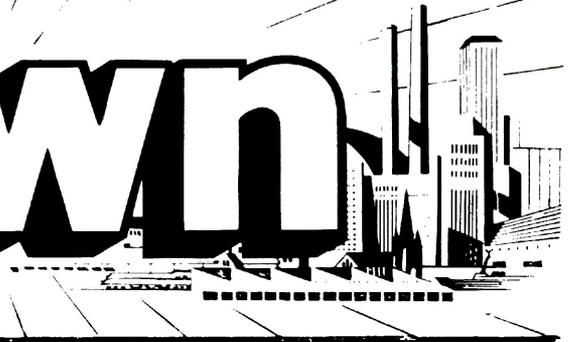


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Dawn



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

OCTOBER, 1960





Our Cover . . .

The late Albert Namatjira brought much fame to Australia by his wonderful paintings, sought after by art lovers from all parts of the world.

Now it appears his son Enos will follow in his footsteps, for already his paintings are being acclaimed.

On our cover this month we see Enos Namatjira with one of his paintings.



DAWN

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

Editor: E. COLIN DAVIS, J.P., F.C.E.S.

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DRINK—AND YOU

DON'T ABUSE IT!

by Norah J. J. Foster, ex-Matron and teacher, Aboriginal Station, Walgett

At the time of writing, it seems that very shortly the dark people of Australia will have the right to go into hotels, any why shouldn't they have the same rights as other people of the community? They have to pay their taxes, and through the years when they have been forbidden to go into hotels, those who wanted it were able to get "plonk" at a price. The only people who will have to go out of business are those who for a profit would buy a bottle of wine.

Many of you, I know, do not care whether you ever have a drink, but most of you have resented being barred the rights of the white man. The question that arises is, how are you who like drink going to handle your newly granted rights? If you drink in moderation, you harm neither yourselves nor your families. It is when drink gets the upper hand, and men deprive their wives and children, that drink is an evil.

Probably there will not be nearly so much drunk as there has been, for it is only human nature for forbidden fruits to taste the sweetest.

There are of course those pitifully hopeless cases as there are in the white community, and what of them?

Medical men are beginning to realise that such cases require not punishment, but medical care, and it is the duty of each one of us to urge that they get it.

This is one of our most important problems. I have known many wives on Stations who have had to go to town when their husbands came back from perhaps two or three months work with a big cheque, and wait to meet them before all the money went on drink. Such cases are indeed sad, and then there were men whom drink affected in such a way that they caused themselves to be a nuisance to their families and neighbours.

The penalty for the latter on Stations was a fine, but did that effect a cure of the problem? No, most certainly not. The offenders would keep away from the Station while the worse for drink, but after a while the trouble would start all over again when there would be another fine and so the unhappy business went on. Order had to be maintained for the peace of the residents on the station and that was the only way left open to managers.

I do not think that the Managers will have as much trouble with this problem as they have had, because when a man makes a nuisance of himself in an hotel bar, he is dealt with, quickly, before he can harm himself or anyone else, so it is unlikely that dark offenders will go out to the Station and cause trouble.

We have been talking of the sad minority, but the rest of you will not abuse your newly granted right, I am sure. Anyhow it is up to you, whether you make a good or bad thing of it.

The main thing is that you will have the same privileges as the white man. Our next objective must be to get a Parliamentarian of your own race into Federal and State Parliaments.

For full equality you must have your own representative in Parliament—someone of your own colour, who knows the needs of the Aboriginal people, and to whom they can go with confidence. That too, is up to you. As I have said before, the first step you must take is that of joining the Party of your choice, Liberal, Labour, or Country Party, and later seeking nomination, as a candidate for Parliament.

You have men with ability among you, so the time to get going is—NOW.



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.



Clarence Governor, of Brewarrina, is all set to hurl that boomerang



These two happy young fellows are Paul Silva and Ken Carter, of Burnt Bridge



Pretty misses, Kathleen and Marilyn Blair, of Ben Lomond



This coy young fellow is James Ferguson, of Byron Bay



Meet Lionel and Veronica Blair, of Ben Lomond



Susan Munro, of Tingha, poses for the cameraman



Mrs. Nixon, of Burnt Bridge, and her grandson Herb



Dennis Binge, Gus Kelly, Martin Cochrane, Duncan Bullock, Barry Binge, Kevin Carter, and Paul Silva, of Burnt Bridge



Rose Ritchie, Aileen Ross, Sarah Binge, Phyllis Campbell and children, of Burnt Bridge



The cameraman wasn't sure whether Ethel Wellington, of Worrigea, near Nowra, was really sweeping, or just waving the broom. In the background is the corrugated iron church built by the residents



Burnt Bridge school and Coff's Harbour primary school 5 stone 7 lb. football team



These neat little youngsters are John, Nelson, and Kathleen Blair of Ben Lomond



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

WALGETT NEWS

The Walgett Aboriginal School football team again won the "Cross" Cup for the second year in succession. This cup has been donated by Mrs. Cross of Walgett, and each year the whole district competes for the privilege of holding it. Teams competing included Brewarrina Public, Collarenebri Public, Goodooga Public, Lightning Ridge Public and Walgett Convent School. To win this Cup is no mean feat and all the honours go to the boys themselves who played superb football. They have not been beaten this season. Ken Dennis, also of the School, was awarded a medallion for being the best and fairest player of the day.

* * * *

Amongst visitors welcomed to Walgett Station recently were Miss Shirley Mason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Mason, Manager and Matron of "Burra Bee Dee" Station, Coonabarabran, and Mr. Norman Arthur-Mason, both coming from Moree.

* * * *

A sports day was arranged by the Goodooga Public School P. and C. Association for Saturday, the 23rd July, and the school-children from Walgett Station were invited to compete in the many events. There was a barbecue at night and competitive boxing, in all quite an eventful day. Thanks to Goodooga Public School P. and C. for inviting the children.

* * * *

Congratulations go out to Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Morgan, of Walgett, upon the birth of a son to be named Karl.

* * * *

The Rev. Jepson from Gunnedah Baptist Church showed his usual interesting films to the Walgett Station residents and children and visitors came from the town to view the films, too.

* * * *

Another absorbing film evening was given by Mr. Preston Walker, Welfare Officer for the Walgett District. The films depicted the Missionary work he was associated with in the Kimberleys of Western Australia, and from these films could be seen what had been accomplished in such a short period of time. Mr. Walker gave a running commentary, ably telling of his work in this field and answering many questions asked by the visitors who were present. These included Matron Wilcox, newly appointed Matron to the Walgett District Hospital, Mr. L. Arthur-Mason, Secretary of the Hospital, and Mrs. Mason also daughter, Dionne, from Coonamble.

CHURCH SERVICE AT BERMAGUI

A church service was recently held at the Bermagui Church of England to commemorate Aborigines Day. The service was conducted by Rev. Brassington.

Twenty-two residents attended the service and the Station Manager read the first lesson, whilst the school teacher read the second.

After hearing the Rector's address each of the twenty-two residents present could have no doubts that they would be welcomed into the life of the community which, as was pointed out to them, was their proper place.

EDUCATION WEEK AT WALLAGA LAKE

The school held an "open day" recently, and, to enable as many parents as possible to attend, the "day" started at 6-30 p.m.

The children sang, danced and presented a number of plays, all very well done.

For the first time, a number of white visitors were invited and they were very impressed with the children's work and play.

The visitors were Mrs. Meade and her two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Yates of Bermagui, Mr. and Mrs. Garske of Tilba Tilba, Mr. and Mrs. Teague of Tilba Tilba and Mrs. and Miss Gardiner of Acolele. Miss Gardiner volunteered to teach the children art and the teacher, Mr. Arnold, was most enthusiastic when speaking of her efforts and gave her great praise.

Mr. Yates is Headmaster of Bermagui school and Mr. Garske is Headmaster of Tilba Tilba school.

A high-light of the evening was the presentation of a travelling clock to Victoria Thomas who has turned fifteen and about to leave school.

To round off a splendid evening an excellent supper was served, most of the cooking and preparation having been done by the girls under the supervision of Mrs. Arnold, their cooking teacher.

Judging from the way in which the supper was presented and served Mrs. Arnold has very apt pupils. The rapidity with which that same supper disappeared was ample evidence that it tasted as good as it looked.

BEAT THE MEAT BILL . . .

GROW MORE VEGETABLES

If you have a block of land and a little time, a plot of vegetables helps to reduce the weekly budget.

And anybody who hopes to beat the meat bill will need to sow such things as broccoli, onions, cabbages, cauliflowers, silver beet, peas, radishes, broad beans, carrots, parsnips, swedes, white turnips, kohlrabi, globe artichokes, Jerusalem artichokes, brussels sprouts (in cold climates), celery, celeriac, endive, leeks, lettuce, salsify, and winter spinach to save substantially on food.

July to early September is the time for the main potato crop, but very many people overlook the fact that many herbs, such as mint, parsley, thyme, marjoram, sage and others, have real food value, and the addition of them to stews and other dishes, will often make up in vitamin content what the rest of the stew ingredients lack. Most herbs can be sown now, also pieces of horse radish, seed of watercress in a trough into which water drips continuously, and, of course, both mustard (used as a salad vegetable) and the tasty little cress. But there is need for a real hurry if most of these vegetables are to germinate.

The season is a trifle late for broccoli and cauliflower, but if the soil is good, and the plants are given some stimulant in the form of liquid manure, they can be transplanted in the open before frosts and cold winds set in.

With such things as lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower and broccoli, it will pay gardeners in cool districts, and those laggards who never raise their own seedlings, to buy them already grown and ready for transplanting. If they are covered over with a small inverted flower pot for a couple of days after being set out, they will soon pick up and then stand on their own "legs".

But there is still time to sow peas, one of the most expensive of the vegetables during the past two years. A shilling packet of Yorkshire Hero, Telephone or Duke of Albany, the lofties of the pea family, or a similar packet of American Wonder, Burpee's Extra Early, Greenfeast, Richard Seddon (all dwarf varieties), will supply the average family with many fine pickings of sugary "pearls".

The soil for peas needs to be deep and of good quality, for the pea has a strong root system that spreads throughout the soil. Manures should be worked well into the soil, the heaviest manures being worked in as low down as possible. If the soil is too rich, however, the plants will produce too much foliage at the expense of flowers and pods. Lime should be added to the soil when dug over, but if too late, apply as a topdressing and water in well when the plants are well above ground.

It is important to sow seeds, especially of the tall varieties, thinly. Plants of dwarf varieties should be sown 3 inches apart and climbing varieties 4 inches

apart in the rows. Don't sow the seed too deeply. An inch of covering is enough in heavy soil and a trifle more in light soils.

Much the same sort of preparation can be followed for broad beans. They like lime in the soil, or superphosphate, neither of which should, however, come into direct contact with the seed itself, or burning and failure may result. Seed of both peas and broad beans should be dusted well with copper oxychloride before being sown. This dust confers immunity from pest and disease attack underground.

Sow onion seed immediately in well-manured rows, and either thin out or transplant 4 to 5 inches apart in single rows when the seedlings are as big as a bridge pencil. If your soil is good, and a dressing of wood ash will help to make the plants less subject to onion mildew, they should be ready to pull by November (for early sorts) or round about Christmas time for brown and other main crop varieties.

Lettuces usually do better with most novices in winter time, for they are less inclined to run to seed than during hot weather. Rich soil, plenty of water, and they will form hearts quickly. The best winter varieties are Imperial D, Imperial 615, and Imperial F. Plant lettuces 10 inches apart in single or staggered rows to enable weeding to be carried out easily.

Cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, kale, brussels sprouts and kohlrabi all belong to the one family, and need somewhat similar soil conditions. They are all gross feeders and need the best sort of bed you can give them. Put in all the manure you can afford and then be like the old lady sugaring her rhubarb, let your conscience be your guide, and put in a bit more. Watch the plants during winter for white cabbage butterfly grubs, and the smaller grubs of the cabbage moth. Regular fortnightly sprayings of DDT will not only kill grubs but also wipe out aphids, which are often troublesome.

Cabbages should be given 15 to 18 inches of space in the rows and cauliflower and broccoli at least 2 feet or more. Brussels sprouts can be planted 18 inches apart, and kohlrabi 7 inches. Kohlrabi is a turnip sort of vegetable to look at, with swollen stems above ground and leaves which can also be used as spinach if cut when young. The swollen stems are like a good cabbage stem in flavour, and should be cut into four and cooked in their jackets, which peel off easily when soft.

All root crops, including beetroots (which should be raised from seedlings only now), require good soil that was heavily manured for a previous surface crop such as early cabbage, beans, or lettuce. Newly-manured soil causes forking in carrots, parsnip and other roots. Sow the seed and thin out when big enough to handle.

Health is Important

The approved policy of the Aborigines' Welfare Board is to assist people of aboriginal descent in their preparation for full citizenship and their eventual assimilation into the general community.

In the pursuance of that policy the Board encounters many problems, problems affecting the health, morals and education of the aboriginal people.

The Board realises that Health is perhaps the most important of all, because, unless the aborigine is bodily healthy he cannot be expected to take a normal part in the community.

The aborigines are a people divided broadly into two groups—those who live on Government settlements and those who maintain themselves independently.

Naturally it is much easier to help the first group; the others must use their initiative and call medical aid when required. Each Station is under the care of a manager, assisted by his wife who acts as Matron and she is usually a trained nurse or has had experience in medical care. A well equipped medical treatment unit, including a dispensary is provided on each station and the Matron is in attendance for a specified time each day. She also visits the people in their homes, and watches carefully for any signs of neglect, sickness or malnutrition. On a number of Stations a visiting medical officer is retained and he maintains a very close scrutiny of the people of the Station. When sickness or accidents of a more serious nature occur, patients are conveyed to the nearest public hospital where they are entitled to, and receive, treatment in the public wards on exactly the same basis as a white person.

The Aborigines' Welfare Board of New South Wales is determined that the aboriginal people will enjoy every facility for maintaining themselves at a standard equal to that of the white community.



PHOTOS WANTED

Dawn is happy to publish photographs of aboriginal people from all parts of Australia.

If you have some good, clear, recent photos, and we emphasise they **MUST** be recent, send them to the Editor of *Dawn*, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney.



The Brungle School

The Brungle School is up to date,
The teachers there are fine,
You're welcome to a visit,
Any day at any time.

The children who all go there,
Both dark and white they play,
And do their work together,
So happy and so gay.

The teachers, Mr. Bushell,
And Mr. Reinecker too,
Give all their time and patience,
To the pupils of this school.

No wonder they are happy,
For they always make a rule,
To all look neat and tidy,
At the Brungle Public School

by Robyn Williams,
(Aged 10 years.)



PEN FRIENDS WANTED

In a very interesting letter from the Northern Territory, young John Albert has asked *Dawn* to find him some pen friends. He says "I was working on one of the largest sheep stations in Australia and now I am working on one of the largest cattle stations.

"There are quite a few aborigines here and at present they are having a big ceremonial corroboree. It has been going on for about two weeks now and they call it the 'Buffalo Dance'".

John's full address is John Albert, Victoria River Downs Station, Northern Territory.

20-year-old Ross Olsen, c/- Post Office, Uralla would like some pen friends.

Ross is interested in music, dancing and writing. How about some letters for him. Sylvia Reich (14) of 36 Albuera Road, Epping is also anxious to find some aboriginal pen friends 13 to 15 years of age. Sylvia herself is not an aborigine but is very interested in our people and wants to learn as much as possible about them. And there are four more girls who want pen friends.

They are Gwen Strong (14), Lena Gardiner (15), Muriel Landsborough (16) and Eileen Strong (17). They all live in Tingha Road, Guyra, and they are interested in all sports.

How about some letters for them?



COOTAMUNDRA GIRLS

A Happy Bunch

Cootamundra Girls' Home, a lovely old house which was once the local Hospital, is only two miles from the thriving town and rail junction of Cootamundra. It is a home in more ways than one, and a place that has endeared itself to many aborigine girls over the years.

The children here are a happy team and have many pleasant outings, as these pictures show.



1



2



3

Photos 1 and 3 show some of the girls having a picnic on Kiama beach, an occasion to which they all look forward, and talk about afterwards, for a long while. Photo 2 shows a Confirmation class and here we see Barbara Sandy, Elaine Randell, Leslie Whitton, Shirley Pearce, Leila Penrith, Shirley Coombs, Beatrice Green and Freda Byers.



4



5

Photograph No. 4 was also taken at Kiama whilst No. 5 shows some of the youngsters ready for a Fancy Dress Party.

However, it is not all fun and games at Cootamundra, for as well as attending the local primary and High Schools, the girls have evening classes in reading, knitting and fancywork. In all, a very happy and worthwhile place.

WRECK BAY STATION

Visit by Children to Steel Works

A visit to the huge Australian Iron and Steel Works at Port Kembla by twelve Wreck Bay Station children took place in August.

Two additions were made to the number who had made the Canberra trip, Tommy Moore on his first trip and Isaac McLeod also on his maiden voyage. Tommy must have been looking forward to it as his mother reports he was up at 2 a.m. fully dressed and waiting.

Once the initial and eternal arguments were settled as to places in the Kombi, they were off. Being a little ahead of schedule time was sufficient to allow a short stop at the famous Kiama Blowhole where the children left the vehicle and inspected this wonder at close range.

A bit too close for Betty Ardler who nearly left her shoes every time the water "blew".

Arriving at the Visitors' Centre at the A.I.S. Works at the appointed time, 10 a.m., the party met with a grand reception.

Being allotted a special guide for the day, Mr. A. Russell, the tour soon got under way. Using the Kombi they headed first for the huge new Blast Furnace which was in the process of being tapped of molten iron and slag. Gingerly the children followed Mr. Russell up and along the catwalks until the great molten stream from the furnace was immediately underneath.

From the Furnace they travelled to the new inner harbour being constructed and watched the machines drilling the sea bed and blasting out the rock to make the way deeper for big ore boats. Huge shovels on drag lines were ripping into the water pulling up the waste rock. New gantries were being constructed overhead, trucks streaming back and forth, with torches cutting, riveters banging, workmen poring over the structure everywhere. It is said it would have been possible to pluck up twelve sets of eyes, maybe thirteen because even the Station Manager's were sticking out a little.

After having a quick glance at the beached tug, "Hero" which lays on the outer harbour beach front they were in time to watch the coke ovens being emptied, seventeen tons of glowing red coke being pushed from the ovens every few minutes. The Kombi then did a grand tour of the Works at large with Mr. Russell explaining to the kids what was what.

A picnic lunch was provided by the Company after which a film on Industry generally was shown.

Then began the arduous tour of the Rolling Mill where the process of transforming the great lumps of ingot steel, red hot, into strip, bars and various other

shapes is undertaken. The children visited the operating cabin where two skilled men moved small handles which in turn revolved, rolled and bashed at the ingot on the moving path below. They watched as the ingot was slowly but expertly shaped from a bulbous lump into a flat, pliable plate of glowing steel only to go racing off along the path of rollers to undergo another treatment. The party followed along, down the long line of rollers until over a quarter of mile had been traversed. By this time the original ingot was a sheet of thin steel plate about a half mile long.

A quick visit to the tinplate section where all Australia's plate is made for cans, tins, etc., then back to the Centre and after apples, kindly distributed by the Works, into the Kombi and home. Arrival time 6 p.m.

Sceptics may ask if it has been worth while, but it is doubtful if anyone would remain sceptic if they were to accompany the children on such a tour. From what the parents report steel is flowing in practically every home at Wreck Bay!

Many thanks to the Australian Iron and Steel Works for making such a day possible, to the guide Mr. Russell who showed great kindness and interest, to the Staff of the Reception Centre and to the children themselves. Their behaviour was excellent, made even more desirable by the dangerous location, their interest was unflagging and their conduct a credit to themselves and their people.

Target for November, Sydney.

CANCELLATION OF BURSARY

A TRAGIC WASTE

A young boy who was granted a bursary by the Board in March, 1959, did not make satisfactory progress with his schooling at the Maroubra Bay High School, as he was continually absent from school.

He continued to play truant and after many opportunities court action has been taken by the Child Welfare Department, and the Board with regret has been forced to cancel his bursary. A wonderful opportunity given to this young man on the threshold of his life has been thrown away. An opportunity such as this should be grasped with both hands and every advantage derived from it.



Congratulations to Fay Clayton of the Aboriginal Girls' Home, Cootamundra, who, in her half-yearly examinations, came first in her class, 1D, at Cootamundra High School, in four subjects, and came third in her class out of a total of thirty girls.

Keep up the good work, Fay—perhaps one of these days you will be teaching school yourself.

* * * *

WALGETT BOYS IN POPULAR WIN

One of the most popular wins at the Peel Schools' Rugby League Carnival at Tamworth one Saturday recently was that of Walgett Primary.

The Walgett team, playing in the 6st. 7lb. Division 2, scored 59 points in three matches to none against.

In the final they beat Werris Creek 22-nil.

The team, which included nine aboriginal boys, travelled almost 200 miles on the Friday afternoon in three cars made available and driven by the owners.

They reached Tamworth late at night and were billeted in private homes.

They probably will talk about their trips for some time. Seemingly, they had a great day and took home a trophy to prove to their school mates and anyone else interested that they can play football.

A Tamworth citizen who billeted some of the aboriginal boys said they were up at 5 a.m. and their eyes fairly "popped out" when they saw the hills which surround the city.

"Gee, Mr., we'd like to live here among those hills," they told their host.

To those who have been in Walgett or any of the country north-west of Narrabri, the boys' amazement over the hills is not surprising.

A car-driver on the way over said there were excited exchanges when the lights of Tamworth were sighted at the 10-mile hill.

"Gosh, it's bigger than Walgett", the lads chorused.

No Boots !

The boys at Tamworth soon endeared themselves to the huge crowd of spectators.

One small aboriginal, Ken Dennis, played in bare feet. He was the goal kicker and landed five or six, some from difficult positions and well out.

How he put such power into his kicking with his bare foot was a matter for wonderment to those who saw him.

The boys' big moment came when their captain moved proudly to the front of the grandstand to receive the 6st. 7lb. trophy from the hands of Australia's former captain, Clive Churchill.

The boys left on their long journey home on Saturday night, tired but happy.

* * * *

A WORTHY CITIZEN

Congratulations to Harold John Hunt of Bloxham Street, Louth on being granted an Exemption Certificate.

When we heard of Mr. Hunt's Certificate we decided to have a look at him and were very pleased at what we saw. He and his wife Helen, and their three children, Michael, ten, Linda, seven and Malcolm, six, live in their own neat weatherboard cottage.

The cleanliness and general condition of the house was impressive and it was well furnished. Mr. Hunt is a thrifty type and is looking ahead to the future. He has his own banking account and a good size insurance policy.

One Louth citizen, Mr. J. A. Webber, J.P., said "Mr. Hunt and his family are an acquisition to this centre. His children are the best cared for, and the best mannered, in this village."

Another Louth identity, Mr. W. G. Mitchell, a grazier, said "Mr. Hunt is always willing to help the needy and especially the old age pensioners. He is President of the P. and C. Association and the Water Works Committee of Louth and behind all the movements for the betterment of the township. His family would be a credit to any community."

It is aborigines like Harold Hunt of whom we can be justly proud, for they are the type who must contribute greatly towards the breaking down of prejudices and the assimilation of their fellow people.

OUT of the MOU



This man o' mine really makes me feel low-down and blue. If he appears, I'm gonna knock him out with this ash-tray



I've got it . . . I'm gonna write him a sad letter informing him we're through



Hey! What am I f over heels



But, when I made love to her regardless of the fancy things, that I gave her.



Ha! . . . ha! . . . ha! I don't dig this



I guess things are a about our proposal

PHS of BABES...



to do? I'm still head
t this man



Ba-a-a-a! I'm mad at you! Can you hear that,
I'm mad! . . . mad! . . . mad! and we're through!



Mmmmmm! I can't afford to fire such a
handsome guy, 'cause I'm just crazy about him



now but it ain't O.K.
I'm too young to go



Gee . . . wiz! How dare you talk like that? They'll
throw you in jail for giving that kinda jive . . .
you really scare me



Tra-la-la . . . Gee! These guys really beat me to
the count. They can't make love to a girl.
Was it me boy, they'd all have been my girls.

ABORIGINES I HAVE MET

by **Sister Muriel Ellis, Bethesda Aborigines Mission, Victoria.**

Dear Friends,

This month I am going to tell you about another of our Aboriginal men. His name was Ernie and I first met him sixteen years ago. He was a full blood, and was well liked by all who knew him. He could not read or write. One night he got drunk, and was locked up in a cell in the City Watch House. In the morning he was not able to stand, and the Police took him to the Royal Melbourne Hospital, and he was admitted.

Previously he had been working at a glass works, and it was thought that in mixing the hot sand, it had caused an ulcer on his ankle, and it did not heal. After being in hospital for some time, it was decided that his leg would have to be amputated. One afternoon when I went to see him, the Doctor was standing at the foot of Ernie's bed, and the Doctor said to me, "I have amputated his leg, today". (Ernie was not then out of the anaesthetic). I said, "He will be very upset when he realises that his leg is off, for he has been dreading it." The following afternoon, I visited Ernie and the Sister of the ward said, "He cried for two hours when he knew that his leg was amputated". After being in hospital for four months, I was able to have Ernie admitted to a Men's Home. He gave up the drink, and became a Christian. I called for him at the Home regularly on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, and took him to our Mission Hall at Fitzroy. He loved the meetings, and memorized a number of hymns. I gave him a hymn book, and he turned down the corners of the pages on which were his favourite hymns. He was very fond of the hymns, "I've wandered far away from God, now I'm coming home", and "The Great Physician now is near".

Just about that time, I had read in the newspaper that Mr. Myer had promised a "sit down crutch" to limbless soldiers, so I wrote to Mr. Myer asking if he would consider giving such a crutch to Ernie, and that he was not a soldier, but a full blood Aboriginal man. I received a reply, stating that Mr. Myer was in America at the time, but they felt sure that he would be willing to donate a "sit down" crutch to Ernie, and to take him in to be measured. I took Ernie to the Myer Emporium, and he came home with his new crutch, while I carried the now spare one.

He became well known to the tram crew on the line on which he travelled to and from the Mission Hall, and he was well respected by them. Later, an Aboriginal man from a country town came to Melbourne, and started Ernie drinking. One day, I said to him, "Where do you get the drink?" He named the hotel, and I phoned the barman and warned him not to serve Ernie as it was against the law to serve a full blood Aboriginal. Later, I said to Ernie, "Do you go to that Hotel now?" He replied, "I did, but they wouldn't serve me", so I told him that I had warned the barman. Later he gave up the drink, but his health began to fail and he was not able to leave the Home, and then for some time he was not able to leave his bed. The last few days of his life I spent much time at his bedside, and he

quietly passed away in his sleep, after being loved and respected at the Home for eleven years. Just another of Australia's Aborigines to whom it was my privilege to minister in mission work.

A "TOWN CALLED GOODOOGA"

A Visitor's Impressions

Goodooga you say—never heard of it! Geographically it is some 86 miles from Walgett in the North Western portion of the State, Walgett itself being some 434 miles North West of Sydney.

The town itself is very well laid out with bowling green, hotel, C.W.A. Rest Rooms, Sporting Ground, etc. The population is approximately 800.

There is an aboriginal reserve there, neat, clean and tidy. What astounds one is the fact that this small town has solved or should I say worked out a wonderful policy of assimilation. Aborigines here are dark in colour only. They have earned the right to be as white people—clean, respectable, and fully aware of their responsibilities as citizens. All work together in perfect harmony, the dark person owning a car is as good as his white neighbours. And what fun they all have together in this friendly town! No glum faces here; no white people scorning their dark neighbours.

Recently, a Sports day was organized by the Goodooga Parents and Citizens' Association. All concerned, both dark and white worked side by side, and it was expected that a sizeable sum would be raised for school amenities.

How did this all come about, you ask? I, as a visitor cannot answer this question. What I do know is that the Aborigines' Welfare Board keep a "motherly" eye on the reserve, and that a Godly welfare officer regularly visits, and gives sound advice and help. It may well be proud of what has been accomplished there. Keep up the good example, Goodooga. Other towns in New South Wales can follow your lead in the way of assimilation, and be happy and contented towns too, both dark and white people working hand in hand for the betterment of the town of which, they are proud to be citizens.

Mr. and Mrs. N. WHITING

The Whittings have operated the Tilba Tilba Post Office for some time and in this capacity have been able to do many good turns for the people of the Station. Filling in forms, sending telegrams, finding phone numbers, addressing or re-addressing letters and even assisting to fill in income tax returns are just a few of the jobs done.

The Whittings are leaving the area to take up an appointment elsewhere and have received a number of farewell gifts. One of these gifts, which Mrs. Whiting told me she will treasure all of her life, was a supper cloth from Arthur Hayden and his wife, Joyce. It is a stencilled cloth with Koala bears round the edge and a large aboriginal motif adorning the centre. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are to be congratulated on their choice of a gift.

The Mails

by WILL LAWSON

The tail-rods leap in their bearings—

They rise with a rush and ring;

They sink to the sound of laughter,

And hurried and short they sing—

We carry the Mails—

His Majesty's Mails—

Make way for the Mails of the King!

We've swung her head for the open bay,
And, spun by the prisoned steam,
The screws are drumming the miles away
Where the bright star-shadows dream.
She lifts and sways to the ocean swell—
The light-house glares on high,
And the fisher-lads in their boats will tell
How they saw the Mail go by;
A-thrill from keel to her quiv'ring spars—
With the screw-foam boiling white,
And black smoke dimming the watching stars
As she soared through the soundless night.
"Full speed a-head!" shout the racing rods—
"Full speed!" and spray on the rail!
We'll heed no order to stop save God's,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

The big fish shudder to hear the thud
And stamp of our engine-room,
As we thunder on, with our decks a-flood,
Through the blind, bewildering gloom . . .
A faint, hoarse hail, and a waving light—
The whirr of our steering gear—
And we are staggering in our flight
With a fishing-boat just clear—
We carry the wealth of the world I trow,
And the power and fame of men—
The angry word, and the lover's vow,
All held in the turn of a pen.
And stars swing out in the skies a-thrill,
And the weary stars grow pale;
But night and day we are driving still,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

The sailing-craft and the clumsy tramps
Loom up and are lost astern,
And the stars of their bridge and mast-head lamps
Are the only stars that burn.
To the clash and ring of the whirling steel,
And the crash and swing of the seas,
We carry the grief that the mothers feel
As they sob and pray on their knees.
The cares and joys of the throbbing world
Are measured in piston-strokes,
When the bright prow-smother is split and hurled,
And the hot wake steams and smokes,
To the swinging blows of the heavy throws,
And the slide-valves' moaning wail,
We'll swing and soar with our flues a-roar,
For we are the Ocean Mail.

They watch for us at the harbour-mouth,
And wait for us on the quay,
Looking ever to east and south
For our head-light on the sea.
And onward, surging, we're racing fast
Where the shy mermaiden dwells,
And the crested kings of the deep ride past;
(Oh! the pomp of the rolling swells)
Lone lighthouse-men when they see our star
Lift clear of the starry maze,
Will watch us swagger across the bar
And swing to the channelled ways.
Yet never a sign or a sound we give—
No blast of horn or a hail—
For we must race that the world may live,
And we are the Ocean Mail.

The good screws, labouring under,

Laugh loud as they lift and fling

The eddying foam behind them,

And muttering low they sing—

Make way for the Mails—

His Majesty's Mails—

We carry the Mails for the King!

Most Birds are Useful

by

S. R. KINGHORN, C.M.Z.S., Australian Museum

It appears that the word "conservation" puzzles some people who regard it as something quite apart from protection and preservation of bird life; though actually the word means to preserve or guard, to keep in a safe or unimpaired state.

Of course, it is very difficult to preserve the birds in an unimpaired state, when we have to consider the advance of agricultural activities which are inseparable from the cutting away of certain forest areas. Some compensation can be offered by planting groves of trees for shelter of stock, thereby giving shelter to many of our most useful birds. Some years ago, few people seriously considered birds as being of any great economic importance, they did not appreciate the fact that birds were the very good friends of the man on the land or the home gardener because of their destruction of vast hordes of insect pests.

Of the seven hundred different kinds of birds in Australia, only about thirty could be described as destructive, and that number includes sparrows, starlings, Indian doves, bulbuls and other introduced species. To-day, because of careful scientific investigations into the stomach contents of birds, we know that many previously regarded as destructive are practically harmless. In fact in many ways they do a great amount of good; this outweighing the harm they do by a very wide margin. I know that such statements require proof, so the following birds have been selected as a general cross-section of the group.

First of all the quail, tiny birds that once were extremely numerous in New South Wales at certain seasons of the year, birds that were regarded as game, and therefore could be shot for the table merely because they were good to eat. Man thought first of his stomach, and it was not until the farmer and grazier found that quail destroyed pests such as grass-hoppers and other insects, weed seed and thistle seed by the ton, that they asked that these birds be totally protected. This request brought forth a storm of protest from quail shooters, resulting in a deadlock. However, the farmer demanded an examination of the stomach contents of the quail shot, and this proved that the birds were indeed of great economic value to the man on the land generally.

Some of these tiny birds had nothing except grasshopper remains in their stomachs, others were filled with thistle seed, and many had fed extensively on the seeds of some of our worst weed pests. It was interesting to find that only one stubble quail had eaten grain, and that bird had fed near a haystack. The outcome of the investigations was that quail were totally protected, or in other words we conserved the quail in order to preserve our crops.

The same remarks apply equally to such valuable birds as plover, plain turkey and other ground-feeding species, many of which were at one time considered fair game for the shooter. It is a pity that protection was so late in coming to such birds, because to-day they are a comparative rarity considering the vast numbers that once roamed our pasture lands. This applies particularly to the plain turkey, which could eat thousands of grasshoppers on one day, but which, unfortunately for it, was regarded as excellent food.

Without scientific investigation it is often impossible to determine the exact economic status of a bird, and many people are too prone to jump to conclusions. Casual observations can lead us to make serious errors, and far too many observations are of the casual type. If you see a bird feeding on a fruit tree you may think that it is there to eat fruit: of course it may be, but often it is picking up tiny insects that might otherwise injure the fruit.

I know a grower of strawberries who saw some starlings poking round in the strawberry patch one day, and he thought they were turning over the leaves to get at the fruit.

He watched very carefully before going for his gun, but brought out his field glasses, when to his amazement he found that the starlings were actually turning the leaves over to seek insects hiding below them, and probably not more than one or two strawberries had been disturbed. That is not to suggest that starlings will not eat the fruit, but to show that in this instance hasty observation could lead to the wrong conclusions.

As a man brought up to scientific methods, I learned a lesson myself one day during the great grasshopper plague of 1936. I was out beyond Condobolin shooting crows to carry out examination of stomach contents when I saw two of these birds standing in the centre of a large patch of grasshoppers. They were picking as fast as they could and I jumped to the conclusion that they were eating hoppers. Wishing to find out how many of these pests had been eaten in a minute, I shot them, and cut them open when, to my amazement, I found not one hopper. The hoppers had eaten the grass, leaving the ground quite bare, but the crows were filling themselves with green curl grubs that had been exposed.

This proves that even scientific people must not jump to conclusions. Eagles and hawks create a great deal of attention all over Australia, and we know that at times the eagle-hawk does quite a lot of harm in taking very young lambs and fowls that stray into the open paddocks. However, in other places the eagle feeds

mainly on rabbits, as a visit to its nest will prove. Most graziers shoot eagles on sight, but there are others who will not allow them to be shot because of the vast numbers of rabbits they destroy; such an attitude is, of course, for the particular grazier to decide for himself, but with hawks it is quite a different matter.

Goshawks are probably the only destructive kinds, as they invariably attack poultry when living near poultry runs, but kites and kestrels are extremely useful birds in the fields, where they devour thousands of mice and different kinds of large insects, including many pests. If you ever wish to satisfy yourself concerning the value of birds, particularly hawks, cut open and examine the stomach of the next one you find dead.

In America, where bird conservation is widely practised, the stomachs of over seventy thousand hawks of different kinds have been examined and most were found to be the friends of the farmer. In one State where a certain kind of hawk was known to attack poultry, a bounty was placed on its head and in one year eighty thousand dollars were paid to persons destroying them, but the value of the poultry saved was only three thousand dollars; this should make us think quite a lot before doing such a thing in Australia; personally I think it would pay us in the long run to conserve our hawks.

In regard to the nocturnal birds of prey, we should regard the owls as our best friends, and as excellent and silent mouse traps. Let me give you only one example. The barn owl, as with other similar birds of prey, does not swallow and digest the feathers of birds or the fur of mammals. These are separated from the fleshy parts and then cast up in the form of a pellet.

It has been estimated that a barn owl casts up at least two of such pellets each day, so an Australian scientist collected seven hundred and thirty of these from the roosting site of one old owl, and he regarded them the remains of one year's food of that bird. On examination it was shown that the pellets contained the remains of 1,401 mice, 143 rats, 5 rabbits, 375 sparrows, 23 starlings, 25 unidentified birds, 4 lizards, 174 frogs, and many insects.

What a friend that owl was to the farmer, and what wonderful friends all owls must be to mankind generally, so we must at all costs conserve our owls.

It is only through the education of the public that we can hope for improvements in the protection and general conservation of our Australian wild life, and as the children to-day are in a position of contact specialists and learn of the economic value of fauna, especially the value of birds to mankind, it is for the children to encourage all to do their utmost to see that the shooting and general destruction of birds, their nests and eggs is stopped.

It would be a very sorry day for Australia if our valuable birds were exterminated or even considerably reduced in numbers, and it is only with your interest and activities in conservation that we can hope to combat pests.

A LETTER FROM GRIFFITH

by D. C. STANLEY-SMITH

Griffith Aboriginal Assimilation Organisation

Dear Friends,

We no longer wonder who will go into the four houses built by the Board, because the four happy families are now established therein. Mick Monaghan, Reuben Simpson, Matilda Charles, and Frank Johnson, with their families are very busy turning these houses into comfortable homes.

You know, there is a difference between a house and a home. A house to me, is a building for human habitation, or it could be a shelter for animals, but a home is a place where man and wife and family dwell together co-operating for the welfare of each other; the home whether a large house or small dwelling is a sacred place where unity and love should predominate.

What a pity the Board has to draw attention to the failure of tenants to meet their obligation by paying their rent. Tenants in the houses at Griffith have pledged themselves to pay rent as it becomes due. I, with the Griffith Assimilation Organisation, believe that if tenants fail to keep this pledge they must be dealt with on the same basis as any tenant, that is, they must hand over their house to someone who will pay the rent. I believe the Board will have no trouble with Griffith tenants.

Sister Dupen visits the reserve every Tuesday and a goodly number of mothers bring their babies and children along for medical check-up and advice. We want to see our children grow up strong and healthy. We hope it won't be long before the proposed clinic and club rooms are built on the reserve. This building will not be built on the reserve for segregation, but as the town is extending to this area, it will be more convenient for all to use and thus become a centre for assimilation.

I had a nice letter from Grace Monaghan a few weeks ago. Grace is doing well with her studies at a college in Sydney. I haven't had time to answer Grace's letter but will do so as soon as possible.

Isabel Johnson is getting along nicely with her studies at Griffith Technical College and also in her job with one of Griffith's leading business houses.

Well, friends, I'd better be careful not to wear out the patience of our *Dawn* Editor by taking up too much space in his valuable magazine, so for the time being, I'll say "Cheerio".

National Aborigines' Day Observance Committee

N.A.D.O.C. Writing Quest

In connection with National Aborigines' Day, 8th July, 1960, the N.S.W. Committee decided to appeal to Aborigines throughout Australia to express their feelings and to tell of their ambitions through intellectual channels by writing poetry, stories and essays.

So N.A.D.O.C. Writing Quest was born, and the results have already been published in *Dawn*.

The judges were chosen not only for their qualifications but also for the unmaterialistic qualities which they are known to possess. They are:—

Miss Alice Crowther, well-known authority on poetry, speech and drama.

Mr. E. Colin Davis, F.R.E.S., editor of *Dawn*, a monthly magazine for the aboriginal people of N.S.W. produced by the N.S.W. Aborigines' Welfare Board.

Mr. Donald McLean, Senior lecturer to The Child Welfare Department, educationalist and author of "No Man is an Island" and other works.

The quest has uncovered new fields of Australian talent, rich with the promise of literary achievement to come with maturity. Teachers have expressed their gratitude for the incentive given to aboriginal children in remote places and the delight of uninitiated poets upon the discovery of their own ability to make a rhyme.

The poetry of some twelve-year-old contestants is in every way superior to poems written for children by leading adult poets, and published in authorised childrens' magazines.

The quest has led to interesting research which makes it clear that aboriginal children, if given a little more than usual encouragement, intelligent guidance and the interest born of sincerity, need have no feeling of inferiority in the field of literary endeavour.

It is to be hoped that the opportunities offered by the N.A.D.O.C. Writing Quest will not be allowed to result in the frustration of newly awakened talent. This is a dangerous possibility.

Official report and analysis prepared by (Mrs.) Esme Speight, member of N.A.D.O.C., N.S.W. Committee and convenor of N.A.D.O.C. Writing Quest, 1960.

Sources of Entries Sent to N.A.D.O.C. Writing Quest

School	Essays	Poems	Stories
Point Pearce School, via Port Victoria, S.A. Education Department Correspondence lessons	17	1	2
Aborigines' Inland Mission Bible Institute, Singleton	2*	2	2*
Aborigines' Rescue Mission, Jigalong, W.A.	1	1	1
Roper River Mission via Katherine N.T. Correspondence lessons Education Department, S.A. . .	3*	..	5††
United Aborigines' Mission of Australia, P.O. Green Hills, Kempsey, N.S.W.	3	3	..
Aborigines' Welfare Board, Aboriginal Home, Cootamundra	7*
La Perouse Public School, La Perouse	8	8*§§§	..

Total number of entries—66.

* Denotes first prize in section.

† Denotes second prize in section.

‡ Denotes third prize in section.

§ Denotes consolation prize.

This analysis makes it clear that if the Quest is repeated next year, with better organisation resulting from the lessons learned from this year's experiment, a very valuable contribution will be made towards assimilation through the rather neglected intellectual approach.

Helpful suggestions from the judges and a letter from the Headmaster of La Perouse Public School, Mr. D. McGrath, outlining the methods used under his guidance, to introduce appreciation of poetry and expression through this medium have been gratefully received. Their importance cannot be over-estimated.

Prime Minister

Likes *Dawn*

To-day *Dawn* goes not only to the aboriginal people of this State and other States, but also to people in many walks of life in many parts of the world.

Writing to the Editor, the Prime Minister of Australia, the Hon. R. G. Menzies, said " Many thanks for sending me August copies of *Dawn*. I have seen other copies of the magazine and am impressed by its consistently high standard. You are to be congratulated and commended on the fine job you are doing, which I feel sure is deeply appreciated by the readers of your magazine.

"With best wishes for the continued success of your work."

R. G. MENZIES.

USEFUL HINTS

New use for old match boxes. The sandpaper edges can be used to clean corners of baking tins. The sharp edge gets right into the corners of the tin.

* * * *

When doing household chores in overalls, sleeves are invariably in the way. Sew a piece of elastic into the cuff and when you push up your sleeves to get on with the job you can be sure they'll stay up.

* * * *

Linoleum floors are often scratched by children pushing their chairs away too hurriedly from the table. And children aren't the only culprits. But here's a sure way of stopping the scratches and the noise. Cut small rounds of felt from an old hat and glue them to the bottom of the chairs. Do the same with table legs.

* * * *

Two quick tricks for the cook. A milk pudding won't boil over while baking if you put a pie funnel into the middle of the dish. And a few drops of lemon squeezed over spinach, beans or cauliflower gives it fuller flavour and a pleasant tang.



Bob Liddle, former Alice Springs boy who has established a high reputation in the boxing world, was married recently at Colac in Victoria.

He is pictured above after his wedding at St. Mary's Church, Colac, to Miss Pat Wheeler, of Colac, which is a dairying centre in Victoria's rich western district.

Bobby, who is the son of Mr. Milton Liddle, of Alice Springs, left there two years ago to take up duties with the State Electricity Commission of Victoria as a linesman.

A product of the Youth Centre Boxing Club, he worked his way through the preliminary bouts at Melbourne Stadium, and is now a regular main event fighter against Australia's leading lightweights.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES

MORE THAN MEDALS WERE WON

The time was 776 years before Christ was born. The town was Olympia, Greece. The young Greek athlete Coroebus flung himself over the finishing line to win the 200-yard dash amid the rousing cheers of his countrymen.

Coroebus was the world's first winner of the Olympic Games. On his proud head was placed the prized crown of wild olive branches cut with a golden sickle from a flourishing tree. Coroebus's family and home city shared in his great honour. It was a thrilling day!

What happened to the crown of wild olive branches Coroebus wore so proudly that day? History does not tell us. No doubt the leaves soon wilted and though Coroebus may have kept the faded branches for a long time, one day they crumbled into dust.

August 25th was another thrilling day for the world. While an estimated crowd of 110,000 people, 7,000 athletes and their trainers, about 1,300 journalists and officials of the Olympic Committee, and eight foreign heads of State watched in excited silence, Italy's President Gronchi opened the 17th Olympiad. An Italian athlete carrying the Olympic Torch answered the President on behalf of all those participating in the Games. The Olympic Flame, passed from hand to hand by 1,500 runners, sputtered brightly after its trip by land and by sea from Mount Olympus in Greece to Rome.

This impressive ceremony was the beginning of what probably will be the most spectacular Olympic Games the world has ever witnessed. Swordsmen, swimmers, horsemen, cyclists, oarsmen, footballers, marksmen, wrestlers, gymnasts, and boxers pitted their skills in thirty-three different sports' stadiums and arenas. And what did they compete for? A medal of gold or silver or bronze attached to a bronze collar with an olive-leaf design. For the awards, 268 gold medals, 268 silver medals, and 278 bronze medals have been made. When the winners wear their bronze collars, the world will rejoice with them in their great honours.

But the athletes were competing for more than medals, prized though they may be. The sportsmen were competing for the fame of winning; the honour they would bring, not just to their names, but to their countries. And they were competing to create understanding and goodwill throughout the world through the common interest of sports.

When the athletes return to their homes, they no doubt will wear proudly for a long time their hard-earned medals. But a medal easily can be misplaced and a famous man may be forgotten.

Shortly after the death of Christ, a scholar who was very interested in sports, picked up his pen and wrote down his thoughts on the subject. This man, Paul, had often watched athletes in training. He may have witnessed some Olympic Games. Probably when he was young, he had taken part in footraces and other athletics.

But Paul had become a Christian. He was thrilled with his salvation from sin. His experience with the Lord was greater than any other he had ever known. And he compared the athlete's training with his Christian life, for he knew how much the athlete wanted to win in competitions. And Paul wanted to live to please his Coach, or Trainer, the Lord Jesus.

Paul wrote: "Do you remember how, on a racing-track, every competitor runs, but only one wins the prize? Well you ought to run with your minds fixed on winning the prize! Every competitor in athletic events goes into serious training. Athletes will put forth tremendous efforts—for a fading crown of leaves. But our contest is for an eternal crown that will never fade.

"I run the race then with determination. I am no shadow-boxer, I really fight! I am my body's sternest master, for fear that when I have preached to others I should myself be disqualified" (1 Corinthians 9:24-27, Phillips).

Every Christian is in the race of life, but entering the race does not guarantee a successful finish. A Christian may become disqualified for the Lord by sins in his life. Selfishness, pride, wanting his way instead of God's—all these sins will disqualify him so that the Christian will cross the finishing line of his life in defeat. He will win no prize at the end of his race.

God's Word tells us of five crowns of never-fading wreaths that we may receive, if we run well as Christians.

1. The *wreath that never withers* for the runner who never stops running. You must not give up as a Christian if you want to receive this wreath (1 Corinthians 9:25).

2. The *wreath of rejoicing and honour* for the runner who tells someone else of the Lord Jesus, helping him to believe in Christ as Saviour (1 Thessalonians 2:19).

3. The *wreath of glory* for the unselfish runner who cares for the Christian growth of others (1 Peter 5:1-4).

4. The *wreath of righteousness* for the runner who is looking eagerly for the Lord Jesus's return to earth (II Timothy 4:7, 8).

5. The *wreath of life* for the runner who does not yield to temptation (James 1:12).

STATIONS ARE VILLAGES

Training for the Future

For the past year or so the Board has had nineteen Aboriginal Stations under its control. These Stations are virtually villages set aside for the exclusive use of aborigines. Each Station is under the control of a Manager, who is assisted by his wife as Matron. On a few of the larger Stations there is also an Assistant Manager and Assistant Matron. Each aboriginal family on a Station is provided with a home and the community services include—school, church, recreation hall, ration store, medical dispensary and water supply system.

The main purpose of these aboriginal stations is to provide refuge for aboriginal families who are unable to fend for themselves away from the care and protection of the Board and also for those who feel happier while living in association with their own people.

While these people reside on a Station, the aim of the management is to guide them in the principles of good citizenship and to prepare them for their ultimate assimilation into the general community.

Training for assimilation begins in the home and with the introduction of better housing and guidance in the proper use of their improved homes has been one of the principal objectives. Education in personal hygiene and the general principles of cleanliness also play an important part.

Encouragement is always given to aborigines who are sufficiently advanced to move away from Stations and to take their place in the community life. This presents difficulties, however, while the housing situation is still acute. Aborigines, therefore, are not urged to move away from good homes to sub-standard conditions.

Recently two good homes were built in the township of Cobargo and two superior class aboriginal families have now moved into these homes and are settling very satisfactorily into the community life of that township. These two families pay the Board a rental for the homes occupied by them.

All able-bodied men are expected to support their families from their earnings. There are, of course, aged, infirm and indigent people who must be provided with sustenance and support at the hand of the Government and these people are issued with weekly food rations, medical necessities, blankets, clothing, tobacco and other comforts.

Special attention has always been given to expectant and nursing mothers. These people are watched over to ensure that they receive proper food and that proper facilities are provided for the care and general welfare of their babies when born.

Special attention has been given for the past few years to the provision of electric light and power to the stations where this is possible. Electricity has already been provided at Brewarrina, Burnt Bridge, Cabbage Tree Island and Cowra Stations, also Kinchela Boys' Home and Cootamundra Girls' Home. During the past year electric light units were installed at Boggabilla, Walgett and Murrin Bridge, Quirindi, Jervis Bay and Taree.

COLOUR DOESN'T COUNT

It's the man that matters

As time passes, the evidence of colour prejudice and antipathy of the white people to the aboriginal race becomes progressively less and it would be safe to say that further advance has been made in the breaking down of this prejudice in the past year or so.

Due to the availability of Station employment, more and more aborigines are engaged in working side by side with white workers and are being accepted, both by the latter and by the Unions, on a basis of equality. The readiness to admit aborigines as equals is seen very clearly in sporting organisations in a great number of our country centres. Many aborigines are members of local football teams and a number of boys attending country high schools have been admitted to cadet corps and have attended camps with the school units.

It must be realised, however, that prejudices will only disappear when the aborigine proves his independence, moral responsibility and reliability and this, of course, calls for toleration and understanding on the part of the white community.

Periodical contacts by Welfare Officers, the issue of judicious propaganda, and the admission of aboriginal children to the ordinary public schools, together with an improvement in the standards of the people's personal hygiene have helped considerably in breaking down the antipathy which has been evidenced over the years.

The Board aims to cultivate in the aborigine a realisation that there is no barrier to his assimilation into the civic, cultural and social life of the community and to his attainment of a scholarship, provided he is prepared to strive to that end.

USEFUL HINTS

Salad days are with us again. And here's one way of preventing a vegetable salad from becoming sodden and wilted if it has to stand for an hour or so. Place a saucer upside down on the bottom of the bowl before filling it with salad. Any moisture will run underneath the saucer, and the salad will remain crisp and fresh until ready for serving. By the way, never put on the salad dressing until the last possible moment.

* * * *

Keep a piece of beeswax in your work-basket, and when sewing on buttons run the thread along the wax before sewing. You'll find that buttons will stay on much longer.

FIRST ABORIGINES TO GO TO SEA

KINCHELA BOYS DO WELL

Two aboriginal boys on board the "Iron Knight", berthed at Port Kembla said it felt "all right" to be the first people of their race to go to sea as members of the Seamen's Union.

The boys are Gordon Edwards, 16, and Henry McGrady, 17, from Kempsey.

They are the first aborigines to be given the opportunity to become members of the Seaman's Union.

They are employed as deck boys aboard the 4,000-tons B.H.P. freighter.

Chairman of the Aborigines' Welfare Board, Mr. A. G. Kingsmill, said in Sydney recently the boys had come under the notice of a welfare officer in Kempsey.

The boys told the officer they were anxious to go to sea and, after arrangements were made with the Seamen's Union, they were employed on the "Iron Knight".

Mr. Kingsmill said arrangements had also been made for a welfare officer to see the boys at every port they visited.

Mr. Kingsmill said their employment was in keeping with the policy of assimilation adopted by the Aborigines' Welfare Board.

Mr. Kingsmill said that any other aboriginal boys desiring to go to sea would be assisted by the Board in any practical way.

The boys originally came from a special school at Kimcheli, near Kempsey.

The boys are now under the care of the ship's bosun, Mr. A. Campbell, a native of Scotland, who has been at sea since 1925.

"I have to teach the boys their job and direct them along the right channels," Mr. Campbell said.

Mr. Campbell said: "They're two nice boys and well worthy of the opportunity of learning the trade. They must teach themselves from books as far as education goes, but every practical assistance will also be given them."

Mr. Campbell said their training programme consisted of one year as deck boys and two years as ordinary seamen.

"After that period, they will be able seamen," Mr. Campbell said.

"There is no limit to what the boys can do if they have the incentive to study. They can even rise to the position of master."

Henry and Gordon started work on the "Iron Knight" in April.

"Henry's first job in the morning is to put the flags up," the Bosun said. "Gordon works with the able seamen and it's his special task to clean the signal whistle on the funnel."

The boys receive the same amount of training in all phases of seamanship. They exchange duties every week.

When asked how it felt to be the first aborigines to be given the opportunity to go to sea as members of the Seamen's Union, the boys said they liked it.

Mr. Campbell said the boys did not necessarily have to work on the B.H.P. shipping line. They were not restricted to any particular ship.

Mr. Campbell said Henry wanted to go overseas and visit all the countries of the world. The Bosun said it would be to Henry's advantage if he remained with the same ship for the three years of his basic training.

Mr. Campbell said that the crew members were all trying to help the boys as much as possible.

Mr. Campbell said: "They're well worth their keep."



BUYING YOUR HOME

THINGS TO WATCH

As a guide to intending purchasers of homes, it is pointed out that they will get a considerable number of accounts in respect of fees and charges in connection with their mortgage, etc. Therefore, if they do not have the ready cash as these become payable, and they sometimes come altogether, it would be advisable to have the loan or mortgage increased so that they can be prepared for these.

In the case of arrears of rates which arise during the transfer of land for example, these would probably have to be met long before the loan is granted. Such fees as stamp duties, and solicitors fees, etc., whilst not any single one being large, can, when added together, amount to a large sum of money to pay out. It could mean that fees in the case of the Crown Solicitor might have to be deducted from the amount to be loaned. Therefore when making your application for a loan you would be wise to state what extra money you wish to borrow to cover these incidentals, which may run from £50 to £100. A final word of advise, consult a solicitor, especially with regard to the signing of the deeds. Legal documents are difficult for the average person to understand, and it is important to have someone explain what you are signing.





Hello Kids,

Most times I am terribly proud of my young aborigine friends, but there are those rare occasions (very rare I am happy to say) when I really feel disappointed and perhaps a little ashamed.

Look at page 9 for instance! There we read with great pride of the progress being made at school by Fay Clayton of the Cootamundra Home. Top of her class and really working hard. But on page 8 we read of a young boy at Maroubra High School (we won't mention his name, just in case he has any pride at all), who has had a bursary taken away from him because he was too lazy to study and was more interested in "wagging" it from school. What a tragic waste, because he must have had the brains to win the bursary in the first place. Now he has idly thrown away a great opportunity that could well affect his whole life.

As I have often said on this page, there is nothing more important in our lives today than a good education, for it helps us to overcome all those colour prejudices, it helps us to gain useful employment and it helps us to find our place in the world.

Take my advice kids, if you have the opportunity of studying or extending your schooldays, then do so by all means, and your people can be justly proud of you.

Now here is an essay sent in by Yvonne Clayton, of Cootamundra, and it wins her a special prize.

Now about a lot more letters and stores?

Well kids, I guess that's all our news once again so until next month.

Your sincere pal,

Pete

An Essay . . .

Visiting the Circus

Filled with enthusiasm I impatiently waited in the long queue that lined right up to the circus gate. With a roll of the drums the circus tent opened as the jostling crowds gathered round the door. The show had commenced and people were rushing here and there, chatting gaily as they went.

As the audience seated themselves comfortably, the ringmaster brought on his tawny coloured lions that had been tamed for the circus.

Trapeze men and women swung from one side of the tent to the other in a breathtaking way, and the clowns acted stupidly although their performances were thrilling and amusing to the audience.

For five minutes all was going well, when, suddenly it began to rain. The canvas tents had a few large holes in them. Although the rain poured down we were lucky that the rain wasn't so bad as it had been a warm afternoon.

After three hours of excitement the circus had almost ceased, when the ticket collector told the crowd that the circus was going to continue for another hour. I felt like staying a little longer although I felt drowsy. I continued on my way home after a tired but happy evening.

Yvonne Clayton (12 years).

Cootamundra Girls' Home.



DELPHINIUMS WILL GROW ANYWHERE

The greatest thrill I ever got out of my garden was a delphinium spike over 6 feet tall, with flower spike measuring 45 inches. That was years ago, but I can still see it.

Many folk grow them each year from seed, and scrap them after they've flowered. This is due to the fact that unless you can get well-established crowns from a cool climate such as New Zealand, Victoria or Tasmania, the plants die out, no matter what you do, after flowering in the hot weather.

Generally, delphiniums are regarded as perennials, but here it is far better to treat them as a biennial and then replace the stock, for they rarely come up a second or third time after flowering unless one is a really A-grade gardener and fusses over them to the nth degree.

They can be grown the year round in the cooler parts of the Commonwealth, but as said before, they rarely flower more than twice a year—spring and autumn. Few flowering plants will do as much as delphiniums to lift up your flower borders. Being mostly blues, they give the garden just that touch of colour that nothing else but true blue will provide. True there are whites, pinks and yellows in the delphinium family, but for the most part the hybrids are blues, with touches of pink, brown, and purple, here and there, to break up the colour monotony.

Now whether you use seedlings, nursery-raised plants, rooted cuttings, or divided clumps, you can count only on strongly rooted crowns to give you complete satisfaction. With seedlings you have to be careful. They grow up a single stem, and one slug or snail, or a big hungry caterpillar, will sometimes nibble through the stem—and out goes the whole plant for good. Old crowns throw out several growths at a time, and these should be allowed to grow about 12 to 14 inches tall before being pinched back. Only about two pairs of leaves should be removed at a time. This causes the stems to thicken out and become sturdy. They then carry on and become hefty stems that will support the flowering heads well. This can be followed by a second pinching back a few weeks later, but only the tops should be pinched out, and no later than early March, or there will be no more flowers.

Delphiniums hate dry conditions, but at the same time they require good drainage. They are lime-tolerant,

and require it fairly regularly, as acid conditions are not to their liking. In limestone country, they flourish abundantly, and appear to do better than in soil that is neutral to acid.

Shallow cultivation is necessary, and should be followed by watering. Any well-balanced fertiliser can be used for feeding them at the same time. Sprinkle it in a circle around the plants but do not let any of the chemical touch the leaves, which are particularly sappy and frail and subject to fertiliser-burning.

Rake the fertiliser in with a small scuffer and then water in soundly. If this is not done some of the chemical may splash back on the foliage.

When particularly-good delphiniums have been raised from seed, or are obtained from crowns, and the gardener desires to perpetuate the variety, cut back the stems after flowering and when new growths appear, lift carefully and divide with a sharp knife. Remember that the shoots as well as the foliage are extremely brittle and likely to break off at a touch, so be careful how this job is done.

The whole family is a fairly hefty feeder, therefore the ground should be heavily manured with well-rotted barnyard or cow manure, if light, or with strawy (rotted) horse manure if heavy. This should be mixed into the ground thoroughly some weeks before the crowns or plants are set out. And a word of warning, the delphinium belongs to a family that dislikes disturbances when once established. Too-close cultivation damages the roots which spread out near the surface, and unless one really must divide them, or lift them, leave them religiously alone.

Unless disease attacks the crowns and reduces their vigour, there will not be more than two or three stems the first year after planting. The following year these may have increased to six or eight. Much depends upon the richness of the soil, the treatment accorded during the growing period, and the freedom of the plant from crown rot and other serious diseases.

The best varieties are the tall pale blue and dark blue Kelways and Pacific Giants, which rarely fail to produce huge spikes if the soil is rich and the water supply adequate. They can be fronted with dwarf delphiniums such as blue butterfly, which is also obtainable in pale, medium and dark blue-varieties.