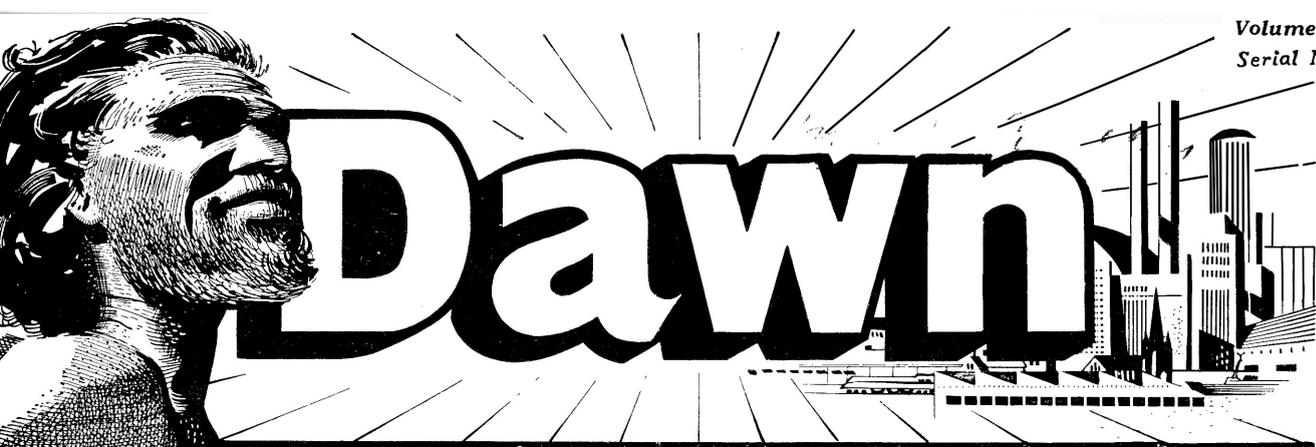


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A MAGAZINE FOR THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE OF N.S.W.

OCTOBER, 1959





Our Cover . . .

This month we have chosen for our cover two very popular Australians, the Koala Bears.

Excepting in the breeding season the Koala is unsociable, living mostly alone, although several may occupy the same tree and feed and sleep close together.

Drowsing or sleeping during most of the daytime, toward evening Koalas become active; they climb to the higher branches, make themselves comfortable and secure, and commence to munch gumtips, picking and choosing where they are plentiful; a meal that continues with occasional interruptions, for hours. Though tree-dwellers, the Koalas often enjoy a walkabout on the ground, loping along clumsily on all fours.



DAWN

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

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CHAIRMAN VISITS

NAMBUCCA HEADS

Mr. A. G. Kingsmill, Chairman of the Aborigines Welfare Board, accompanied by Dr. C. Cummins, Member of the Board and Mr. H. J. Green, Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare, recently paid a visit to Nambucca Heads.

Mr. Kingsmill saw for the first time the new home erected for the Davis family at Newville and met Greg Davis, his charming wife and five lovely children. His warm and friendly approach delighted the Davis family and Greg expressed his feelings with all sincerity when he said, "I heard all about you, Mr. Kingsmill, and we are happy to have you visit us." The meaning of these simple words are more powerful than they actually appear to sound. The aborigine people have heard through the grapevine that their new Chairman has been personally visiting the country areas, seeing things for himself, chatting to them freely, showing deep concern, not giving lip service with the diplomatic air and dignity of his office, but displaying a genuine warmth that is instilling a feeling of confidence into the aborigine people, who are so quick at discerning the genuine from the false.

After spending some time with the Davis', he visited the Bellwood Aborigines Reserve, chatted to Mrs. George Edwards at her new home in Bent Street, Nambucca, and congratulated her and her husband for their excellent work. George, with the aid of his wife, built and painted their attractive home themselves with money loaned by the Board. Their garden was a picture for any festival of spring, and the home displayed the skill of a master builder. George is permanently employed on the railway and built the home during weekends, with advice from his builder friends.

From the Edwards home, Mr. Kingsmill then met the Committee members of the Davis Nambucca Assimilation Fund at afternoon tea arranged at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kennedy.

The Rotary Governor was visiting Nambucca at the time, and the Rotary Club extended an invitation to the Chairman and members of the Board to dinner, where Mr. Kingsmill was invited to address the Club on the work being done by the Board. He thanked the people of Nambucca Heads for the wonderful work they were doing to promote aborigine welfare in the town, which was significant in their assistance rendered to the Davis family who are now well established, accepted and happy in their new home.

During this short stay Mr. Kingsmill not only had the opportunity of meeting the aborigine people and seeing their living conditions, but he was also able to meet a cross section of the white community of the town, and discuss freely the question of enhancing the welfare of aborigines in Nambucca Heads.

Visits by Board Members

The members of the Aborigines Welfare Board are wide awake to the need of seeing Stations and Reserves for themselves and two trips have been undertaken in recent months.

In July the Chairman of the Board, Mr. A. G. Kingsmill, accompanied by Dr. C. J. Cummins, Deputy Director-General of Public Health, Mr. V. J. Truskett, Deputy Director of Primary Education and Mr. H. J. Green, Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare, all members of the Board, visited Wilcannia.

On arrival the party was met by Mr. S. Lambeth, the Aborigines Welfare Officer and an inspection of the Reserve was carried out. It was pleasing to see some attempt at lawns and gardens by one or two residents, but very disappointing to see so many broken windows and broken fibro on the houses. Each house was visited and the visitors met the residents.

The aborigines camped in the sandhills were also visited and, although their homes are self-built structures, all were scrupulously clean.

In the afternoon, the party left for Broken Hill. During their stay there the Board members also visited some of the aboriginal families at Silverton before returning to Sydney.

In August the Chairman, Dr. C. Cummins, and the Hon. E. Wright, M.L.C., and the Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare visited Lismore for discussion with the Lismore Council on an alternative site for Cubawee. The people at Cubawee must be moved to a new area where they will be safe from flood and closer to the town. Some members then went on to Yamba where a site was selected for an Aborigines Reserve there. The new Reserve at Maclean was also visited and the party moved on to Nambucca Heads to see the house built for Mr. and Mrs. Greg Davis and family by the local Committee. This house is a credit to everyone concerned. Mrs. Davis has her home beautifully clean and bright. If only all homes occupied by aborigines were as well kept as Mrs. Davis' home!

Inspection was also made of the Bellwood Aborigines Reserve but there was not time to meet the residents.

The Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare remained and visited Tabulam, Woodenbong, Cabbage Tree Island, Coraki and was also able to see the National Fitness Camp at Lennox Head before returning to Sydney.



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.



Pretty Ivy Southwell, of Mimosa, Boorowa



"Come on in, the water's fine", said young Bevan Stacey when she went surfing off the Queensland coast



Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Moore, of Ecx Ridge, Coraki



A very familiar sight to city-dwellers, but there are many country people who have not yet seen the famous Harbour Bridge



One of the most exciting events at country shows and rodeos is the steer riding contest, an event that calls for skill and courage



Mr. Long, of Lismore, demonstrates a killer boomerang from the Arunta tribe



These pretty little Tabulam girls were all smiles as they prepared for a swim



The native boys brass band, Palm Island, Queensland



A view along the beach at Palm Island



Looking down on Palm Island from the hilltop. This is a very pretty place and one that attracts many thousands of visitors every year



Mrs. Joe Quinlin (formerly Grace Murray) cuts the cake following her recent wedding at Bellbrook

SONG OF THE ARTESIAN WATER

by BANJO PATERSON

Now the stock have started dying, for the Lord has sent a drought;
But we're sick of prayers and Providence—we're going to do without;
With the derricks up above us and the solid earth below,
We are waiting at the lever for the word to let her go.

Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we'll sink it deeper down:

As the drill is plugging downward at a thousand feet of level,
If the Lord won't send us water, oh, we'll get it from the devil;
Yes, we'll get it from the devil deeper down.

Now, our engine's built in Glasgow by a very canny Scot,
And he marked it twenty horse-power, but he didn't know what is what;
When Canadian Bill is firing with the sun-dried gidgee logs,
She can equal thirty horses and a score or so of dogs.

Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we're going deeper down:

If we fail to get the water, then it's ruin to the squatter,
For the drought is on the station and the weather's growing hotter,
But we're bound to get the water deeper down.

But the shaft has started caving and the sinking's very slow,
And the yellow rods are bending in the water down below,
And the tubes are always jamming, and they can't be made to shift
Till we nearly burst the engine with a forty horsepower lift.

Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we're going deeper down:

Though the shaft is always caving, and the tubes are always jamming,
Yet we'll fight our way to water while the stubborn drill is ramming—
While the stubborn drill is ramming deeper down.

But there's no artesian water, though we've passed three thousand feet,
And the contract price is growing, and the boss is nearly beat.
But it must be down beneath us, and it's down we've got to go,
Though she's bumping on the solid rock four thousand feet below,

Sinking down, deeper down,
Oh, we're going deeper down:

And it's time they heard us knocking on the roof of Satan's dwellin';
But we'll get artesian water if we cave the roof of hell in—
Oh! we'll get artesian water deeper down.

But it's hark! The whistle's blowing with a wild, exultant blast,
And the boys are madly cheering, for they've struck the flow at last;
And it's rushing up the tubing from four thousand feet below,
Till it spouts above the casing in a million-gallon flow.

And it's down, deeper down—
Oh, it comes from deeper down:

It is flowing, ever flowing, in a free, unstinted measure
From the silent hidden places where the old earth hides her treasure—
Where the old earth hides her treasures deeper down.

And it's clear away the timber, and it's let the water run:
How it glimmers in the shadow, how it flashes in the sun!
By the silent belts of timber, by the miles of blazing plain
It is bringing hope and comfort to the thirsty land again.

Flowing down, further down,
It is flowing further down:

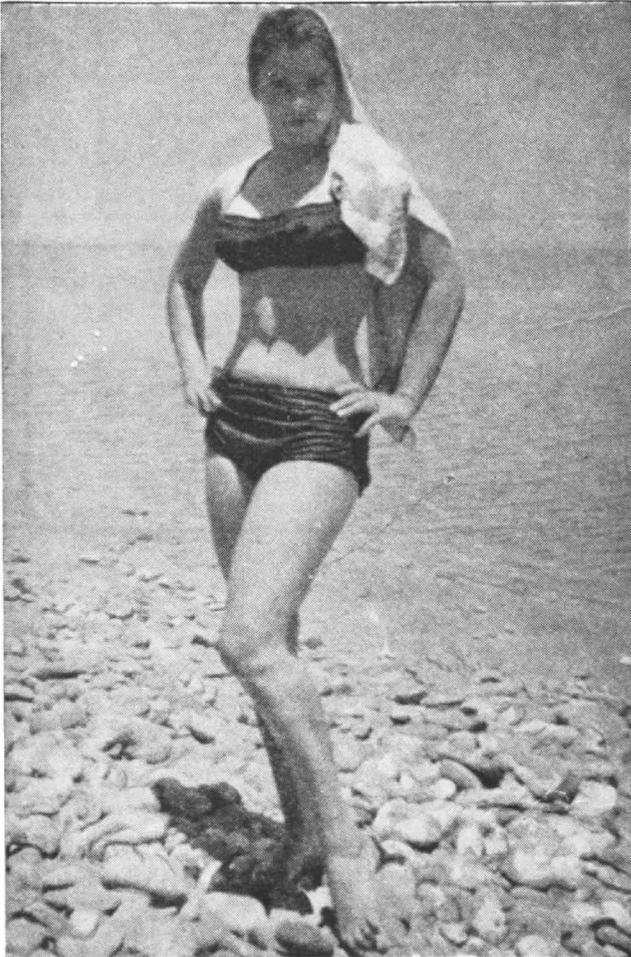
To the tortured thirsty cattle, bringing gladness in its going;
Through the droughtly days of summer it is flowing, ever flowing—
It is flowing, ever flowing, further down.

SCHOLARSHIPS AVAILABLE FOR ABORIGINES

The Australian Aboriginal Council has several scholarships vacant for Aborigines or part Aborigines in this State, or any other. Already one of these scholarships has been taken up by Mr. Victor Lovett, Western District of Victoria. This was at first at the Conservatorium and now at Mr. Roy Sparks' College. Mr. Lovett sang recently over the air on Mr. Sparks' programme and is destined to make a name for himself in show business. Another scholarship is available at the "Con", and also one at the Melbourne Technical College.

Also a very fine course is open to any young Aborigine lad to learn tractor driving and maintenance in all its various phases.

Parents are asked to communicate with the secretary, AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL COUNCIL, 165 Gertrude St., Fitzroy, N.6 (Melbourne), Victoria, for particulars.



This siren of the surf is lovely Jan Ridgeway, of Purfleet

NEWS SERVICE FOR THE BLIND

The entire editorial content of *Newsweek Magazine* is being made available on records to the more than 350,000 blind persons throughout America, according to William C. Dabney, president of the 100-year-old American Printing House for the Blind. As a result, the blind for the first time will have access to the story of the news while it is still news.

The inauguration of this non-profit news service, the *Newsweek Talking Magazine*, marks the first time that the contents of a news magazine have been recorded for the blind.

By means of a high-speed recording and shipping operation, blind persons will be able to play and hear recordings of each issue two days after it is available on the newsstands.

Four professional readers immediately record on tape the entire editorial content. It is then proofread and re-recorded on acetate to produce a set of master records.

Each issue consists of four long-playing, unbreakable 12-inch records, a total of eight sides. The records carry a regular printed label on one side and a label in braille on the other. They are shipped each Thursday to blind individuals and to schools and circulating libraries.

OUR PEOPLE

In 1788 there were about 300,000 aborigines in Australia. Now there are about 74,000, comparatively few of whom live in the tribal state. Queensland has an estimated 9,800 aborigines, some 7,000 half-blood aborigines (and 5,700 Torres Strait Islanders); New South Wales has only about 230 full aborigines and about 12,150 mixed-bloods; in Victoria there are about 20 full bloods and a little over a thousand of aboriginal descent; South Australia has just over 5,000 aborigines and part-aborigines, the latter probably slightly outnumbering the former; in Western Australia there are about 21,300 aborigines or part-aborigines classified as natives, about 6,000 of whom are nomads; in the Northern Territory there are about 16,000 full aborigines and 1,900 of mixed race.



The nonchalant cyclist, without a care in the world, is Trevor Ballangarry, of Bowraville

HOME



HINTS

HINTS FOR THE FARM WIFE

Bread is less likely to grow mould if you dust the bottom of the bread bin with salt, then cover with a sheet of paper.

You can improve the appearance of linen blinds by rubbing them over occasionally with a light coating of floor wax. This simple treatment also combats mildew spots and splitting.

You can keep putty soft and ready for use by placing it in a screwtop jar and covering with water.



Billy "Biscuits" Higgins, of Coonabarabran, and Bruce Brownwall, of Sydney



Equal quantities of resin and suet melted together make a good wax for sealing bottles of fruit or pickles.

A good method of keeping a dinner hot without drying out is to put it over a saucepan of hot water with a colander on top.

A generous spoonful of marmalade added to a rock cake mixture gives a delicious flavour and good colour.

Fresh mildew can be removed from laundry with kerosene. Roll the article up tightly, allow it to stand for 24 hours, then boil and wash.

A broom sprinkled with kerosene gathers dust more easily.



Laurel Ridgeway, of Karuah, and baby, Robyn



Orange and lemon pips browned in a slow oven have a nutty flavour, and crushed provide an unusual fragrance in cakes and puddings. Lemon and orange peel run through the mincer, browned and crushed can be used for topping milk puddings and custard.

A small piece of blotting paper at the bottom of a silver salt shaker will absorb moisture in the salt and keep it running freely.

The first time you fill your new hot-water bag add a little glycerine to the water. The bag will keep supple and last much longer.

HOME HINTS—*continued*

An excellent filler for cracks between floorboards is made from 1 lb. of flour, 3 quarts of water, 1 teaspoon of alum, and some old newspapers. Boil the flour and water, then add the alum. Shred newspaper and work into the flour paste until a fairly stiff, smooth putty-like mass is achieved. Work into cracks with chisel or putty knife and allow slight surplus on top for shrinkage when drying.

* * * * *

Do you know exactly what is meant, in terms of coverage, by a roll of wallpaper? A roll is normally 21 in. wide and 11½ yards long, and an average room requires seven or eight rolls.

* * * * *

If a coat of white paint is applied to an ordinary wire screen, those inside can see out, but outsiders cannot see into the room in daylight.

* * * * *

Blistering of paint is usually due to water or moisture in the surface or to sap in the wood. The evaporation of such moisture or sap produces blistering.

* * * * *

Woodwork from which the paint has been burnt with a blowlamp requires at least three coats of paint when re-painting.

* * * * *

Before re-capping a partially used tin of paint, check the level of the contents and indicate it on the outside of the tin by marking with a red pencil. Then, when you need paint in the future, you can tell at a glance, whether or not there is sufficient of any desired colour on hand.

* * * * *

Indelible ink marks may be removed in many cases by applying equal parts of turpentine and ammonia to the affected area.

* * * * *

Correct depth to dip a brush in paint is one-third the length of the bristles. Excess paint should be removed by tapping on the edge of the tin—not wiping.

* * * * *

A solution of washing soda and water will remove French polish and varnish from your fingers. It is much cheaper than methylated spirits. Some workers add a little borax to the solution to make it more effective.

* * * * *

If the ends of timber or outdoor furniture are coated with oil or paint, the damp cannot penetrate so quickly, and it will keep the timber, furniture, etc., drier. In buildings, or in fixing up a fence, the bottoms of timbers and all joints should be oiled, painted, or tarred to keep out the dampness.

USING A LADDER

- (1) Always face a ladder when climbing or descending it.
- (2) Make sure the ladder has a firm, level footing.
- (3) Never allow the distance from the foot of the ladder to the house to exceed one-quarter the length of the ladder.
- (4) Never paint ladder; instead, use varnish so that the dangerous defects in the wood can always be seen.
- (5) For quick "pick up", a centre point should be marked on a ladder.
- (6) Store ladders in well ventilated areas and support them in several places to avoid sagging.

* * * * *



A fine pen and ink sketch by Isabelle Johnson, of Three Way Bridge, Griffith

A Great First Australian



Everyone who knew Queen Yarmuk has a story to tell of the personal help and inspiration that she gave them.

She knew the secret of how to give her heart to people, and of passing on to others the dynamic faith by which she lived.

Queen Yarmuk was the sole remaining direct descendant of the last chief of the Ulupna tribe, whose territory once stretched from the Goulburn River at Shepparton to the Murray River and beyond.

She died in the Mooropna (Vic.) Base Hospital recently, aged 79, and was buried at Cummeragunja mission station, N.S.W., where she was brought up.

After her own people and white Australians, who counted it a privilege to know her, had paid their last respects, she was buried under the wattles on a little rise above the mission station, where the Murray, just north of Echuca, flows by in broad majestic sweeps.

Maoris' Message

She was a gracious and great first Australian, whose life is probably best epitomised by a message sent to her family by leaders of the Maori people: "Queen Yarmuk was a devoted mother of her people, who understood and lived the word of God."

And from the noted Aborigine singer Harold Blair and Colonel the Hon. and Mrs. Malise Hore-Ruthven, brother of former Australian Governor-General, the late Lord Gowrie, came this message: "She lives! Death can never kill her faith and fighting spirit. She lived to set others free from bitterness, which could have ruled her life. O God, may grace to us be given to follow in her train."

World Tributes

Other tributes read at the funeral service came from Dr. Frank Buchman, initiator of Moral Re-Armament, and leaders of the Negro people of America.

A short commemorative service was held in Cummeragunja's wooden-framed school house, where Queen Yarmuk (Mrs. Theresa Clements) had been such an apt pupil under the kindly eye of the mission's Indian schoolmaster, the late Mr. Thomas James.

It was conducted by one of her own people, Pastor Doug. Nicholls, of Melbourne, and the chief mourners were her three daughters, Princess Lilardia (Mrs. Margaret Tucker), Geraldine (Mrs. Selwyn Briggs), of Shepparton, and Evelyn (Mrs. Geeves) of Queensland. The burial service was said by the Rev. Father B. Wathen.

At the graveside, Australian poet Mr. Michael Thwaites whose family had been among Australia's early settlers, apologised for the indifference and lack of care that had characterised the white Australian's treatment of the Aborigine people.

Pledging himself to live to restore this, Mr. Thwaites said that he believed with Queen Yarmuk that both the Aborigine people and white Australians were meant to pioneer together a new Australia and be remakers of the world.

Queen Yarmuk was born on old Ulupna station, near Tocumwal, N.S.W., but was brought up and went to school first at Maloga and then three miles away at Cummeragunja.

She could remember her grandmother telling tales of the arrival of the first white men in their part of the country.

The Aborigines hid behind trees to watch the white men come up the river in a canoe. They were so deeply impressed by the pallor of the white skins and the red handkerchiefs that the men wore round their necks to protect themselves from the sun that they dubbed the whites "ghost men with blood around their necks."

Faith from the Bible

Queen Yarmuk's faith was derived from the Bible, which she knew intimately from cover to cover. It was a reality to her, "a light unto her life and a lamp unto her feet."

One of the friends recalled that when some of the women in the home where she stayed once were not getting on with each other, she called them together and said she had felt the differences between them.

She took up her Bible and read to them from Proverbs: "It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house." The women lost no time in putting their differences right!

On a World Front

In her last years the Queen, with her daughter, Princess Lilardia, began to fight on a world front for a moral ideology to take root in the affairs of men and nations.

The Queen responded wholeheartedly to Frank Buchman's belief that it is "character and not colour" that matters.

So she began to fight for new motives for living among her own people as well as white Australians.

She told a friend that at night when she often could not sleep, she had used these hours asking God to tell her the truth about Moral Re-Armament.

She said to her friend: "God told me this. Moral Re-Armament is God's work and Frank Buchman is a man of God."

Later, when a celebration was held in Frank Buchman's Australian home in Melbourne, the Queen, who was the chief guest, had the further thought that "Moral Re-Armament is like a stone thrown around the world killing evil so that good may grow up."

Queen Yarmuk of the Ulupna Tribe

(Buried at Cummeragunja, on the Murray, August 14, 1959)

A worn-out body laid in quiet earth,
Grey watching gums, a wattle's throb of gold,
The unhurried river hollowing its path,
Wind in the grass—what more is to be told?

You, last of all that knew your tribal tongue,
Sleep now with them in this ancestral ground.
Above your grave the towering, ancient wrong
Speaks in a silence pregnant and profound.

Beside your grave I stand, among your folk
Who loved this land before the white man came.
Burned by the burning words you never spoke,
I ask forgiveness for my people's shame.

For named and nameless ills your people bore
From us, who killed by bullet, axe and pride,
For our stone blindness; for the day we tore
In kindness's name your children from your side.

What could we answer if your ghost should rise
To curse our children's children from the grave?
You rise—but with redemption in your eyes.
Before we knew to ask it, you forgave.

A fire of truth and love was lit in you
Who, unembittered, fought with bitter fate.
We took the land and life your fathers knew,
You never claimed your heritage of hate.

But poured your life, in spite of death and hell,
For those you loved, the world you longed to see.
Rest quiet in this place you loved so well,
And let the wakeful spirit wander free.

Now to that Father of all humankind,
In whom you trusted, gallant, tireless, tired,
We give, with you, our strength and will and mind
To win the world your warrior heart desired.

—MICHAEL THWAITES.

Acknowledgment to the "Melbourne Age".

Help Yourself

Patching plaster for repairing cracked walls, etc., should not be stirred too much after mixing as this shortens the plaster's working life.

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Green discolouration which often appears on copper tubing, etc., can be removed by rubbing it with a paste made of soap and ammonia.

* * * * *

To prevent windows and mirrors steaming up, give them a rub over with dry soap and then polish off with a soft dry cloth.

* * * * *

To clean a sheepskin rug, lay it on an old sheet and sprinkle with powdered magnesia. Rub well into the wool, sprinkle more powder and roll the rug into a parcel of strong paper. Leave for three or four days. Then take out, shake thoroughly out of doors, and beat lightly on the skin side to get out all the remaining powder. To remove grease, rub over the wool tips with carbon tetrachloride.

• • * * *

To clean the works of a cheap clock, saturate a cloth or pad of cotton wool with kerosene and lay it inside the case on a small disc to prevent the wood from absorbing the oil. The fumes caused by the evaporation of the oil will loosen dust and dirt in the works and cause it to drop. Lubrication is also accomplished to some extent in this way.

* * * * *

Paint spatters are easily removed from linoleum or hardwood floors with fine steel wool, even after the paint has partially hardened. Use light pressure and a short stroke, just long enough to cover the spot without dulling the finish on the surrounding area more than necessary. Wax and polish to eliminate any dull spots.

* • * * *

Nails which are driven in to hold timber only temporarily, should have small pieces of thin lino under the heads. This can be removed later, leaving heads free for gripping.

* * * * •

Two lengths of angle iron, one laid over each jaw, increases the effective length of a vice for holding long work.



An excellent drawing by Graeme Charles, of Francis Street, Moama

PAINTING RULES

Sawdust sprinkled on the floor of a new home will protect it from stains while the walls and ceiling are being painted. It will absorb bits of plaster and scrapings and, when the painter's job is finished, the floor can be swept clean.

* * * * *

Always rub down paintwork with wet and dry (waterproof) sandpaper. Paint containing lead should not be rubbed down dry.

Never store new paint brushes in a hot place; heat makes the bristles come away from the handles.

When wallpapering, paste lengths of toilet paper on the wall at all joint positions. This provides a paper-to-paper joint and prevents any tendency for edges to "lift".

* * * * *

When cleaning paintwork and windows add a drop of kerosene to the warm water. It promotes a gloss and keeps down insects.

• * * * *

Where old paintwork becomes too sticky to remove properly after the application of paint stripper, spread with sawdust.

• * * * *

Painting over rust is a waste of time. Rust will continue to grow under the paint. Effective treatment is a proprietary rust-inhibiting solution. Heavy rust should first be removed with a wire brush.

BILLY TEA and DAMPER

by John Sidney

People, to simplify everything, often say that Australia grew to manhood on the sheep's back. There's some truth in it, of course, but when the laurels are being handed around why not a nice green wreath for damper, billy tea and corned beef? These three were (and still are) the staple diet of the bush worker—drover, shearer, jackeroo, timber-getter, bullocky, swagman, stockman and so forth.

In the Australian outback today, you'll often come across a tough old gentleman of eighty or even ninety-odd who will ascribe his long life to his diet of corned beef, damper and billy tea, apparently setting at nought all the theories of the nutritionists because his damper—the bushman's bread—was made with white flour, and he rarely ate any fruit and green vegetables. (Of course, the nutritionist, if he knows his stuff is not flummoxed—he will retort that the old gentleman may be healthy enough, but that he would be even more healthy if he had had a balanced diet with vitamins and other protective food factors throughout his life.)

Corned beef, damper, and billy tea were staple diet of the pioneers for simple enough reasons. Corned beef kept well in a hot climate. So did the raw material from which damper is made—white flour. Tea could transform the dirty slimy water of a creek or waterhole into a drink fit for a king. Then again the bushman had to travel light—and damper, cooked in the ashes of his fire, needed no elaborate oven.

Damper, the tasty bread of the outback Australian, is something of a culinary miracle. Made by an expert it is light and feathery—yet no yeast, cream of tartar or baking soda is used to make it rise.

Making damper is becoming a lost art in a country where more than half the people live in the capital cities and towns. Many town and city-bred Australians have merely heard of it—and then have got it wrong, like the young Sydney girl who thought it was a tonic.

Put simply, you make damper by kneading white flour with water and cooking it in the ashes. Nothing could sound easier—and nothing is more difficult to make well.

Watch an old hand at work. He digs a round hole in the ground at the fire. The hole is about a foot across. Into and around it he scrapes hot coals. He waits until the coals are just going into ashes before he begins mixing the dough in a dish or on a board. Knead little is the secret. A few drops of water, a few slaps of the wrist, and in little time the dough is ready, thumped to the shape of a small water-melon.

The bushman puts it in the ground oven, scraping more hot ashes over it. In forty minutes or so it is cooked. A good damper cook has a fine sense of timing, bred of long experience.

That is a description of the classic method of damper-making—a method born of the necessity of travelling light, and not humping a camp oven about with you. With a regretful sigh I admit that damper is often made in the bush today by "city-slicker" methods. Cream of tartar and baking soda are used to help the damper rise in the camp oven—a large iron pot which can be stowed in the back of a motor truck or dray.

One of the best bush stories about damper making was told by an old bushman in a Melbourne newspaper recently :

"A boundary rider was camped about 20 miles over from us. Sort of lonely he was, and lived rough, he did. He used to come over for a decent meal and company.

"Well, our dough-banger lends this boundary rider his cookery book, he did, and we never see anything of him until he returns.

'How did you get on?' we asked.

'No good,' he says, 'I had a go at a recipe for damper one day, but the first thing I read was to take a clean plate. I was euchred from the start.'

Every visitor to Australia who gets out in the bush carries away with him memories of billy tea. Invariably he asserts that billy tea is the best tea he has ever drunk. If one were merely interested in patriotic chest-thumping, one should leave it at that. But the thing that helps to give tea brewed in a blackened quart pot over an open fire its particular edge, is the circumstances in which our visitor (and Australians) usually drink it. There's nothing like a long motor drive, horseback ride, or walk in the hot sun—and open air—to give you a keen thirst.

That word billy? Those who have made a study of these things think it came from the aboriginal word "billa" for a creek or river. To a bushman a creek or river meant water and it wasn't long before he was applying the name to the quart pot he used for making tea—and cooking, too.

Making billy tea is a tradition-heavy formalised ritual and a bushman goes about it with all the slow deliberateness of a high priest. The fire, mostly of eucalypt wood, must be just right—not too smoky, not too strong. The billy of cold water is hung across on a green stick—a dry one could catch alight. Almost a literature could be gathered together on the various methods of suspending the green stick with the billy, but the classic method is to use a number of green (preferably) forked sticks. Some connoisseurs insist on putting a small green stick across the open top of the billy, arguing that this stops the water from becoming smoked.

When the billy comes to the boil the expert drops in the tea leaves, lets them simmer for a few seconds only—a matter for nice judgment—and lifts the billy

off the fire. Ten to thirty seconds pass before the billy is swung back over the fire—the masters differ on the exact time. The billy comes to the boil again and is lifted off smartly.

There are two main schools of thought on the best way of making the leaves settle. One insists on tapping the sides of the billy smartly with a stick. The other grasps it firmly by the handle and twirls it round in full circles, not spilling a drop. Another school of thought which is frowned on by the master of the art uses half a cup of cold water to make the leaves settle.

The tea is ready. Your bushman usually likes it black—without milk—but sweetened with sugar. More effete types use milk, usually condensed.

Making billy tea is a symbol of the comradeship of the men in the bush. The phrase “care for a cup of tea?” which greets newcomers is time-honoured in the outback. It is not too much to claim that billy tea is as symbolic of the Australia beyond the cities as the gum tree is.

—With acknowledgment to “Corroboree”.

OUR GIRLS



Annabelle Knox, of Karuah, loves a spin on her motor bike



But Margaret Roberts, of Box Ridge, Coraki, prefers to make music

Artificial Light is the Key to Egg Supply in the Winter

To get eggs in the winter is a problem. The natural time for birds to lay is in the spring. However, poultrymen have overcome this difficulty and if the home gardener follows their example and uses artificial lights and laying cages, eggs can be as plentiful in winter as in spring.

Cages take up so little space and can be kept in any shelter or outbuilding that is light and airy, but able to protect the layers from weather extremes—from cold and wet, which always brings down egg production.

Birds in cages don't have to compete with one another for feed so they lay more eggs. The bird at the bottom of the so-called peck order is able to contribute her quota, as the others can't chase her away from food or water.

There is much less trouble with parasites, like coccidiosis or round worms in cages. In fact there is much less trouble even with common colds when birds are kept in this modern way, and healthy birds always mean more eggs, other things being equal.

But the key to the problem of winter eggs really lies in artificial light, which helps to duplicate spring conditions by shortening the nights. The main conditions of spring are warmth—which can be provided by good houses, and extended hours of light—which can be provided if lights are used to supplement the hours of daylight.

Once we were told that the increased winter production under artificial lights, which lengthened the total hours of light, was due to the birds being able and encouraged to eat more food. But when pellet feeding was introduced, which enables birds to eat all they want in the shortest possible time, this was found not to be the case.

Now we know the longer hours of light stimulate the pituitary gland through the nerves of the eyes, and this master gland fills the blood with hormones that start the egg producing organisms into action. Hens must have 14 hours of light, either natural or artificial, in order to lay profitably.

In spring or summer, the long days provide the 14 hours of light, but in winter we need some sort of lighting system to do the trick.

It is the easiest thing to have an extension of the electric light from your house to the fowl house, with a switch somewhere handy in your house.

On commercial poultry farms a time switch is used to switch the lights on early in the morning and off at sunrise, so as to give the birds a total of 14 hours light. In home gardens the expense of a time switch is hardly justified and, if one is not improvised by using the old alarm clock to switch the lights on in the early morning and your thumb to switch them off when you get up, the additional light can be given in the evening, to make up the 14 hours of total light.

Birds in cages don't have to find their perches after the lights go out, so no pilot light is necessary. But in the case of birds on deep litter floors, a dim pilot light must

be switched on over the perches for a few minutes after the main one is switched off, to give the birds an opportunity to find their way to roost.

Some home gardeners let the light, which is usually a 15 or 20 watt bulb if cages are used, burn all night. In deep litter, where the bulb is fixed high over the birds, a 40 watt bulb is generally used.

The important thing to remember is that when you use all-night lights you must continue them until the hens are sold or are purposely thrown into a moult before the breeding season. Any kind of sudden change in the light system will throw the fowls into a moult, and laying will come to a stop. That's why it's a good idea to switch the light on sometime during the day to see how the bulb is working.

Lights, of course, cannot make good layers out of poor hens—or hungry hens.

Keep the feed tins full and see that there is plenty of fresh water available. Keep the birds comfortable, and give them 14 hours of light, and you'll not be short of winter eggs, if you keep fowls in the back garden.

Aboriginal Girls Tour Industries

A bus load of 52 aboriginal schoolgirls toured industries at Byron Bay one day recently. The girls, with staff, were attending the Lennox Head National Fitness camp.

Miss P. Downie, camp director, said that from the amount of community singing and laughter on the bus trip there appeared to be no shyness or reserve. All the girls were having a wonderful time in their lakeside surroundings.

The girls were shown through the Norco butter factory by Mr. J. Stoney and also showed great interest in the new three million candlepower light at the lighthouse. The visit to Byron Bay concluded with a beach carnival.

In various teams, the girls competed in games, many being new to them, such as chariot races, wheelbarrow races, hoop relays and the shot-putt.

One night, the girls attended a movie night in camp and entertained several Lennox Head residents as camp guests. On behalf of the visitors, Mr. S. Gibbon thanked the campers and recalled the earlier days of the Education Department camp at Lennox Head.

Another night the "Red Bill," "Cormorant" and "Heron" Lodges competed against each other in a camp concert. Miss Downie said that she was very pleased with the group singing and their quick grasp of the many new camp songs. Portion of the concert was tape-recorded.

One afternoon the children participated in bushcraft competition. In groups of five the girls competed in tests based on previous lessons. There were billy-boiling, fire-lighting, tent pitching and cooking competitions.

On the last Saturday night the camp barn dance was held followed by Sunday church services, visitors' afternoon and the final camp fire on Sunday night.

OUR BOYS



Trevor Ballangarra, of Bowraville, all dressed up for a day out at Newcastle



Meet Richard King, of Karuah



Paul Manton, of Karuah, appears to be going "walkabout"

The WORLD'S Loneliest Rock

In the heart of the Australian Continent, this natural phenomenon has a strange fascination for the tourist. This story is written by one who recently made the long, arduous overland trip.

One of the world's great natural wonders is set in such a remote part of the earth that few people ever see it, but those who do find the spectacle well worth the tiring journey and many discomforts.

Ayers Rock, the world's largest single rock, is set almost dead in the centre of Australia. It lies 268 miles southwest of the nearest town, Alice Springs, in the Northern Territory.

This isolated town itself is a challenge to any visitor. Those who do not fly there travel by rail from Adelaide, in the south, changing trains twice and taking two days to cover the 1,100 miles.

Summer temperatures in these parts rise to as high as 125 degrees, but during the winter months, when the thermometer stands at a steady seventy, a tourist company operating from Alice Springs takes visitors to the Rock once a week by motor coach. It is quite unlike any other tourist coach trip in the world; along the entire 268-mile route the bus passes only three cattle stations.

The road is little better than a track. Fourteen years ago it was nothing more than a camel pad and two years ago two motorists perished when their car sank in one of the many sand traps.

So poor is the semi-desert country in this part of the continent that cattle are grazed one to the square mile. No pasture grows on the rust red soil; only the leaves of small shrubs and trees provide fodder.

Kangaroos and emus are thick in the area, creatures that attract as much attention from the Australian city dweller as from the overseas visitors. Less numerous here are dingoes and brumbies (wild horses).

Averaging a speed of twenty-five miles an hour along the soft, sandy, winding road the tourist coach makes an overnight stop en route to the Rock. Visitors sleep on stretchers in two main canvas tents. When they reach the camp at the base of the Rock they are similarly accommodated. During the three-day stay there they drink and wash in water drawn from a bore sunk 130 feet into the ground. Before the bore was sunk, water, like food, had to be carried on the bus.

Approaching the Rock visitors see another striking rock formation, Mount Connor, the world's largest residual mountain. In shape it is similar to Table Mountain and, like Ayers Rock, stands quite alone, hundreds of miles from any regular mountain range.

Ayers Rocks rises from the flat, almost treeless plain to a height of 1,147 feet. It is a mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile through. Except at one point around its five and one-half mile base the sides rise sheer and unscalable.

No vegetation grows on the bare rock surface; from all angles the outline is clear and sharp against the sky. It is a monolith, one single, gigantic piece of stone.

To the Australian aboriginals, who no doubt explored it centuries before the white man, it has long been a shrine to their spirit gods, a sacred place. In the caves around its base the visiting nomadic tribes have left crude paintings of these gods and their symbols.

During their three-day visit tourists examine the caves and learn some of the native mythology connected with the Rock. There is one point at which the side of the Rock slopes to the ground gradually enough to allow the energetic to climb to the top, a strenuous and hazardous climb that only the youngest and fittest attempt. Within a few feet on either side of the track lie sheer drops of six to eight hundred feet. No safety devices exist.

It is the coach driver on whom the success and enjoyment of the trip depends. His job embraces many more tasks than those of coach captains on less isolated routes.

Apart from the normal business of driving and pointing out places of interest along the route, the driver also prepares the roadside lunches, makes any necessary repairs to the vehicle, advises tourists what to pay aboriginals for souvenir boomerangs, acts as guide around the Rock face and leads the climb to the summit.

On such a long journey and under poor conditions bogging and breakdowns are inevitable. When the coach comes to a standstill in the sand the driver takes his axe and chops down two straight saplings at the side of the road. He places their pointed ends between the twin rear driving wheels, drives up on to them, gains momentum along their length, and thus reaches firmer ground.

If replacement parts are required the driver uses a two-way radio to call Alice Springs and have the parts driven out to him.

Such radios are used all over the Northern Territory. By this means station owners order supplies, summon medical assistance, and exchange gossip.

When visitors arrive back at Alice Springs after seven days they feel they have returned to civilisation. In the Northern Territory, where 16,000 people spread over an area of half a million square miles, where towns are up to five hundred miles apart, and where cattle stations run to the size of Belgium, Alice Springs, with its population of 3,000 heads, is civilisation.

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by

RUDOLPH TAYLOR

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# EVERY MAN A SOWER

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"And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the World"

St. Matthew 28:20

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Every man is born with the gift of a sower. It does not matter the kind of seed he sows, the fact remains that he is a sower.

To be a sower does not only refer to one who sows seeds in the ground. In every home, parents make it their duty to instruct the young ones born there. They teach them healthy ways, they teach them to respect their parents as well as other people; they teach them about love and its fruitful ways, thus sowing the seed in the right way to the right soil.

When one is a leader of the people, he teaches them the good ways of how to behave so that they become exemplary to the public. A shepherd teaches his flock certain characteristic ways to know his voice. The cattle are given names to which they are made to respond. The oxen are made to understand certain signs to come under a yoke when the man inspanns them. Dogs are given names and even made to understand certain commands at the instructions of owners. Parrots can sound words said by owners. In all these, man is a sower of a good seed in the well-tilled and fertile soil of his choice.

We may say that all the good ways he is imparting to his family, his people, his animals and his pets are seeds sown in a good soil, in his country.

That is not all. He cannot have a rest and affirm that his work is accomplished. His whole mind, his hope and his trust rests upon his efforts. He will think about all his endeavours and his wishes become his prayers for the work on which he spent his energy and time. He will always wish for himself a success in his labours.

When Christ was on earth, He had the same gifts as that of a sower. He had the same qualities as that of a leader of the people or as that of a shepherd. He taught of God's love to His people and to the world; He taught of God's mercy and righteousness to all; He taught of the Kingdom of God in this world; He brought salvation to those who were lost; He brought His redemption to the afflicted and the stricken ones. His light came to those who were in darkness.

He taught the remaining eleven disciples to become the sowers of His seed. He gave them power to look after His people—His flock. He entreated them to hold fast in the work they were about to carry on without Him. He encouraged them to sustain the weighty burden of a sower. Like an intelligent sower who does not go to sleep after covering his seed with soil, like a teacher of children and like a leader of the people in a country, His work did not end there.

His emphatic promise to His disciples was made; His sacrificial love was poured on to the eleven; His courageous strength was dedicated to His work and the remaining workers: "And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the World"—a courageous promise to show that His work was not completed; a desire to continue for a little while if time was not short or if the stay was a little longer—a clear way of giving hope to workers so that they should not give up a well begun work.

A writer of a book does not delight in preparing manuscripts and then sitting back after the strenuous task of putting together; an editor is not happy to see his work printed and sent out; a news reporter does not praise his work of collecting news all over the world and stop there. It is not the book you write that you will be happy to see; it is not the edited work that makes the editor a well-known man, and it's not the news collected that makes the reporter a good man, it is the message put forth to the people, the seed sown in the fertile soil, the growth of the seed you have sown and the efforts made after the message is published.

Thus Christ promised His disciples the blessings He was going to pour upon them for a continuous work they were to do; the blessings for the spread of the Gospel unto all people; the blessings for the spread of the Good News even unto those dark corners of the world. Let us not despair but carry on with the task given us.—

*Amen*



**This debonair young man is K. Ridgeway, of Karuah**

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## Pen Friends

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Koos Louis, Louw's Creek Store, P.O. Louw's Creek, via Barberton, South Africa, (22) would like to hear from Coloured and Indian girls of any age. Photo., please!

Gordon Graham, 120 Dutch Reform Road, Green Point Village, Beaconsfield, Kimberley, South Africa (18), would like to correspond with girls and boys (18-20) from all over the world. His hobbies are singing, dancing, reading and writing. Photo., please!

Germina Mamabolo, 58a Boeschoten Street, Pietersburg, South Africa (31), would like pen-pals of either sex (31-49). Her interests are religion, music, sport, reading and letter-writing. Photo., please!

P. B. Mbuti, 1543 Katlehong Township, P.O. Natal-spruit (22), keen on driving, snaps, cinema, gardening, painting, reading and collecting cards, wants girl pen-pals. Photo., please!

Constance More, 380 Mofolo Village, P.O. Orlando, South Africa, goodlooking and (19), would like to correspond with boys and girls of her own age. Interests are dancing and sport.

Amin Vali Mahomed (16), who collects stamps and postcards would like to have pen-friends from all over the world to help him swell his collection. His address is: P.O. Box 279, Bukoba, Tanganyika, South Africa.

Arthur V. K. Ranana (18), 49 Graton Street, New Brighton, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, would like to hear from pen-friends, men and women of any age from all parts of the world. His interests are letter-writing, reading, golf, cricket and rugby.

N. J. Kamwendoh, 441 New Highfields, Salisbury, S.R., South Africa (27), is interested in jiving, cinema, newspapers and exchanging photos. He would like women pen-pals under 30.

Martha Motaung, 46 3rd Avenue, Parkhurst, Johannesburg, South Africa, (21), would like to hear from boys of her own age. Her interests are driving, cinema and reading.

Richard Dulana, c/o. Salisbury F.C., 704 Lister Buildings, Stanley Avenue, Salisbury, S.R., South Africa, (19), has general interests and would like girls (15-19) to write to him.

Anna More, 110 16th Street, Parkhurst, Johannesburg, South Africa, (24), interested in reading, cinema and swimming. She would like boys and girls of her own age as pen-pals.

Solomon Maponya, c/o. Henning, Mafafula, Tzaneen, South Africa, would like pen-pals (18-20), to write to him. He asks, "Do they really correspond with lonely hearts, or is it a joke?" So, pen-pals, show him it's no joke!

## Pensions for our People

### . . . Results at last

*Writing to the editor of "DAWN" Mr. Michael Sawtell says—*

"I was delighted to read Mrs. Foster's article in the August issue of *Dawn* supporting my one man campaign for pensions for the aged aborigines. But, I am now glad to say, that we have won—the Federal government is to spend a million pounds on Social Services for aborigines.

So again we have won.

Also, our managers tell me, that for some time now, they have been getting the pension for aged aborigines, then saying nothing about where they live and letting them stop on the stations.

Over the years, I have had easily 50,000 copies of a letter (excerpt below) sent in to the Prime Minister, mainly at my own expense, from all those New South Wales organisations that I have addressed from time to time, such as the 90 different Rotary, Lions, Apex and C.W.A. Clubs, all the Churches including the Synagogue Temple Emanuel at Woollahra. The staff at the Prime Minister's Department often had to open as many as 200 letters a day from school children, who sent in letters after I had talked at their school."

Mr. Sawtell's letter to the Prime Minister said:

"I plead with you to grant relief to those starving aborigines in Western Australia. I also ask for more sympathetic administration towards the aged Full Blood Aborigines and their pensions, and the Full Blood Nursing Mothers. Put all the responsibility on the State Welfare Boards, and when they exempt a Full Blood, then I ask you to grant the Social Services without any questions."



Eugene Bile and Retta Ferguson, of Brewarrina

# ◇ DAISY BATES ◇

by MICHAEL SAWTELL

Well-known author and traveller and member of the Aborigines Welfare Board

Recently, the *Sydney Morning Herald* published an article about that grand old lady Mrs. Daisy Bates, who was, in her own way, one of the pioneers of aborigine welfare in Australia.

I knew her well and had several long talks to her. I met Daisy Bates about 1912, when I was a stockman for a firm in Carnarvon, Western Australia. Daisy Bates came to Carnarvon with an anthropologist, whose name I now forget, to go out into the desert in order to bring in those diseased and unhappy bush aborigines, who had been starving out in the Warburton ranges for centuries, and ship them over to the leper station at Dorie and Bernie Islands. There is a government aborigine station in the Warburton country now. However, Daisy Bates and her expedition brought back 112 poor wretched, diseased and starving aborigines, who had to be guarded by the police, lest they would try to escape back into their own country. Tribal aborigines must die in their own country, so that the "shade" or what we would call the soul, will not get lost.

My job was to organise the transport and horses for the trip, as that was in the days before motor transport. I met Mrs. Bates a good deal, as she was a bush woman

who took a great interest in horses. Not many people know that she was married to a drover named Jack Bates, from over the Leopold ranges in Kimberly. She also wrote a book "Two Thousand Miles with a Drover," in which she never mentioned her husband by name, but called him the drover.

I had several long talks to Daisy Bates and I also wrote out for her a list of about two hundred words of the dialect of the Ooungyee tribe, a tribe that has long since died out, in the wild Obagooma country at the back of Yampi South, Western Australia. I remember well how she impressed upon me, that the chief cause of the demoralisation of full blood aborigines when they came into contact with our civilisation, was the violation of their most ancient, wise and complicated marriage laws.

Daisy Bates did a great work in her own way, but entirely impractical in these days. She actually went and lived with those wretched desert aborigines at Ooldea on the East West line and tried to influence them to remain tribal aborigines. However, she did arouse interest in aborigine welfare in her book "The Passing of the Aborigines."

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## *The Herald Article . . .*

# MYSTERY OF DAISY BATES

by John Chilston

The puzzle of when Dame Nellie Melba was born—different authorities gave varying dates between 1859 and 1865—was cleared up this week by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ernest Mitchell, who confirmed that the diva was born on May 19, 1861.

Hard on its heels comes another mystery concerning the birth date of another famous woman—the remarkable Daisy Bates. She was born about the same time as Melba, but when?

Should we be preparing to celebrate in October the centenary of the birth of one of Australia's greatest daughters? Or is the centenary year in 1960 or even in 1961? Or can we have missed it by a year?

That is the puzzle that is confounding the Mitchell Library—and myself—about the famous Daisy Bates, C.B.E., who died as recently as 1951.

Reference books gave conflicting dates of birth. The Australian Encyclopaedia plumps for 1861. Past editions

of the Australian "Who's Who" were unhelpful. One says 1860 and another, earlier. Two magazine biographies said 1859. But a plaque at Ooldea, where she lived in a tent for 20 years caring for the desert aborigines, declares for 1861.

I have written to Ballychrine in Tipperary, where she she was born, and the Mitchell Library has agreed to photostat the reply.

For those who remember the outlines but have forgotten the details, the story of the fabulous Daisy Bates can open with this picture.

Wild aborigines of the Australian desert chatter excitedly as they wait for the duel to begin. Two miles up in the stark blue summer sky, an airliner drones on its flight to Perth, 1,000 miles away. But on the ground, amid the eroded rocks and the stiff spinifex bushes and the limitless expanse of wind-worn pebbles, it is the Stone Age and men carry stone axes and spears.

A warrior has broken one of the tribe's most rigid laws by stealing into the dwelling of another warrior's woman and the affair is to be settled now, according to tribal law, by a duel between the two men. Both are husky six-footers, their bodies are naked except for streaks of white clay and yellow ochre. They are armed each with long pointed shields and a stack of six-foot long spears.

"Kabbarli! (Grandmother!) Kabbarli!" cry the watching warriors, women and piccaninnies. "Kabbarli!" Into the mass of Stone Age people strides the little, elderly white woman, wearing a mid-Victorian blouse to the wrists, an ankle-length skirt, and a starched stand-up collar finished with a silk ribbon tie. On her head she wears a straw boater and she carries a furled black umbrella. The shade temperature is 120 degrees.

Kabbarli walks to a position midway between the two warriors and a little to the side, addresses them in their own tongue, takes out a white linen handkerchief, holds it daintily between her fingers and then drops it to the ground as a signal for the duel to begin.

Sleek spears whistle through the air; lithe bodies side-step or catch the spears on their shields; the audience yells with the excitement. Death is in those barbed spear heads if muscular bodies don't lunge swiftly, and in the right direction as each warrior hurls them at his opponent. A spear scorchs along the side of the wronged husband. The tribe screams as a sheet of red blood runs down his side. He flings again and his spear shears through the left fore-arm of his antagonist. The stoic warrior reaches for another spear from the stack on the ground but the white woman calls them to halt.

Both warriors obey. The duel is ended; honour is satisfied and the Kabbarli, the Grandmother, has settled another dispute. Her methods are decidedly unorthodox for a white woman who was a Justice of the Peace, but she believed that the aborigines of the tribe she ruled must act according to their own laws and not according to white men's law which they did not understand.

The "Grandmother" had been a correspondent of *The Times* and the intimate of Cecil Rhodes, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, George Bernard Shaw and other Victorian celebrities. She had renounced her brilliant London society during World War I—to become a "blood sister" to Australian aborigines—the only white woman to achieve this distinction.

She went there in the first place to learn about the aborigines and in the end she found she could not leave them. "So savage and so simple, so much astray and so utterly helpless they were, that somehow they became my responsibility," she wrote in her book, "The Passing of the Aborigines" (London, 1938). "There was no one else to do my work because no one else was willing to live as I lived. It enticed me and enticed me all the time."

For 20 years she lived in her tent at Ooldea, 400 miles northwest of Adelaide, and on the fringe of the great, flat, treeless Nullabor Plain. In the tent was a camp bed, a trestle table, and a kerosene tin cut across the slant: this was her bath-tub in which she "bathed" every evening.

She did her own washing—except for the stiff white collars which she had done by a laundry in Adelaide and sent out to her by the Trans-Continental Railway which stopped at Ooldea on the run from Adelaide to Perth. At all times, she wore corsets under her mid-Victorian dress.

Her food was native food—game such as kangaroos, emus, lizards, snakes, birds' eggs, wood grubs, berries and yams—and tea and buttered toast.

She nursed the aborigines through illnesses such as tuberculosis, influenza, measles, and blindness caused by desert glare and grit. She spent her own money on medicine and drugs.

She helped them with food and clothing. From near and far natives heard of her and came to visit her. But she never tried to "civilise" the natives. She believed their own way of life was best for them.

### COPIED WHITES

Once, after spending some years in Adelaide to work on her series of books about aboriginal customs and dialects, she returned to find that the natives had learned some of the white men's ways. Not merely were they sleeping on pillows and mattresses but they were copying some of the white men's less desirable habits such as taking the wives of other men. Kabbarli stormed through the camp. She burnt everything to the ground and packed the tribe out into the desert to recapture its old way of life. She never tried to convert them to her religion. She spoke of God to them only when they were dying and afraid. She would take their hands and say to them, "When I let go of you, you will be in my Father's home." They died, no longer frightened, but trusting as children, in the good Kabbarli's Father. Never once was Mrs. Daisy Bates molested in any way by any black man or woman.

She learnt from the blacks the story of Koorannup which was the name the aborigines gave to their heaven which lies away to the west. The spirits of the dead travel through the ocean deeps to find it and there all who greet him are white. As he arrives, too, his outer skin falls away to reveal his own white skin.

She learnt, too, that these simple people believed that Kabbarli the Grandmother was one of their ancestors who had come from their heaven to succour them. (And they were right enough, too!)

Her work became known all over the world and in 1933 she was made a Commander of the British Empire. When she was 85, she became ill and had to leave her beloved black people. She went to Adelaide, wearing the heavy black coat and shirt she had worn 40 years before when presented to the Duke and Duchess of York (later King George and Queen Mary). There in Adelaide she worked on her many manuscripts about the aborigines—the fruit of a lifetime of observation and love—until her death eight years ago.



## 1960 SUMMER CAMP AT LA PEROUSE

The Board has decided to hold a camp again during the next summer holidays, for aborigine children from the Far West areas. As on previous occasions, the camp will be held at La Perouse.

The Board now has two nissen huts at La Perouse, one for the accommodation of the boys and the other for girls. These were in use during the last camp and were a great improvement on the tents which were previously used to house the children.

During the camp the children will be taken to the Zoo, the beach and to various entertainments. In addition, entertainment will be provided at night at the camp. Provision will also be made for the playing of cricket, soft ball and other games at the camp.

Whilst in Sydney, the children will also be medically examined.

H. J. GREEN,

Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare.

## BELLBROOK PROGRESS ASSOCIATION AGRICULTURAL ACTIVITY

The total amount derived from the joint agricultural project launched by the Bellbrook Progress Association and Mr. K. W. Waters, from the sale of corn, was £105. After £44 5s. 6d. had been paid to Mr. Waters for labour, the use of his tractor and the corn, a balance of £60 14s. 6d was left to be credited to the Bellbrook Progress Association Account.

## VISIT BY SUPERINTENDENT TO BREWARRINA

The Superintendent of Aborigines Welfare visited Brewarrina Aboriginal Station early in September. It was pleasing to see so many vegetable gardens. What a help it is to have fresh vegetables from your own garden instead of having to buy them, especially when they are expensive.

During his short visit Mr. Green was able to attend a meeting of the Parents & Citizens' Association. Mrs. G. Wilson is the President, and Mrs. Ann Wright the Hon. Secretary. It was quite a joy to find a meeting so well conducted by the aborigines themselves and they are to be congratulated.

Recently the parents and citizens raised sufficient funds to purchase a duplicator for the use of the school.

This proves that Parents and Citizen's Associations and Progress Associations can do a lot if they only try hard enough. It is hoped other Aboriginal Stations will follow the example of the residents of Brewarrina.

Priscilla Johnson, of Murrin Bridge, has announced her engagement to Allan Biggs and her sister Nancy is to wed Fair Brair, of Condobolin. No date has yet been set for the two weddings but it is expected they will be early in the new year.

Mrs. Hazel King, of Murrin Bridge, has a brand new daughter, Violet Ann, and Mrs. Christian Johnson a son, Owen Albert.

Mrs. Patsy Quayle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dick King of Murrin Bridge has made her home in Bourke with her husband, Vincent Quayle.

The people of Murrin Bridge have extended a warm welcome to the new Assistant Manager, Mr. Redman, and Mrs. Redman and hope their stay on the station will be a long and happy one.

The Murrin Bridge schoolboys football team seem to have lost their form since their coach, Mr. James, left, but it is hoped that Mr. Butcher will get them in trim again.

Work around Murrin Bridge is rather scarce at present and many of the menfolk have had to go far afield in search of employment.

The sympathy of Murrin Bridge residents goes out to Joyce Johnson in the recent tragic loss of her tiny baby.



We would like you to meet Esther Nicholls, of Coonamble

# CHARACTER, not Colour, counts

*A new hope, Now*

*Writing to the editor of DAWN, Mrs Margaret Tucker (Princess Lilardía of the Ulupna) says—*

I am writing to enlist your help to see that this article by Muriel Smith, the great Negro contralto, gets the widest publicity. I met Muriel while I was in America. We were in Atlanta in the South for four months with the musical play, "The Crowning Experience", in which she is the star. I was in the finale of the play, and appreciated deeply all she gave in this race-conscious city. This latest statement of hers expresses my feelings exactly and is what I long for, for everyone of my Aboriginal people.

Dr. Buchman's message to the world, that it is character and not colour by which a man's worth should be judged, has given me hope, where before I was completely frustrated and hopeless. Many people across Australia write about the problems of our people, but I feel this is an inspiring answer for us to forget our wounds and hurts, and give to our nations and to the world, what God means us to give.

I long to see the Magna Carta published in Australia, and would feel a deep gratitude if my Australian people, both black and white, could see this priceless answer to one of the major problems of the world. I am enclosing a reprint of the Magna Carta published in the "New York Times".

God can speak through the aboriginal people to Australia, by means of our magazine, *Dawn*. It is one big way of bringing white and dark people together in finding a new life and the *right* one.

God bless you.

Muriel Smith is an internationally known concert, stage and opera artist. She plays the lead role in the forthcoming film "The Crowning Experience." The film is inspired by the marvel of the life of Mary McLeod Bethune, born of slave parents, who rose to be the adviser of Presidents in the White House, and who said of Moral Re-Armament, "To be a part of this great uniting force of our age, is the crowning experience of my life."



*Here now is a reprint of Muriel Smith's article which appeared in newspapers throughout America, particularly in Little Rock, the storm centre of that pathetic and un-christian colour struggle.*



## A Magna Carta for this Modern Generation

by Muriel Smith

Born and raised with the race question in America, I have through my life and through my career tried to bring an answer to this problem. The results were ineffective and bordered on disaster.

Then I met the force of Moral Re-Armament and discovered that the answer to that great wound in this nation could begin in my heart and in my life.

It meant I had to be honest about my past, clarify my motives and unselfishly to strike out with no thought of personal gain or ambition with the love for the world that comes when we surrender our wills to be wholly committed to God.

What can I do, I asked myself, to bring the answer to the American Negro? To the American people? How can I help to make a positive out of a situation which has turned into one of the least attractive aspects of democracy? Could the lessons of slavery be used to help men? We have given our nation and the world the music of our Spirituals out of that suffering. Is there something else we might give?

I thought of my days at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia. I was a scholarship student. Occasionally I was able to earn extra money as a soloist with the chorus of Lincoln University. This is the university

which helped to produce two men who have become leaders in their countries, Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, of Nigeria, and Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah, of Ghana. It is one of the universities of America which means a great deal to me. Unless Lincoln and all other colleges are equipped with the right idea they will be taken over by the wrong one.

With all my heart I believe that Moral Re-Armament is the ideology we need desperately in America. I believe too, that we are fifteen minutes into the hour God has given us to fight, that democracy becomes what it is meant to be: a system which enlists the total resources of everyone to remake the world.

### Slavery Unless . . .

There must be no holdback because of old patterns of bitterness and hatred which have caused so much division in our country. The ideology of Communism grows on these weaknesses. The ideology of Moral Re-Armament teaches us how to heal them. When we allow our lives to be ruled by our passions, we become unwittingly the tools of men whose purpose is to control the world by any means. The end of this is slavery.

*(Continued on page 21)*

# THE "BUNGALOW" AT ALICE SPRINGS, N.T.

by Mrs. E. McIntyre, of Bronte, N. S. W., who recently returned from a trip to the "Centre"

Alice Springs lies in Central Australia, not more than 135 miles from Central Mount Stuart, the geographical centre of our continent. It has a population of some 4,000 people, including over 1,000 children, and from March to September hundreds of tourists go through each week to visit the famous Ayers Rocks and other beauty spots in the vicinity.

It is named for Alice, wife of Sir Charles Todd, Director of Public Telegraphs (South Australia), and the Springs themselves are in what is now the Aborigine Welfare Reserve. Here also are the original telegraph station, post office, postmaster's residence, and barracks. The post office foundation stone was laid by F. J. Gillen, on 6th May, 1876, and the foundation stone of the residence reads:—

"Foundation Stone laid by John McKay S.S.H. Joseph Stead Builder, 10-1-1888."

All the material for these old buildings was brought across the desert by camel trains, and the stone walls in them are 2-feet thick.

Here by the post office is the Spring from which the town takes its name—still flowing as it was 100 years ago in what was then a vast desert unknown to any but the Aborigines (Arandas) who lived there. This country has very little permanent surface water.

This Reserve (known as The Bungalow) is used as a holding camp for Aborigines. Some have been in hospital, some have voluntarily taken employment in the town for the sake of their children's education, and some work on the station as storemen, maintenance men, etc. Cement blocks are made here for building the Aborigines' own homes.

There are three schools for Aboriginal children in the Reserve, a pre-school kindergarten, a junior school, and a senior. We had the privilege of visiting the senior school, for children 9-14. The children were having their afternoon free period, reading, writing, drawing, etc., as they felt inclined. Some of the children here do very fine work in drawing, particularly showing an appreciation of colour, as might perhaps be expected with the example of Albert Namatjira ever before them. Before we left they sang to us, first "Daisy", and then their school song, "We are Children of the Bungalow". They like school, and their first task in the morning is to write a diary of the day before. Each week they have a special subject to discuss and write about. That week it was about Albert Namatjira, whose death had occurred the previous week-end.

Albert Namatjira was the first of the Aborigines to realise the potentialities in the European style of painting and open up this sphere of work. With the guidance of Mr. Rex Batterbee, of Alice Springs, he watched and learned how to paint as the European does, and his work has become popular all over Australia, thus paving the way to others of his family, and relatives, seven of whom are now painting, more in the traditional Aboriginal style.

Also on the Reserve is a small cemetery, where members of the first Overland Telegraph line and Post Office staff are buried. One marked grave is 1887.



Dennis Ridgeway, of Karuah

## A Magna Carta For This Modern Generation

*continued from page 20*

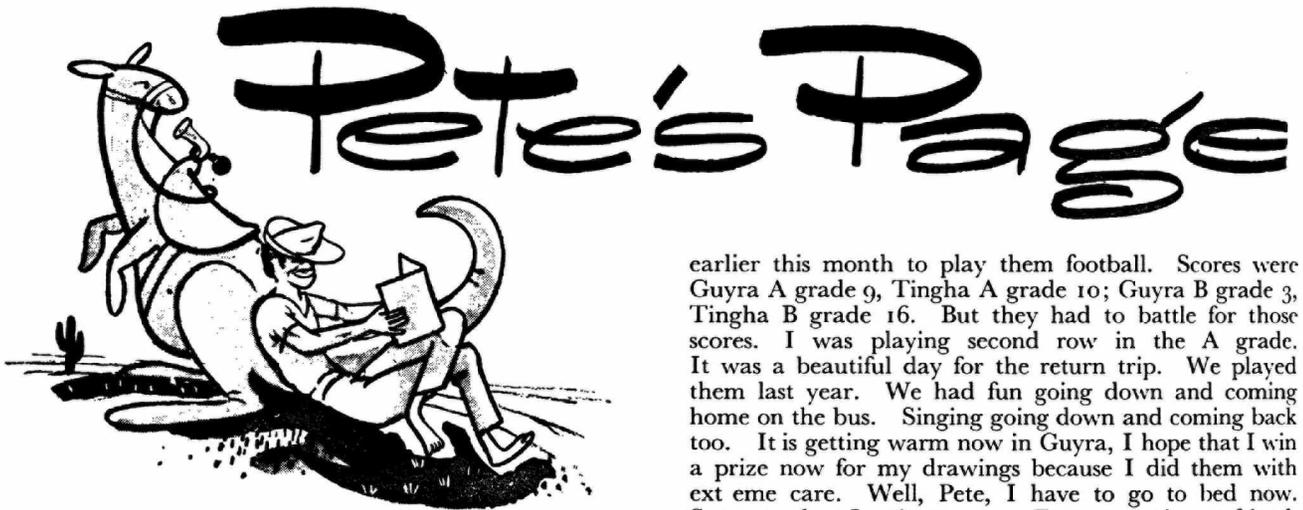
The historical past of my people and their emergence from the bonds of slavery are on the records of history as one of the great miracles of this age. We are equipped to understand the meaning of slavery. We know what is the real meaning of victory through persecution.

I implore you in this hour of great urgency in the free world to accept this ideology of Moral Re-Armament and use it to cure the sickness of our nation. Division can only reproduce the same conditions of slavery, but this time it will be on a global scale. Before we Americans are free to speak to the world we must be free to speak to our neighbours.

Why do we, through the unhealed hurts of the past, permit ourselves to be used to create again the same human dilemma when there is an answer? The issue is not colour, it is character. The choice is Communism or Moral Re-Armament.

When we re-arm ourselves morally, we are free to fight to change human nature. It gives us that new character, that extra dimension of thought and action. It replaces the petty preoccupation of self with the dedicated purpose of living for a great idea.

The struggle of my people has been for full participation in the affairs of our nation. This is the time to take the offensive with the ideology of Moral Re-Armament which alone can achieve that goal. We have been prepared by history for the supreme part in this our nation's task in setting the whole world free.



*Hello Kids,*

And how are all my young friends this month? Getting back to summer again, aren't you pleased?

Thanks to Jeanette Seiler, of 171 Pinkerton Road, Cootamundra, for a very nice coloured drawing. Just missed a prize this time, Jeanette, but try again, will you?

I also had a very interesting letter from Barbara Haynes, of 112 Palmer Street, East Sydney. Barbara said in her neatly written letter:—

“Dear Pete,

I am having a wonderful holiday. Last Monday I went to see the film of ‘The Bolshoi Ballet’. I have never seen such graceful ballet dancers as the Russians. Galina Ulanova, the main dancer, danced the part of Giselle in ‘Giselle’. Although she is in her middle fifties, she looks like a young girl of sixteen. She must be an exceptional dancer to be able to portray the part so well.”

I almost forgot to mention that Jeanette Seiler also sent me some pencil sketches which would have won a prize for her except that they were on ruled paper and so we could not reproduce them. Please do your drawings on blank paper, will you, kids!

I also had a nice letter and some drawings from Brian Irving, of Armidale Road, South Guyra. Unfortunately, Brian just missed out on a prize this time but we'd like to see some more. In his very newsy letter he said:

“Just a few lines hoping that you and the staff of *Dawn* are feeling alright as it leaves all the family okay. It is a long time since I wrote to you. So I will send you two drawings of Bat Masterson and Billy the Kid. To my surprise, I found that ink made the best black I could find. Plain colours you can't get thick enough.

We had a fairly warm winter in Guyra but the snow was cold. I might be going to Armidale to an Art School. I hope I make good down there then I might win a few prizes, eh! Our horse got sick and we soon fixed her up and she is out in the bush now with my uncle and brother. I am an uncle now because my sister had a baby girl. How do you like that? We are having holidays now and I hurt my toe. We went to Tingha

earlier this month to play them football. Scores were Guyra A grade 9, Tingha A grade 10; Guyra B grade 3, Tingha B grade 16. But they had to battle for those scores. I was playing second row in the A grade. It was a beautiful day for the return trip. We played them last year. We had fun going down and coming home on the bus. Singing going down and coming back too. It is getting warm now in Guyra, I hope that I win a prize now for my drawings because I did them with extra care. Well, Pete, I have to go to bed now. See you when I write to you. From your sincere friend, Brian Irving.”

Brian Troutman, of Boggabilla, was another one who sent along fine sketches but on lined paper. Hard luck, Brian.

Rita Wenberg, who often sends us along drawings, is working on a farm “Birling” at Bringelly and says she likes it very much. She is doing an Art correspondence course and one day hopes to become an artist.

Rita and some other of my friends were asking for the address of Betty Black. Well, it is care Aborigine Station, Murrin Bridge.

Lorraine Riley of Railway Station Debman, in another nice letter said her gardening was coming on well now and her mother was knitting her some clothes for her doll. Lorraine asked me too, to send a cheerio message to Danny Boy, a very sick little fellow of Gunnedah. Hope you are soon well again, Danny.

Lorraine and her brother Doug want some pen friends. How about it, kids?

Terry Springheel, of Crescent Head Road, via Kempsey, tells me he spent his last school holidays in Sydney. While he was down here he turned 12 and had a very nice party. Terry also would like some pen pals about 11 or 12 years of age. A special prize this month to Frederick Binge, c/- Post Office, Tenterfield, for his very interesting letter. Fred said, “The weather here at present is very miserable. It is raining and whilst we need the rain it stops us from getting out and doing things. I am fourteen years of age and my birthday is on the 15th of November. I am in 2C at the Tenterfield High School I have been living here for two years now and saw snow this year for the first time. I think its lovely to watch snow falling but I'll still be glad when the Summer is here again so we can go swimming. We go for long hikes up the Mountains and have such a lot of fun shooting rabbits and kangaroos. There is a cave up on Mt. McKenzie where the bushranger Thunderbolt is once believed to have lived.”

Well, thanks indeed Fred, for a very interesting and well-written letter.

*Pete*