—over she goes, with the stove all messed up. Try a smear of butter round the rim of the saucepan. This will hold the milk if the fire is not too hot, and will act as a temporary break for those fatal seconds while your back is turned.

* * * *

Have you marks on that jappanned tray you rather value? You can remove the marks with a cloth dipped in oil and then polish with another cloth dipped in flour.

To clean rust off iron, rub over with steel wool and kerosene, then wash or wipe thoroughly and finally coat with any thin light oil. The kerosene, having done its work should not be left on, for it will create rust again.

* * * *

When chopping mint, sprinkle it with sugar. You'll find it easier and quicker and the juice will not be wasted. Then let the sugar blend with the mint in the bowl for some time before you add the vinegar—the mint will have a sharper taste.



A happy couple. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan of Dubbo, photographed outside the church just after their recent wedding.

Some of our *MEN* . . . an



A desperado from Walgett . . .
Clarrie Lake.



Meet Scout Cub Warren Hall of
Collarenebri.



"Tanks for the Memory", sings
young Sid Roberts.



Colin Davis, Amos Donovan and
Keith Roberts of Green Hill.



Darcy Nicholls, a grandson of
Mrs. C. Frost, of Condoblin.



Reuben Gardiner of Texas in
Queensland.



Clarrie and Ron Heron of Nana
Glen and a friend.



Charlie Adams of Collarenebri.



All set for "the big ones" . . . Keith
Adams of Collarenebri.

and . . . some of our *LADIES*



Lorraine Brown of Texas.



Noeline Pearce of Robinvale,
Victoria.



Meet Cynthia King of Cubawee.



Little Ruth Penrith of Brungle, via
Gundagai.



Miss Vera Carter of Bega.



Edna Wright and Kathleen
Dundy of Burnt Bridge.



Doris Foster and Beverley and
Sylvia Pitman of Bega.



Meet Kate Brown of Texas.



Doris Foster and Hope Elliott
with baby Francis Foster.

THE MYTH OF NYALINDEE-KULKEA THE MOON

Related to Roland Robinson by Dai-ngun-ngun of the Kuppapoingo tribe

* * * *

Nyalindee-Kulkea the Moon, was once a man. He lived on an island called Dultulla in Buckingham Bay. Nyalindee had two wives who were the mothers of his two sons.

One day Nyalindee spoke to his two sons, "You, my sons, go out and spear me a whistle-duck. I will stop here."

The two sons took their spears and set out. Presently, one brother said, "Look, there is a whistle-duck. You spear him."

On his knees, the other brother sneaked up and speared the whistle-duck with the little spear called markoor. The first brother clapped his hands. He sang out, "Ai! my brother, you have killed him. Ai! I am hungry. We will go back to where my father Nyalindee sits down".

Nyalindee saw his sons coming back with the whistle-duck. He got up and made a fire. The two brothers came up. They sat down at the fire. They plucked the feathers off the duck and cooked it. The elder brother broke off the wings and legs and gave them to the younger brother. The heart, the liver and the insides they shared between them.

The elder brother talked, "What about the old-man?"

"No," said the younger brother, "you can't give any to my father because I am very hungry."

Nyalindee was sitting down with his back to his sons. He was making the fishing-net, called tarkul, out of the grass. It was like a long bag with a strap to it. As the two brothers were finishing off the whistle-duck, Nyalindee began to mutter to himself, "Hey, what are these two sons of mine going to give their father?"

The elder brother stood up. He spoke, "Father, we two are going hunting again."

"Where do you go?" asked Nyalindee. "Where is my meat?" Nyalindee turned round as he sat making the net. "Where is the meat you two have kept for me?"

"Nothing," said the elder brother. "My brother and I were very hungry. You stop here. We will go out hunting again."

The two brothers went out looking for the geese kurroomatjee. They looked out. "Hah, plenty of geese here," the big brother whispered. He sneaked up on his knees with his spear. He speared a goose and the little brother beat himself on his chest and cried out, "Ai! my brother, you are good with the spear."

"We look out for more geese?" said the little brother.

"No," said the elder one, "we go back along the camp." He killed the goose and put it over his shoulder and the two brothers started back.

Nyalindee looked out from the camp and saw his two sons coming. "Hah," he said, "my two sons are good. They have a goose now."

Nyalindee made the fire again. The two brothers plucked the goose and cooked it. Again they sat eating without giving anything to Nyalindee. And again the big brother asked, "What about our father?"

"No," said the little brother, "we can't give him any of this goose."

Nyalindee sat there and did not talk. He went on making his net. At last the elder brother broke off a leg of the goose and gave it to his father. Then the elder brother took the body of the goose out of the fire, broke it in halves and gave one half to his brother and kept one for himself.

At last Nyalindee talked, "Hey, where is my goose? You have eaten whistle-duck and now goose. Where is the meat belonging to your father?"

The elder brother spoke, "My brother and I were very hungry because my mother has gone out looking for yams and lily-bulbs."

"Ah," said Nyalindee, "that is very good. You two boys stop here. I will go out. You two stop here and play."

"No," said the elder brother, "you stop here, father. We will go out again and look for fish."

"No," said Nyalindee, "you stop here. There are a lot of crow-people about. Maybe they will kill you."

Nyalindee went on making his net. He talked again, "You, my sons, go inside this net and try it out for me."

The big brother went along inside the net and the little brother went after him into the net.

Nyalindee closed the door of the net and sewed it up. Then he tied up the end of the net with a strong rope.

The big brother asked, "What is the matter, father?"

"I am trying this net out," said Nyalindee. "I want to see how it holds."

Then the little brother spoke, "O, you want to take us out now, father."

The brothers in the net began to struggle. They began to scream and call out, "Mother! Mother! Come on, mother!"

Their mothers could not hear them. They were too far away.

Nyalindee walked out into the lagoon to his armpits with the net over his shoulder. He heaved and threw the net out into the water.

Under the water the two brothers fought to get out of the net. They tried to break its meshes. No, the net was too strong. There, out in the lagoon, in the deep water, they were drowned.

Nyalindee went back to his camp and waited for his two wives. The two sisters came back with a lot of tucker, lily-bulbs, mussels, yams, the long yams and the short yams.

The two women asked Nyalindee, "Where are those two boys of ours?"

"Oh," said Nyalindee, "they have gone out there, a long way."

The two sisters talked together, "My sister, don't give Nyalindee any of our tucker yet."

"We must look about first."

The two sisters looked about. They called out in high voices. "Coi! Coi!" They talked together, "Hey, that old-man was making a fish-trap."

"Yes, where did he take it?"

The two women whispered together. "More better we give Nyalindee tucker."

They gave Nyalindee yams and said to him, "You sit down here, Nyalindee, we must go and look about."

The two sisters parted. One looked in one direction, one in another. The elder sister found Nyalindee's tracks going down into the lagoon. She looked. There, beyond the reeds, she saw the net floating. She cried out. She ran into the lagoon. She caught hold of the fish-traps and cried and cried and cried. Her sister came running up. This sister cut herself on the head with her yam-stick as she looked. "Ai," she cried, "this son belongs to me!"

The sisters sat with their sons across their knees and cried for them.

The two sisters carried their dead children back to the camp. They cried themselves to sleep. In the morning they buried their two sons in the ground.

The two sisters talked, "Nyalindee, we must move our camp." They picked up their dilly-bags and their yam-sticks and left that place.

In the new camp the two sisters talked, "Nyalindee, you must make a humpy for us. We must go out and look for tucker."

Nyalindee made the round bark humpy, with two doors and a hole in its top for the smoke to go out, called leadamala.

When the sisters came back and saw the humpy they said, "Ah, good! This humpy is very good!"

They gave Nyalindee plenty of tucker. They sat down and ate yams, lily-bulbs, grass-seeds and fish.

Nyalindee was a very old man. He talked, "I am sleepy now. It is very late. We sleep now."

One sister opened the door of the humpy and made a fire in the middle of the floor. The smoke came out of the hole in the roof. Nyalindee and the two sisters went into the humpy and lay down to sleep.

The sisters pretended to sleep. They breathed deeply and murmured sleepily. Nyalindee was making a big noise snoring. It was midnight and the stars were in the hole in the roof of the humpy.

"Sister, wake up," the elder sister whispered. Both sisters sat up. They were on either side of Nyalindee. They picked charcoal from the fire and each sister crept out by a different door.

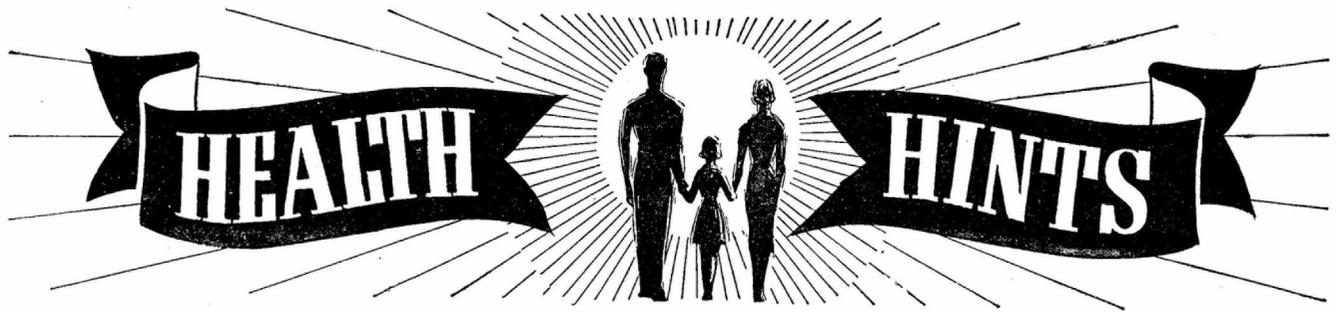
Outside, they picked up bark they had left there. They shredded it. They blew on the coals and lit the bark. They set fire to the humpy and the humpy flared up with sparks flying upwards into the stars.

Nyalindee woke up inside the humpy. He was half asleep. He groped outwards for the two sisters. He felt the heat and heard the roaring of the fire. He got on his knees and crawled to one door. Fire was there. He turned to the other door. Fire was there. He was burning. He cried out, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" The two sisters heard Nyalindee as he cried out in the flames.

The fire burned Nyalindee all over. All his skin came off. He was finished.

Then, out of the smouldering humpy, the sisters saw the dead body of Nyalindee come to life. It changed into a shining crescent shape. It grew and grew into a huge glistening sphere. It climbed up into a tall white tree, with white flowers, called gurrerri.

[Continued on page 15.]



HYDATID DISEASE.

HOW IT AFFECTS MAN.

Hydatid disease in man is a serious condition in which cysts filled with fluid, like bladders, are formed in the body. Much suffering and disability are caused, and death frequently results.

These cysts are most likely to develop in one of the internal organs, especially in the liver and lungs, but they may occur in any part of the body. They grow very slowly and may attain the size of a large orange. Sooner or later they cause grave symptoms by interfering with the function of an important organ, or bursting and giving rise to multiple cysts within the body, or becoming infected with germs and so developing into an internal abscess, or by the occurrence of some other serious complication.

In the event of any of these complications occurring, a surgical operation, usually difficult and often dangerous, is necessary in order to effect a cure.

IT CAN BE PREVENTED.

Hydatid disease can be prevented by measures that are easily applied. Yet it is still prevalent in New South Wales. That it has not been wiped out is a serious reflection upon the sanitary habits of our people.

To apply these measures intelligently and successfully, however, a knowledge of the life-history of the parasite and the mode of transmission of the infection is necessary.

LIFE STORY OF THE PARASITE.

The hydatid cysts are larval or immature stages in the development of a small tapeworm, which in its adult stage lives in the intestine of the dog and in no other domestic animal. (It is also found in the fox, dingo, and other canine animals, but not in rabbits or cats.)

The adult hydatid tapeworm is only about a quarter of an inch long, so small that thousands of them may be present in the intestine of an infected dog. The eggs of the worm pass out in countless numbers in the dog's excreta. These eggs are so small that a thousand would not cover a pin's head, and they can survive drying, soaking in water, or freezing, for months.

The dust in and around the dog's kennel or sleeping-place as well as its nose, mouth and hairy coat becomes grossly contaminated with these tiny eggs. Furthermore, the eggs are broadcast by the wind on to grass or other herbage, or into water.

Now, in order that the eggs may develop further, they must be swallowed by some other animal. Man, as well as pigs, sheep, cattle and some other grass-eating

animals, may act as the host in this next stage. Sheep and cattle may swallow the eggs on pasture or in water that has been contaminated by an infected dog. On reaching the stomach the egg hatches, the embryo burrows through the wall of that organ and is carried to the liver, lung, or some other part, where it develops into a cyst which slowly enlarges and in which thousands of immature tapeworms are formed.

If a liver or other organ so diseased is given in a raw state to a dog, an immense number of these immature living worms are swallowed, and these attach themselves to the wall of the dog's intestine, develop to the adult stage, and commence the production of eggs.

HOW IT IS TRANSMITTED TO MAN.

It will be readily understood that if a dog so infected is allowed in the house it freely distributes the eggs upon the floor and furniture. The hands and toys of young children fondling the animal or in contact with the floor are particularly liable to pick up great numbers of the minute eggs, which almost inevitably find their way to the child's mouth and are swallowed.

So common is this mode of infection that hydatid disease has been aptly called the "dirty hands disease".

There are other less likely, but possible, ways by which the disease may be transmitted. The eggs may be swallowed in drinking water that has been contaminated by a dog or by windblown dust containing eggs; or they may have been deposited on vegetables that are eaten in a raw state, such as water-cress or lettuce; flies also are capable of conveying the eggs to food.

There is no doubt, that by far the most frequent mode of transmission of the disease to man is through his close association with infected dogs and contamination of his hands by contact with the skin or saliva of the animal.

It will be evident that young children are more exposed to the risk of infection, and most cases of hydatid disease are considered to have originated in childhood.

HOW IT CAN BE PREVENTED.

1. *Prevent dogs from becoming infected. Never feed dogs on raw offal.*

In some districts a large proportion of sheep's livers and other organs contain the cysts, and a dog that is fed with this food is certain to become infected.

These cysts are rendered harmless by boiling for a few minutes, the living tapeworms within them being thereby destroyed. If the offal is required as food for dogs it should be boiled for a few minutes, or thrown into water which is then brought to boil.

Dogs should be rigidly excluded from the vicinity of slaughter yards, or places where animals are killed for home consumption.

2. *Treat dogs that are, or may be, infected.*

Dogs exposed to possible infection especially those in country districts should be treated by means of worm tablets, consisting of Arecolin Hydrobromide (sheep or cattle dogs, $\frac{1}{2}$ grain; dogs of terrier size, $\frac{1}{4}$ grain or about $\frac{1}{8}$ grain per 10 lb. of body weight). Tie the dog to a post or tree one afternoon, and do not feed him. Give the dose the next day in a small piece of meat or butter. Free purging will result. Keep him tied for two or three hours after dosing, then loose and feed him. Render the excreta harmless by fire or burial. Treatment should be repeated at three-monthly intervals.

3. *Do not handle country dogs* that might be infected, nor allow them access to the house. It is especially important to see that children do not play with, or fondle, such dogs, or young pups whose coats may be contaminated.

Those who do handle dogs should invariably wash their hands before meals.

4. *Protect foodstuffs* from contamination by dogs, flies, and dust. Vegetables to be eaten raw should be thoroughly washed.

5. *Boil before drinking any water* that might have been contaminated.

PREVENT HYDATID DISEASE.

1. Keep dogs away from places where animals are killed.
2. Boil all offal before feeding to dogs.
3. Treat all infected dogs.
4. Wash hands after handling dogs.

* * * *



Making hay while the sun shines. And that's exactly what these Kinchela boys are doing.

NYALINDEE-KULKEA—continued from page 13.

Then Nyalindee spoke, "I died. My body was burned. My heart, my spirit is alive. I am here now. You, all you people, you will die. You will die for always. You two sisters, you burned me because I killed my two sons. All right. You will die. You will die altogether. I was alive. I died and came alive again."

Nyalindee slept in that tree. He fell down. He talked, "I will try another tree." He ran, he climbed up another tree. He slept there and fell down again. "What is the matter?" he talked. "I climb up. I sleep. I fall down again. It is better that I climb up into this tree."

Nyalindee climbed up into the big-leaved tree called dunga. "Hah," he said, "this is a strong tree." He climbed up. He talked, "Yes, might be I go now into Mungan the cloud-land. I am Nyalindee-Kulkea, the Moon."

(Acknowledgments to "Bank Notes" for the kind permission to reprint this story.)

* * * *

"Dawn"

By Mrs. Grace O'Clerkin

Nights, misty veil lifts, o'er the hills and glades,
With promises of beauty to unfold.
The coming day; breaking through wond'rous shades
Of purple, crimson saffron; gleaming gold.

Away to East, where Earth and Skyline meet,
The fleecy clouds blush rosily—Each one
Sailing aloft, a shining fairy fleet.
—Receives caresses from the hidden sun.

A brooding silence lingered o'er the face
Of waters, through the long and weary night;
Now, Proud young Cawn, joyously takes her place
And whispers tenderly, "Let there be light"

In reverence, my lowly head I bow
And face the cool breeze of the coming morn.
—A soothing wind that fans my fevered brow,
Oh! Magic Hour!—another day is born.

WALLAGA LAKE CONCERT

A GRAND SUCCESS



A recent aborigines' concert at Central Tilba packed the hall, and many were unable to gain admission. The date of the concert, July 12, was significantly chosen, because July 12 was National Aborigines' Day.

Great Effort for the Ambulance

All proceeds were given to the Bega District Ambulance.

Weeks prior to the concert, all performers practised, and the concert was to have started at 8 p.m. but there was so much movement that it was impossible to start on time.

Good Crowd

The hall was packed tight and still a lot of people were trying to get in. Mr. Hendrickson then made an appeal from the stage asking the crowd already in to try to move up and let more in.

The crowd responded very well and many more did get in, until finally there was not even standing room.

At 8.30 p.m. it was decided to start.

When the cast had assembled on stage, they were given a truly magnificent ovation.

The artists, obviously inspired by the ovation they had received, plus the tremendous crowd, gave an excellent performance.

There were twenty-five items, and each was given the applause it so justly deserved.

The centre man, Mr. Cec Thomas, handled the show like a real old stager, waiting for just the right amount of applause before introducing the next artist.

There was not one minute's lag between the items, which the audience was quick to realise and appreciate.

One could not select any one item as being outstanding in such a wonderful show, except perhaps to say that the hula girls danced as nicely as they looked.

The musicians, Ida, Ian and Steve Hoskins, were outstanding. They did not miss a beat all night.

Three things stood out: not one member of the concert can read a note of music; the girls made their costumes quite unassisted; and the lack of any colour distinction.

Attractive Attire

Dark and white people were crammed up tight and all thoroughly enjoyed the show.

The attractive attire of the hula girls was made entirely by themselves, with some advice from Mrs. Hendrickson—and they were all very pretty girls.

The orchestra consisted of three members of one family. Stephen, who is only 15, plays the banjo, guitar and piano accordion and Ida and Ian play guitars.

Also among the performers were two other members of this family, Iris and their father, old Ned, who has been at the station for 62 years.

Musical Family

Another musical family was the Andy Trio, consisting of Helen, Veronica and their father, who gave a really beautiful rendition of "Mystery of Life."

Special mention also to Maxy Harrison and Veronica for their duet, "If I Ever Needed You," in which they play-acted the words of the song.

Veronica played the part of the sulky girl delightfully, with "Simply Melody" as an encore.

Maxy's wife went along to the concert, too, but he had to take her immediately after the performance to the Bega District Hospital, where she gave birth to a daughter.

Congratulations are Due to Maxy

So Maxy's special mention is really congratulatory, and he won't forget the date of the concert in a hurry.

There were twenty members in the completely aboriginal cast of the concert, all residents of the Station, and not one of these, or Mr. Hendrickson, who is in charge, can read a note of music. So what an ambitious undertaking this concert was.

Apart from training a centre man to assist the others, Mr. Hendrickson claims no credit for the excellent rendering of the programme.

He says that everyone on the Station seems to have the ability to play the guitar and to have a tuneful voice.

Of the entire cast, two members have had professional experience—Cecil Thomas, the tap dancer, during the war, and baritone Ted Mullet, who has appeared in shows in Sydney and Melbourne.

Ted sang feelingly and unaccompanied "Old Man River" and "Danny Boy," and it was really lovely.

After the show, it was discovered that more than 100 people had to be turned away.

Support Ambulance

The proceeds of £47 15s. od. will be handed over to the Bega District Ambulance.

The concert is to be staged in Bega and other centres so that more of us can enjoy this novel entertainment, and at the same time support our ambulance.

Mr. Hendrickson said that the artists mostly sang unaccompanied, and that the performance surpassed his greatest expectations.

There is no piano at the Welfare Station, where it would be most appreciated and used.

Evidently our aborigines have concerts in their homes, as we did in our youth, and in that we may well copy them.

The school children sang and did very well. The stage was decorated by Mrs. Ned Hoskins and a willing team of lady helpers. Much credit must be given to them.

The Path to Assimilation.

[Continued from page 1.]

There is wonderful scope for any truly religious body to help the few girls who are young and foolish. That would seem to be their job rather than what is commonly called 'passing the buck' and demanding that the Aborigines' Welfare Board do something.

Such outbursts cause a feeling of resentment and make the dark people get back into their shells.

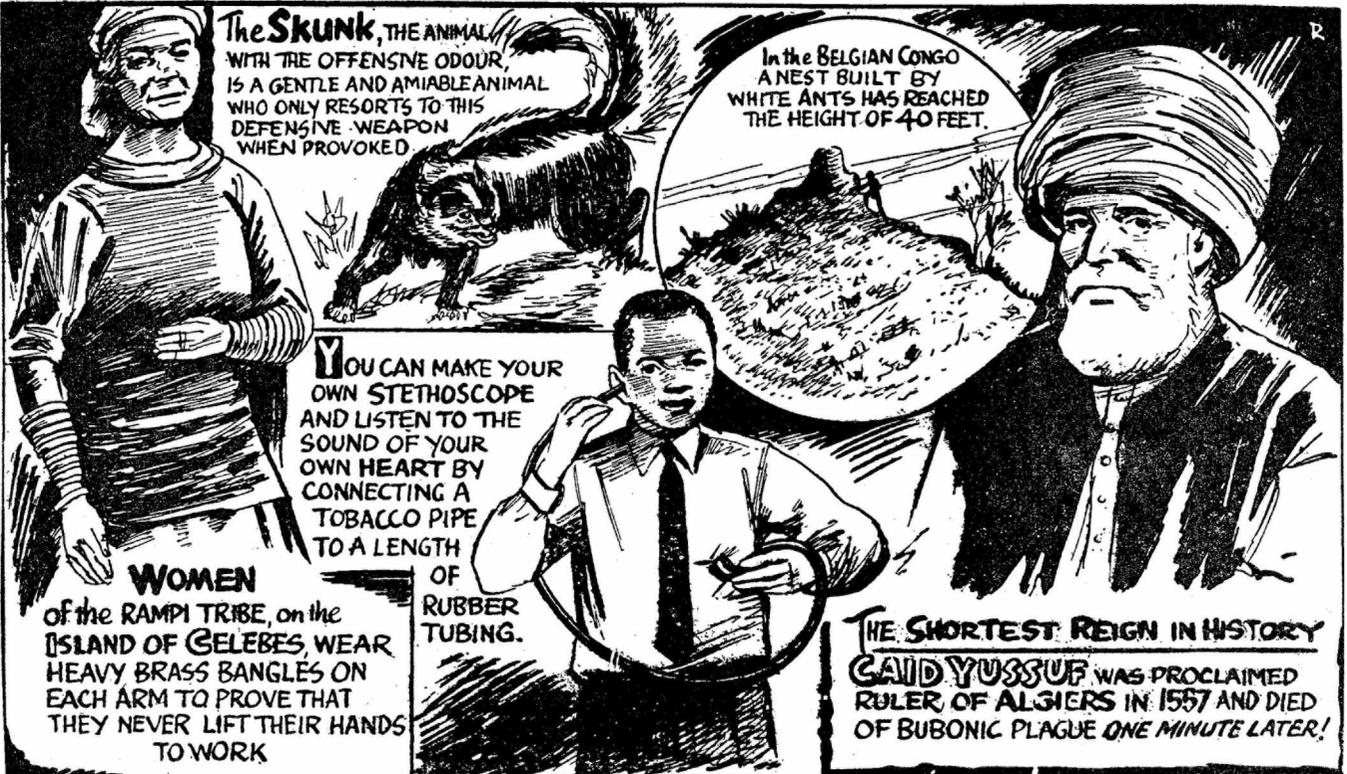
In conclusion, the paper described the young girls as "gins".

That is a hateful word which all Aborigines regard as insulting.

There is nothing wrong with the dark people that a little understanding and sympathy will not put right.

Greetings to everyone on the plains and let everyone see the fine people you are at heart, the type of people I know you to be!

NOW YOU KNOW!



This is the third instalment of



NAMITJA

Written and Illustrated by

MARGARET PAICE

"Dawn" gratefully acknowledges the permission of the Authoress and publishers, Messrs. Angus and Robertson, Ltd., to reprint "Namitja" in serial form for "Dawn" readers.

The story so far:—

Namitja, who has broken his leg whilst hunting alone, is found by a white drover—the first white man he has ever seen—who puts his leg in splints and takes him in his waggon to the drovers' camp.

Now read on—

"Well . . ." Barney pushed up his hat and scratched his head. "I suppose we could take him in, but I don't like it, Bluey. We might have the whole tribe down on us. They might think we've stolen the kid. I don't want any trouble with the blacks."

"Oh, there won't be any trouble; hasn't been for years. Anyway, I'm not going to leave the boy alone out here with a broken leg."

At dusk another man rode in and the men discussed it again. The last man was Jim West, "the boss" of the droving outfit to which the men belonged. They were taking stock from across the Northern Territory border to the rail-head, still many days' journey away. With them was a blackfellow named Jacky. But Namitja didn't understand Jacky's language any better than the white men's talk.

They made him as comfortable as they could in the waggon. Bluey and Jacky between them coaxed him to eat a little food.

During the night the men took turns to ride out to the cattle. Namitja knew this because his leg was so painful that he hardly closed his eyes. He was also very nervous in his strange surroundings.

The men lay on their swags before the fire. He could see their dark shapes against the red coals. Namitja could hear the lone rider singing as he rode

slowly round the cattle. Now and then a steer would bellow. The crickets were making corroboree in the long grass. Once he heard the long, wavering cry of a dingo. It made him feel very lonely. He thought of the gunyahs of his people. Was his mother looking for him?

He must have fallen asleep at last, for suddenly it was grey dawn and the camp was stirring. The cook and Bluey were taking down the tent. The others had had breakfast and gone and already the mob was stringing along the plain, the dust rising about them.

"Wake up, young fellow!" It was Bluey's friendly voice. He had a mug of tea and a sandwich of damper and meat. "Here, have your tucker."

Namitja drew back. He was not hungry. He didn't like this white man's food.

"Let him go," Barney said. "He'll be hungry enough to eat anything by dinner-time."

But Bluey knew that was a long time ahead. He coaxed the boy as he had coaxed many an orphaned animal to take food from him. Finally Namitja drank the tea and ate some of the meat.

Before the sun was up they were on the move, the cook driving the waggon, while Bluey rode ahead leading the spare horses.

All day they moved slowly along the stock route, across the plain with its ant-hills and Mitchell grass, over stoney ridges and through tea-tree swamps. Late in the afternoon they reached Mingin's artesian bore, which flowed hot from a pipe deep in the earth. These bores provided water for the cattle in dry times.

Bluey decided to make camp in the gidyea scrub close to the bore. A strong wind had sprung up, so that he had to build a brush break before he could light a fire.

He left Barney to look after the meal. He knew it would be some time before the other men arrived with the cattle. As the homestead was not far off, he decided to take Namitja in now. But first he must find something to cover the boy's nakedness. The only thing he could find was an old shirt of his own. Namitja didn't like it very much, but he said nothing. His leg hurt so much now that he didn't really care what happened to him.

It was sun-down by the time they reached the station. The homestead was built by a lagoon, and just now this was like a mirror reflecting the gold of the sunset sky. Wild duck and geese and long-legged brolgas were plentiful among the grasses.

Dogs leapt up and barked as they entered through the yard gate. An old blackfellow was dozing with his back to a shed.

Bluey called out to him, "Where's the boss?"

The blackfellow pointed with his thumb. "Down at the horse yards."

"You tellem Missus then?"

The old man ambled off, shuffling up the dust with his bare feet.

An aboriginal woman coming up from the lagoon with a baby on her hip smiled as she passed them. She wore a clean dress and her hair was neatly combed. Namitja stared at her: she did not look a bit like his mother.

Presently the old man returned with a little round woman in a white frock. Barney took off his hat.

"Good-day, Mrs. Fletcher," he said. "I have a piccaninny here with a broken leg. I thought you might get the Flying Doctor to have a look at him."

Mrs. Fletcher looked at the boy. She saw a dirty little fellow huddled inside a shirt, and his frightened brown eyes looked back at her.

"You poor little fellow," she said. "How did this happen?"

"He can't understand you, Mrs. Fletcher," said Bluey. "He is a wild one. I found him yesterday at the waterhole all on his lonesome."

"Well, I'd better phone through to Mulga Downs, as we haven't the pedal wireless. They can reach the base early in the morning. In the meantime I'll fix up a bed for him in the store-room. I'll call you when it is ready."

"Thought they'd help you," said Bluey to Namitja, when the little woman had bustled away. "Don't be scared, little fellow."

Two horsemen rode into the yard while they were waiting. One was a very big man on a big horse and the other was a small boy on a chestnut pony. He was about the same age as Namitja, but his skin and hair were just as fair as Namitja's were dark.



The Pedal Wireless

He was very curious about the little black boy.

"What's the matter with him, Dad?" he asked.

Bluey explained what had happened.

"We'll have to get the Flying Doctor to him, Peter," Mr. Fletcher said.

"Will he land here?" asked Peter, who was quite excited. "We have no landing-strip."

"Then we'll have to make one at once, son," said Mr. Fletcher. "Your mother has been asking for one for months and thinks that flat would make a good emergency landing." Mr. Fletcher nodded to Bluey. "I guess now would be a good time to do it. We should all have a strip in these out-back places; you never know when it will be needed."

"That's so," agreed Bluey. "We owe a lot to the Flying Doctor. Once it would take you weeks to get to the doctor."

"Bring the boy in now," said Mrs. Fletcher, from the verandah.

Namitja didn't make a sound when Bluey lifted him out of the cart, although pins of fire ran up his hurt leg. They laid him on a stretcher in the store-room. Mrs. Fletcher sent the dark girl, Annie, for some water to wash him. Namitja did not like this, but Annie was firm. She did not understand Namitja's language, but she did know how to handle a small boy.

Presently he was clean. A pair of Peter's pyjamas replaced Bluey's shirt.

Annie went away and Namitja was alone in this strange place. There were sacks of flour and sugar, and the shelves were stocked with tins and bottles. But Namitja did not know anything about them.

Meanwhile Mrs. Fletcher had called Mulga Downs on the telephone and asked them to send out the Flying Doctor as soon as they could.

A further instalment of "Namitja" will appear in the next issue of *Dawn*.



They say



BURNT BRIDGE SCHOOL FOOTBALLERS WERE NIPPY IN THRILLING MATCH AT COFF'S CARNIVAL

Burnt Bridge school footballers, unbeaten school team in last year's 5 st. 7 lb. division of school football, groups 2 and 3, have been followed in 1957 with another list of successes by the school.

Recently, at the P.S.A.A. School Athletic Carnival, the little athletes from Burnt Bridge won six cups.

The next day they boarded Cavanagh's bus for Coff's Harbour to take part in the carnival at that centre.

Success came their way in two divisions, in both being declared joint winners.

It was in the Primary Schools' open they met their great task, for weight was against them, and tiny frames required skill to overcome the disadvantage.

"Gee, Mr. Crawford," said one 4 st. 10 lb. youngster, "look at those big fellows. We're scared, one of those chaps has pads on his shoulders."

Coffs were over for a try before the small chaps had settled in to realise they could outrun the bigger boys.

The spirit of the school lived, and in spite of handicaps of size and weight, football ability was showing the way.

Little chaps bounced off big chaps and took the game to their opponents. Fear had given way to the thrill of the game and the will to win.

From a free kick, slim Barry Binge surprised the big fellows and over the bar flew a beautiful field goal.

Enthusiasm was high, they were taking all that weight and physical strength could put against them, and though the going was tough the football was grand.

Burnt Bridge midgets tricked them again, and they were through, by reversing the previous style they had played. Barry Binge was the scorer.

At 5 to 3 in favour of Burnt Bridge, hero worship crept to explosion point on the lines.

Spectators were crowding in and excitement was tense. A spectator sought to buttress the midgets and, in a flash, it is stated, a blow was struck.

The Team

Martin Cochrane (c.).
Ted Buchanan.
Frank Riley.
David Quinlan.
Barry Binge.
Robert Campbell.
Howard Smith.
George Ritchie.
Ken Carter.
Mervyn Ritchie.
Dallas Thompson.
Paul Silva.
Cliff Nixon.

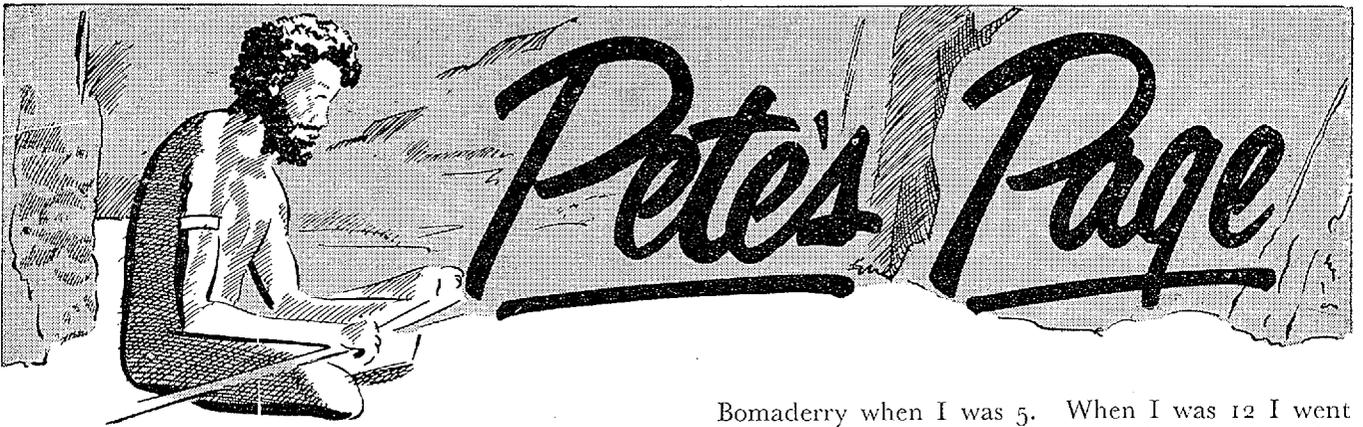
Mr. J. Crawford coaching the lads.

The referee stopped the game, with Burnt Bridge leading 5 to 3, not long to go, and playing like demons.

Happy, yes, happy that on the day the little footballers from Burnt Bridge beat weight, strength, and pads and kept intact a tradition that speed and thinking—plus co-ordination—will win against weight and strength.



The happy young lady with the lovely smile is Adelaide Wenberg.

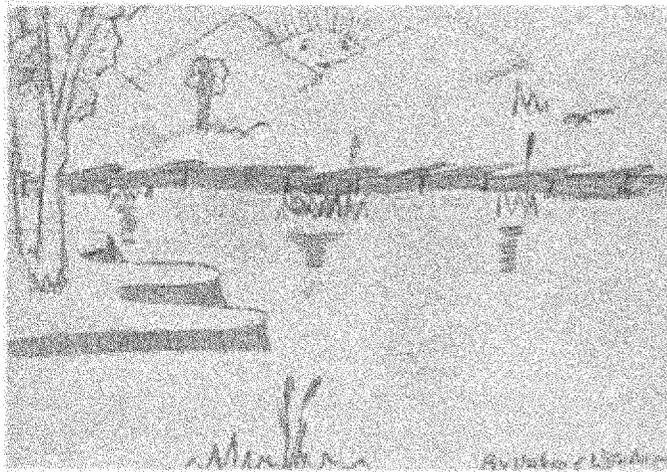


Leslie Burke of Murrin Bridge wins a special prize for one of the drawings he sent me. (Congratulations Les!)

I also had some nice sketches from Alex Thompson of Burnt Bridge and Allen Williams.

Several nice letters and sketches from Helen Clarke of Berthong Street, Cootamundra. (A special prize to you this time Helen for your letters.)

Also a couple of lovely drawings from Fay Sloan of Parkes Road, Condobolin.



A fine sketch by Valerie Wenberg.

I just had a nice little note from Kevin Nolan, of Box 127, Dubbo, and although he is only ten years of age he was able to send me an excellent drawing of Captain Cook's ship, the "Endeavour." Congratulations, Kevin, and a special prize to you.

Also a nice drawing from Mervyn Ritchie (14), of Kempsey.

Mr. T. Bizzina, whose address is Ward 20, Randwick Auxiliary Hospital, Randwick, is anxious to find some pen friends, ladies or gents, about middle age. Now here's a chance for some of you older folk to find yourselves a fine pen friend and at the same time help a very lonely man.

I had a very nice letter from Dorothy Combo, up Temora way. In her letter, Dorothy said, "I'm going to Grafton on the 16th of this month, to work up there. I was born there and taken down to

Bomaderry when I was 5. When I was 12 I went to the Cootamundra Girls Home. I have two pet lambs here and I will be very sorry to leave them. Thank you for sending me *Dawn* and please give my kind regards to Mr. Saxby". Thank you for your nice letter Dorothy and I hope you will be very happy in your new job. Also another nice letter from Betty Black who is a patient in the Princess Juliana Hospital at Turrumurra. She has been there for over seven months, but likes it very much and says everyone is so kind to her. Betty wants some pen friends in the 17 to 19 years group, so how about it Kids!

Valerie Wenberg sent along a very appropriate drawing on bushfire prevention. Let's have some more Val.

I also had a beautiful drawing from Olive Mitchell of 99 Sutton-street, Cootamundra (a Special Prize). Unfortunately we cannot reproduce it in all its beautiful colours. Congratulations Olive.

By the way, are you Kids getting ready for the big Xmas Camp? It won't be long now.

Well, I guess that's all for now, so all the best.

Your sincere Pal,

1958 SUMMER CAMP

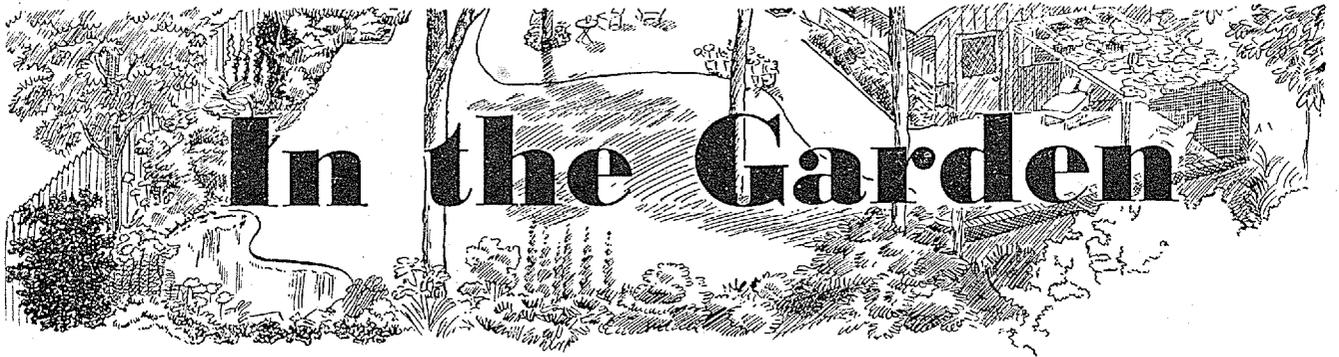
To be held again at La Perouse

La Perouse has again been chosen as the site for the Annual Summer Camp, which in 1958 will be held from 5th to 19th January, 1958.

On January 5th, children from the far western centres will arrive at Central Station and be transported by bus to La Perouse.

The Board's officers have arrangements well in hand to give the children a good time. On the days when they are not swimming in the waters of Botany Bay or playing organised games on the recreation field at La Perouse they will be having outings at Manly, Luna Park, The Zoo and the Theatre?

The 1958 Camp is expected to be as great a highlight as the Camps that have preceded it.



Now is the time . . .

Lift Spring Bulbs

Those daffodil, jonquil and hyacinth bulbs you planted last autumn will be all the better if you lift them now. They should have lost their leaves by December, a sure sign that they are fit for digging and storage until you want them again for planting. Daffodils and jonquils, of course, can be left in the ground for a number of years, but hyacinths need lifting every year or they deteriorate. Lachenalias, ixias, sparaxis, ranunculi, tulips, scillas and freσίας should also be given their periodical rest by lifting as soon as possible. Store them all in boxes of dry sand or sawdust.

Winter Crops

Get the soil turned over and manured heavily for winter crops such as potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, kale, broccoli, Brussels sprouts and silver beet. Well-rotted manure or compost that will help to make sandy soil hold water well should be dug in where the ground is light and porous. Potatoes are usually planted in N.S.W. coastal areas from February to March, and again from July to August. Let the seed green well and develop $\frac{1}{4}$ inch shoots before planting. Expose the seed in shallow boxes in a well-lighted position now. Reserve some ground for onions which will be sown in autumn, and save a few yards for broadbeans, carrots, parsnips and swedes.

Vegetable Garden

Sow more French beans every fortnight, and plant out a few lettuce so that both of these useful vegetables are available for the table. If cucumbers, pumpkins, melons, marrows, squashes were sown earlier, feed them regularly with liquid manure. Water these vines and bushes round the roots only. Sow the first lot of seed of cauliflower, broccoli and Brussels sprouts now, and for small families, sow seed of sugarloaf cabbage. Sweet corn, sweet potatoes, swedes and white turnips can also be sown this month. Carrots and parsnip shate hot weather conditions when small, so sow seed quickly and they will go through January-February well.

Home Orchard

Pick up all windfall fruit in the home orchard, and if spoiled by fruitfly, burn or boil it, and make sure of getting rid of this troublesome pest. Splash (don't spray) trees with D.D.T., sugar and water so that the female fruitflies will drink it and die. This is the surest way of keeping your stone and pome fruit clean. White wax scales are hatching out now, and citrus trees and evergreens infested with this pest should be sprayed with alboleum and soda. White louse on citrus trees should be sprayed with white oil. Water citrus trees regularly. Most of them are carrying fruit now, and some will flower again in February and need every drop of moisture you can give them. Strawberry plants are now throwing out runners. Nip off all but the biggest and best.