



Dawn



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

SEPTEMBER, 1955





Our Cover . . .

These three happy lasses were photographed when they visited Sydney to attend the Summer Camp. Preparations are already under way for the next big Summer Camp and Aboriginal children from all over the State look forward to being among the lucky ones selected.



"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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COONABARABRAN A NO PREJUDICE TOWN

A visit was recently paid by the Superintendent of the Aborigines Welfare, Mr. M. H. Saxby, to this progressive town in the North West.

It was refreshing to find that no local colour bar, or prejudice against aborigines, exists here. (See pictures.)

Aboriginal children, from the Reserve and town, attend the Public School, on equal terms with their white companions. An aboriginal boy recently secured the prize for the most improved boy in his class. Another boy from out of town is boarded by a white family in Coonabarabran during the week to save a long bicycle ride each day.

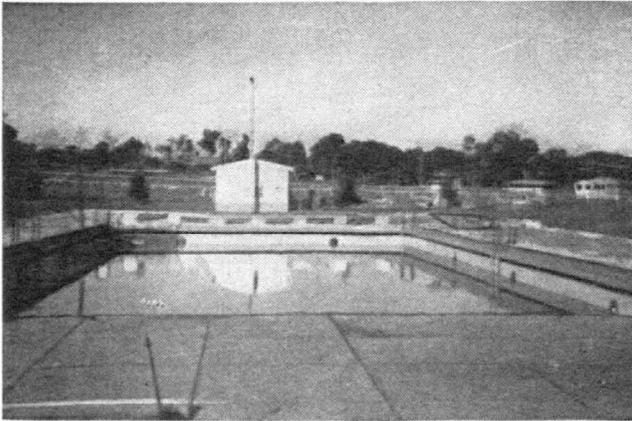
A lady, Mrs. Cain, from Burra Bee Dee, is a member of the local branch of the C.W.A.

A local builder has erected houses for two of his aboriginal employees.

A beautiful new swimming pool is open to aborigines without any restriction.

The Board is erecting five new houses in the town, and these will be made available to selected families, who will be able to purchase them on easy repayment terms.

Congratulations to the Council and people of Coonabarabran on their tolerance, and to local aborigines for their very fine effort in earning the respect of their white neighbours.



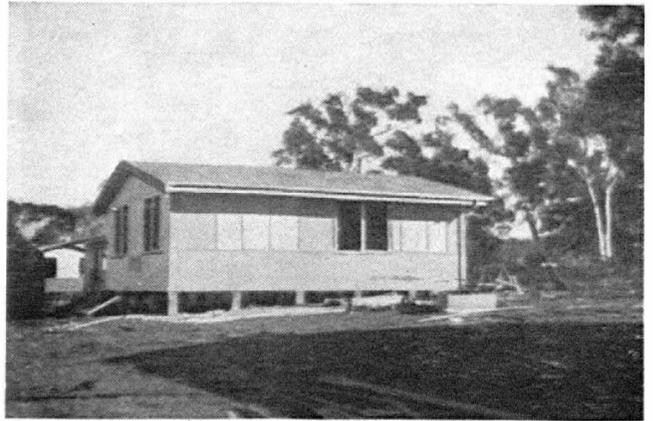
▲
The Swimming Pool at Coonabarabran. There is no colour bar here, and yet this is one of the most modern parks in the State.

HELP APPRECIATED Praise For Mrs. Inspector English

Mrs. Inspector English has received the following letter of appreciation from Mrs. Suey of 56 Morton Street, East Moree. Mrs. Suey said—

“I just wanted to thank you and other members of the Board for helping me and my little girl during my stay in Sydney and for staying at the lovely Hostel that is run with your help. You seem to provide everything that is wanted, and I should say that I have not seen another Hostel that is run so well elsewhere. I have not seen anything like it. Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery have been very good to me. They are a wonderful couple and you are like an angel to us when we come down to Sydney. You seem to provide everything for our needs, and once again I want to thank you very much for myself and my little girl.

I will be taking her back in a month's time for an operation to her eyes and I thought I may see you when we go down and I do hope that we will.”



▲
This is one of the many new homes for aboriginal people at Coonabarabran. In this progressive township the aboriginal family is accepted and approved.



The Purfleet Sewing Group are a happy crowd as they pose for the camera.



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.



The Vicar of Boggabilla, the Headmaster and the Manager with the team that won the Dudley Woods Cup.



Isabel McGrady as Queen of England and some of her subjects at Boggabilla's school concert.



Chris Crage, of Coolac, Margaret Freeman, of Gundagai, and Eileen Edwards, of Coolac.



Laurel Ridgeway and Owen Lilley, of Karuah.



Palm Island schoolgirls opposing a basketball team from Townsville.



Cecil Snow and Cyril Townsend, of Uralla.



The big fish is almost as big as Gordie McIntosh, of Boggabilla.



This pretty lass is Harriet Ellis, of Cootamundra.



Buddy Duncan of Boggabilla with another big fish.



Nada Ward and Edna King, of Cootamundra.



A group of Wreck Bay children. Eileen Thomas (2nd from right) travels 28 miles to High School at Nowra.



△
 ◀ All dressed up. Barbara and Fay Goolagong, of Barellan.

●
 Still more fish! This time Madge McGrady and Eva Duncan, of Boggabilla. ▶



DOORS WIDE OPEN

Church Welcomes Aborigines

"The Church has opened its doors widely to all our people," said the Manager of the Wreck Bay Station, Mr. Robert Brown, when he spoke at the second shared service in the Nowra Methodist Church one Sunday recently.

The first of these services was held when a party from Wreck Bay enjoyed the fellowship of the members of the Shoalhaven Methodist Church and provided a choir of young people for an evening service. Accompanied on the guitar by Mrs. Bell McLeod, the youngsters charmed the large congregation with their singing, and the message of Mr. Bob Brown was an inspiration. The party was entertained by Mrs. A. W. Bray to supper in the Parsonage.

The second service was held under the happiest conditions, transport was arranged by members of the Methodist Men's Brotherhood who conveyed nine children and a large party of adults to Nowra and returned them safely after the service. This entailed upward of 100 miles of travelling by the motorists and was much appreciated. The Brothers who performed this service were J. R. Reid, Ray Bishop, T. Tait, L. Boyd and Roy Winston. The Rev. A. W. Bray, Superintendent Minister of the Shoalhaven Methodist Circuit, extended a cordial welcome to the party, and assured them that the doors of the Methodist Church in Nowra would always be wide open to the residents of the district who enjoyed the privilege of Aboriginal blood in their veins.

"As fellow Australians we are pleased to have fellowship in the Christian Church," added Mr. Bray. Among those present at the service was Mr. P. Sephton, the officer in charge of Aboriginal Welfare Work in the Shoalhaven district. Mr. Sephton is a member of the Men's Brotherhood which has played such an important part in the task of breaking down the social barriers that still persist between the people of dark and white blood.

The theme of the address given by Mr. Brown was that of "The Glory of God" as revealed to those "who had eyes to see and ears to hear," and was inspirational and apt.

Mr. Percy Stewart, who came from La Perouse to accompany the choir, was assisted by Mr. Brown, and his guitar playing was a great help to the singers. A sweetly sung duet by Leonard Scott and Phyllis McLeod, and several choral numbers by these young singers and Colleen Moore, Elaine Ardler, Lurline Moore, Beverley Pittman, Bobby Brown, Victor McLeod and Ken Ardler were highlights of the service. The Methodist Church choir under the leadership of Mr. T. Tait also rendered an anthem.

The beautiful Church was filled to capacity, and impressed many who claimed that they had not been in a church before.

continued ➔

ANDREW CALDWELL PASSES ON

Local Residents Help Relatives

Andrew, who previously lived at Casino, passed away at the Brisbane General Hospital recently, after a short illness. He had been brought from Casino by ambulance only a few days before. *Dawn* extends sincere sympathy to his mother and other relatives.

Mrs. Caldwell has asked *Dawn* to convey her heartfelt thanks to all those friends who stood by her in her time of trouble; to the Board and its Officers, especially Mrs. English, who arranged her transport to Brisbane, and Mr. James Attell and Miss McCredie of the Brisbane Office of the Department of Native Affairs who met her at the train and accompanied her to the Hospital. Mrs. Caldwell will never forget their kindness to her.

She has asked *Dawn* to thank the Casino District Ambulance and also Mr. L. Austen of Casino for his efforts regarding the payment of funeral expenses which were contributed as follows:—

Casino Rotary Club	£10
Casino Apex Club	£5
Casino Lions Club	£5
Residents of Tabulam Aboriginal Station	£3

The thanks of the Aborigines Welfare Board have already been conveyed to these organisations.



Margaret and Peter Miller (children of the Headmaster), and the Manager's daughter, Lilibet, on their way to the school concert on Boggabilla Station.

A lovely supper was provided by the ladies of the Church and was dispensed by Mrs. A. W. Bray and her lady helpers.

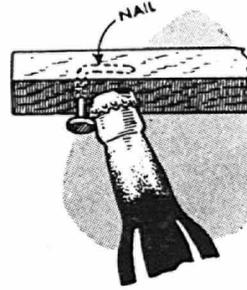
HELP YOURSELF

Don't spoil a Paintbrush by standing it vertically in turpentine. Instead, select a tin can having a lid and bend it to support the can at an angle, so the brush will lie flat and keep bristles straight.

Putting up new guttering is always a difficult job, particularly if it has to be a one man job. This photo shows how a very cheap and simple stand can be made from any old scrap timber to hold the guttering while the fixing is done.



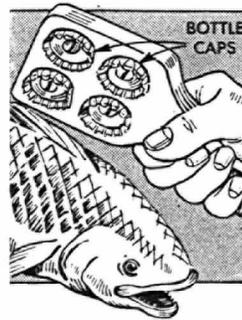
A square of linoleum is a handy item for a sewing room. Placed on a table it will protect the top surface when pinning and cutting material.



A piece of wood and a flat-head nail is all that is required to make a very effective bottle opener. The nail should always be bent over so it won't pull through.

Boiling Water Loosens Fish Scales.

When fish are kept out of water for any length of time, the scales set and are hard to remove. This may occur also when fish are shipped or kept on ice. Should this happen, dip the fish quickly in boiling water and the scales can be removed more easily.

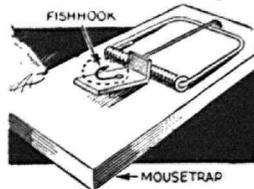


Improved Fish Scale Remover.

If you are on a fishing trip and have no scaler, one can be improvised from a wood block and four bottle caps. Just shape a handle on the block and screw or nail the caps to it with serrated edges out.

Fishhook Holds Mousetrap Bait.

When you have trouble keeping bait on a mousetrap, fasten a small fishhook to the bait pan of the trap, and hook bait onto it. The hook also makes it possible to use bits of meat or other articles of food for bait, and attach it easily and firmly to the trap.



POT-POURRI AGAIN

The Story of Carowra Tank

The Seventh of a Series of Articles by L. N. BRIGGS, Manager of Taree Station

(Copyright)

Last month I told you of my arrival at Carowra Tank Aboriginal Station where I was to do my first work among aborigines.

Carowra Tank is in a very dry, desolate part of the State. When my wife and I arrived there it was much drier than usual. We had a little son, three years old and a little girl two years old. It didn't look like a very good place in which to bring them up. There was no fine house, such as many of you live in now, to call our home. There were houses of galvanised iron for the dark people on the Station, but our home for two and a half years was a camp made up of two large tents facing each other, with a galvanised cooking galley between them.

Our nearest neighbour lived sixteen miles away. He was a lonely bachelor. There were no white children for our little ones to play with. As I had become a Red Indian when I was a child, so my little son became an aborigine at Carowra Tank.

One of the men of the Station made him a set of little boomerangs and shields which amused him for hours at a time as he played with them in the scrub. You will remember I told you earlier that I shot myself with a rifle when I was a little boy. Well, this little fellow cut his hand rather badly with a boomerang one day. Ted King, who was just a big boy then, bound his wound with a piece of his shirt and carried him home. (How are you these days, Ted?) The little boy doesn't throw boomerangs any more. He is now a foreman in a big engineering works in Sydney. In war-time they make parts for big guns, instead of boomerangs.

It was hard to get good food to eat. The sheep were terribly poor and fresh vegetables were hard to get. Our bread came with the mail every Sunday. It was three days old when we got it. But my good wife learned to make her own bread which was much better. We both became experts at making dampers.



When meat was scarce, I would go with the Station hunters with my rifle and bring home kangaroos and young emus. The emu had to be cooked under the ground, because the old people were scared of what the evil spirits might do if the smoke or steam from the cooking emu were to rise in the air.

There were many full-blood aborigines on this Station and they were a fine and friendly people. They would never think of stealing or of doing anything which was not honest. If any of the young people did do something which was not quite right, a council of old men would have a meeting and then tell the Manager what punishment they thought should be meted out to the offender. Sometimes the one who had done wrong would be told to leave the Station for a few months. The council of old men would see that he did not return until his time was up.

Many of the older people did not have what we call "surnames" or family names. There were many Jacks and Willies. But, to distinguish one from another, the name of the place where they were born was used as a prefix. Thus, there were Keewong Willie, Cobar Jack, Red Tank Maggie, and so on. To-day throughout the western part of the State there are many families of Johnsons and Williams. This is because the sons of the Jackies took the name Johnson and the sons of the Willies took the family name of Williams.

The Carowra people were a happy people. It is just as well that they could be happy with so little to make them happy, because the State Government had very little money to spend on our people in those days.

This little story may make some of you laugh and it might make others feel sad. It may even make a few feel angry. However, it should make you all feel grateful for the great changes which have come into your lives during the past few years.

The story concerns a death and a funeral. These are certainly not the sort of subjects to make amusement. For years the people at Carowra Tank had buried their dead wrapped in a blanket and placed in a semi-sitting position in the grave which was lined with gum leaves. A blanket of gum leaves would then be strewn over the body before the earth was shovelled in. No coffin was ever used, except on one occasion, while I was at Carowra.

The younger men of one family had been away working on a sheep station where they saw their first "white-fellow funeral". Shortly after their return, the elderly father of the family passed away. The young men came to the Manager and asked if they could have a "proper white-fellow funeral with a box" for the old man.

HOW TO MAKE BREAD

A Special Featurette by Miss Elizabeth Taylor

IT was a very hot day, and Oo-cara-pa had walked a long way gathering Burrawong nuts, now she was sitting in the shade of a lovely paper-bark tree with a small heap of nuts beside her.

A small fire glowed nearby on which Oo-cara-pa had already roasted the nuts so that the hard shells had cracked, as she removed the shell she pounded the soft kernel between two flat smooth stones until it became a white disc, and very thin, each disc was threaded on to an upright stick stuck in the ground by Oo-cara-pa.

After pounding kernels until the heap of nuts had disappeared and many discs had been threaded on to the stick, Oo-cara-pa picked up the stick and walked to the river bank, where a log had fallen lengthways into the river. On one side near the bank and surrounded by ferns, there was a quiet little pool, the cool water flowing gently through to the main stream. Here Oo-cara-pa stopped and, kneeling in the ferns, at the very top of the pool she spread out all the discs, layer after layer, so that the clear water trickled through the discs thoroughly washing them.

After carefully covering with ferns so that no one else would find her store, Oo-cara-pa left the pool to return in two days time, then she gathered up the well-washed discs, and put them into her coolamon. She was very wise, the water had washed away a poison found

in the unwashed kernel of the Burrawong nut. Some lazy ones had once made their bread without being careful, and had been poisoned.

Oo-cara-pa went to her camp and there mixed and kneaded the dough into a loaf, wrapped it in a sheet of paper bark, and tied it with some tough grass. A red hot ash fire was all ready and on this was put the loaf and covered well with hot ash. Later on, a flat tough damper appeared which was chewed with relish by numerous piccaninnies.

In the Burrawong season the natives of Oo-cara-pa's island put on weight. This bread goes well with goanna and "sugar bag" or honey. And keeps well if wrapped in paper bark and carried under your arm!

WHERE IS PERCY KAY?

Although numerous efforts have been made to trace Percy Kay, brother of Margaret Kay, no information has been received by the Board which might help in locating him.

This is a final appeal to anyone knowing anything which might help in tracing Percy Kay, to get in touch with the Board as soon as possible.

POT-POURRI AGAIN—*continued from previous page.*

The Manager and I held a conference at which it was decided that I should make a coffin, because distances were too great to think of getting one from the nearest town, and the weather was hot and time was limited. There was no timber available on the Station, other than some empty packing cases in the store. So I got to work with these and made quite a presentable coffin.

It was not until the coffin was loaded on the tray of the Ford truck and the mourners lined up ready to go to the cemetery that it was discovered that I had overlooked one little detail in the hurried manufacture of the coffin. Right in the centre of the side, in big, bold, red letters, was a most unusual and most unsuitable inscription:—UNION BRAND PRESERVED MEAT—FIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION. That was the one and only occasion upon which I have been grateful that education had not yet come to the people of the western plains.

To all of those old Carowra Tank people who are left—there are still a few—I send our heartiest greetings. My wife and I will always remember you as the most lovable people we have ever worked among.

Freddy Biggs and dear old Nancy, we remember you for all your help and advice. Charlie Bourke, we remember you as a saver of lives in the back country. Your name will live long in the west country because of your skill as a tracker and your superb bushcraft. There must be quite a number of people living today who would have perished of hunger and thirst had you not found them in time. Faithful old Gidget Williams, happy-go-lucky Cobar Jack, and all the rest of you, we still remember you and the happy times we had together so many years ago.

Carowra Tank still remains to mark the spot where the old Station stood, but the station and its people have moved in closer to more settled places, and their children and their children's children are gradually learning to grapple with the problems of an advanced civilisation and to take their place as one with a great and new Australian family.

Only two more instalments to go, kids. We go to Condobolin next month. Then I will talk to you about your future and its possibilities.

HOME HINTS

Fruit purchased at a market always should be wiped off with a clean, slightly damp cloth before it is put away. This cleans it and tends to check rot that may have infected it from other fruits.

Small pieces of soap can be utilized by putting them in a cloth bag, which is then placed in the wash boiler while heating wash water.

You can overcome the annoyance of having a spoon slip from the edge of pan by the use of a short length of coil spring. The spring is slipped over the edge of the pan and then the handle of the spoon is inserted between the coils. This will keep the spoon, or other cooking instrument, at a reasonable temperature.



Oven Short Cuts.

To prevent the inside of an oven from rusting, leave the door open for an hour or so after baking.

If apples are slit with a knife in three or four places before baking, the skins will not wrinkle in the oven.

If the juice from an apple pie runs over in the oven while cooking, shake salt over it. This causes the juice to burn to a crisp so that it can be removed.

One Way to Avoid Spilling Salt



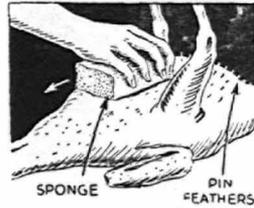
Carried in Lunch Box.

To avoid spilling salt and pepper carried in his lunch box one workman places a piece of waxed paper over the open mouth of the container and then screws on the cap.

Add a small coping saw to your kitchen cutlery set. It will be indispensable for cutting through meat bones when carving or preparing a roast.

For mashing berries and grapes a one-quart milk bottle can be used as shown. It can be gripped easily and does not become stained as would a wooden masher.

In dressing a fowl for cooking, the pin feathers often lie so snugly against the skin that they are difficult to grasp with the fingers for plucking. If a coarse rubber sponge is rubbed over them against the growth of the feathers, the ends will be lifted so that their removal is much easier.

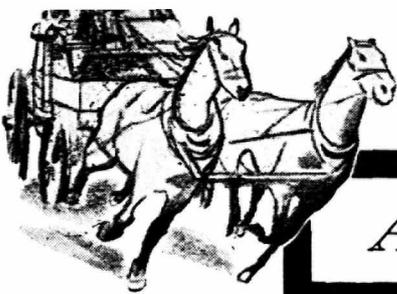


When poultry is dressed for the table, it is common practice to singe the birds, after the feathers have been plucked, to remove fine hairs, which are almost invisible. If this is done over an open flame, the flesh of the fowl may be badly scorched. To avoid this, place a piece of screen wire over the flame. This will allow the heat to accomplish the work as quickly, and with no danger of scorching or burning. The screen also protects the worker's hands from the flames.

One of the easiest ways of removing feathers from a wild duck is to dip the fowl in boiling water and then wrap it in a thick towel, which steams the feathers loose.

If two glass tumblers stick together, set the bottom one in warm water and pour cold water in the top one, thus expanding one and contracting the other.

Automatic Meat Baster is improvised from empty sardine can. Several holes punched in bottom of the can allow meat juices to trickle slowly over the roast. It may be necessary to anchor the can to the roast with a couple of toothpicks.



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE

TABULAM'S FIRST HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

This year Don Wilson had the honour to become the first student from Tabulam Station to attend High School. Don is attending Casino High School where he is doing a Junior Technical Course. Because the Station is situated 40 miles from the nearest High School, Don has to board at Malanganee and travel 52 miles to and from school each day. However, this did not prevent him from coming fourth in his class of nineteen. Congratulations, Don.

Congratulations are in order for Don's Mother, Alma, his uncle, Randolph Wilson, and Clarrie Hookey who are making great sacrifices to pay for his board and to send him to school so neat and tidy. Don has become a real ambassador for the Station.

FAR NORTH COAST FOOTBALL

All the Aboriginal Stations on the North Coast were represented at the Far North Coast football at Casino last month. In all, ninety teams competed from thirty schools situated from between Coffs Harbour and the border. The carnival was preceded by a march through the town and Tabulam School gained first prize for the "one and two teacher" schools. The children looked spic and span in their green and white uniforms and thoroughly deserved their win. In the first round of the 7 stone 7 lb. division for one or two teacher schools, Tabulam was drawn to play Cabbage Tree Island and Woodenbong was drawn to play Mummulgum. In the match Tabulam versus Cabbage Tree Island, Tabulam was successful by 9 points to nil but the game was even and hard fought throughout.

Cabbage Tree Island, which was competing for the first time, lacked the experience of the Tabulam boys who had competed in this carnival twice previously. However, Cabbage Tree has a fine team and with hard match practice will be a difficult team to beat next year. Scorers for Tabulam were H. Walker 2, and C. Williams 1 try.

Woodenbong played Mummulgum and after a very fast game Woodenbong were successful by 8 points to nil. Thus Woodenbong had to play Tabulam in the final and everyone was pleased that the final would be between two aboriginal teams. The final was full of thrills and was very fast, but Tabulam proved

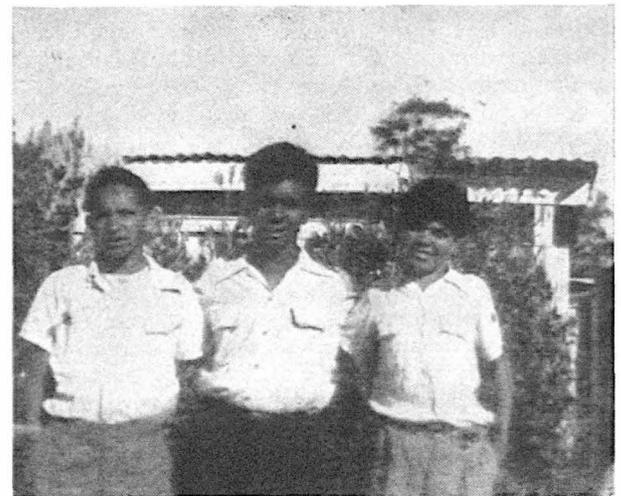
superior, winning by 18 points to 3. The Tabulam team functioned like a machine and the ball was thrown about with such precision that visitors commented it was the best football of the day. Woodenbong defended gallantly but were no match for the speed of the Tabulam lads. The crowd was amazed at the game display of the three tiny lads weighing no more than 4 stone—Bradford Robinson, Willy Donnelly and Morris Carpenter. Scores were Tabulam 18, C. Williams 2, B. Walker 2, E. Phillips 1, H. Walker tries, Woodenbong 3, F. Williams try.

It was a grand tribute to these lads that the biggest crowd of the day watched these games. It shows the respect and admiration of the local people for the Aboriginal children when over three hundred people watched both these games.

Congratulations to Tabulam on their feat of winning the carnival and to Woodenbong and Cabbage Tree on their grand sportsmanship and may they have better luck next time.

Everyone from Cabbage Tree Island was very sorry to hear of the death of Duncan Bullock in Lismore Base Hospital, after a long illness.

Cabbage Tree Island Station was fortunate in having a short visit from the Superintendent, Mr. Saxby. The residents are all looking forward to his next visit, and hope it will be a longer stay.



These three young fellows are Jeffery Bryant, Eric Davis and Neil Walker, all of Bellbrook.

Let's Have a Haircut Party

Ideas Are Changing

By A. Thornton

Increases in the price of haircuts might soon force some city people to adopt the community haircut idea once so popular in many country towns.

Country people in the earlier days didn't shy at the price of haircuts; there were simply not enough hairdressers to go around all the towns so there were often long intervals between visits from the travelling barbers.

There were no cars, either, in those days to take people into the larger towns where they could get a professional trim.

Wealthy residents could drive in their buggies to town, doing some shopping and getting a haircut once a month, but in the case of the ordinary people who could not afford to lose a day's work, there were generally a few good amateur barbers willing to oblige their friends, mostly on a Sunday afternoon.

In one little town on the far south coast of N.S.W. a shire council employee and a bush carpenter were the two recognised amateur barbers.

On the first Sunday of each month, if the weather was fine, the men of the town and surrounding district gathered under a big gumtree, where a couple of stumps served as chairs and the two amateur barbers got to work with scissors and combs.

While they worked, the rest of the men sat about in the shade, smoking and yarning.

This old tree soon became known as the Tree of Knowledge, for a good reason. While waiting their turn the men discussed everything from religion and the weather to politics and Test matches.

Under that tree governments were elected and defeated, wars were fought and won, and the greatest of international problems were solved, at least to the satisfaction of those humble bush folk.

The barbers maintained their amateur status, receiving no payment for their services, but it was common, however, for a small farmer to ask, as he was getting his haircut, "How are you off for spuds or pumpkins, Jack?" and if Jack said he could do with some, the farmer replied, "I'll send one of the boys over with a few."

Children were not welcome at these Tree of Knowledge gatherings. It was expected that any bush woman should be quite capable of cutting the

hair of her own boys while they were at school. Of course, in those days girls and women did not cut their hair.

In another country area I recall a farmer who had a big family of boys. He owned a hand-worked horse-clipping machine, which he used to clip his own horses and those of neighboring farmers for a small fee.

Once a month he lined-up his sons and while Mum turned the handle of the machine, Dad ran the clippers over the boy's heads, giving them what was popularly known as a jail crop.

Then one of the bigger boys turned the handle, while Mum ran the clippers over Dad's head. It did not take long for news of the horse-cum-hair clippers to spread over the district, and farmers were soon bringing their sons along to have a haircut.

To some, however, it was a terrifying experience and several younger boys had to be held down the first time.

On Southern Monaro (N.S.W.) there was a travelling barber, who drove about farms and little settlements in a sulky. He ran to a regular schedule visiting his customers once a month.

His fees were reasonable, but in addition to giving him his fee in cash, many of the farmers gave him fruit, meat, vegetables, butter, bacon, bottles of home-made jam and various other products of their farms.

Another man was a shearer by trade, and when the sheds cut out he travelled about the district cutting hair, sharpening razors, selling shaving soap and similar lines. He usually made enough money to keep him going until shearing started again.

The birds of the bush benefited by the work of the open-air bush barbers. In the nesting season many of them gathered the hair that had been left on the ground and lined their nests with it.

Country school teachers usually proved to be good amateur barbers.

When a boy had not had a haircut for a month or more, the teacher set to work on him at playtime.

There were times when the teacher noticed vermin in the heads of some of his pupils. A note was sent to the parents, but if this did not have the desired effect (and often it was ignored), he got to work with scissors, comb, hot water and soap.

LETS HAVE A

HAIR CUT PARTY—continued.

School teaching in little bush schools certainly meant a lot more than merely teaching reading, writing and arithmetic.

Many people still living will remember the basin crop, a popular type of haircut in the early days. It was about the simplest method of cutting a man's hair.

A pudding basin or similar utensil was merely placed on the man's head, and any hair protruding around the edges of the basin was cut off as neatly as possible. This method of cutting hair led to complications though.

One woman who used a metal basin on her husband's head found she could not get it off again, so the husband had to harness the horse and drive 16 miles into town to get a plumber to cut the basin off his head.

Despite rapidly changing hair styles it is unlikely that fashions will ever revert to the days when boys wore their hair in long curls until about three or four years of age.

Up to the days of World War I, women took great pride in their children's hair, particularly if it was naturally curly. Eventually there came the day when junior's hair had to be cut. Mother curled it nicely before Dad got to work with the scissors.

Each curl was carefully fastened with a piece of ribbon before being cut off, and then the curls were packed away in drawers or between the pages of books.

Some were sent to friends in distant parts to let them see what lovely hair junior had before it was cut off.

In many country homes today some of these curls are stored carefully by the older generation. One old lady, now in her eighties, cherishes the curls of a son, who was later killed in World War I, and on each birthday the curls are taken out and placed beside his photographs.

Modern motor cars and better roads have done away with the amateur bush barber, for despite the rise in costs, outback families now get their hair cut whenever they go to town to do some shopping.

Even the Tree of Knowledge has disappeared. It was ringbarked and finally cut up for firewood. No longer do farmers gather under it to discuss topics of the day. The radio seems to have killed that pleasant bush custom, too.

Durable row markers for the garden can be made from short lengths of water pipe and spring-type clothes pegs. Drive the pipe into the ground and insert one leg of the clothespeg in the end of the pipe. Then catch an empty seed package in the jaws of the clothespeg to mark the crop. An alternative is to fasten the clothespeg to the top of a wooden stake with a screw or nail.

THE CABBAGE TREE ISLAND YOUNGER SET

The Cabbage Tree Island Younger Set is being enjoyed by the young folk. Apart from active ball games, the main highlights of the Club are the recently purchased and very popular table-tennis, quoits, snakes and ladders, ludo, drafts and race game. Meetings are held every Wednesday night and the Club has its own President, Vice-President and Secretary, elected by the members. Minutes on the various social functions are read and new suggestions for entertainments put forward.

Cane work is very popular, and some of the lucky youngsters have made trays and shopping baskets and hope soon to commence flower making.



Dawn Johnston, of Palm Island, finds a nice sunny spot and got busy making a palm leaf hat.

OLD DAYS AT CUMEROONGUNGA

Writing to *Dawn*, Mr. A. W. Jinks of North Stockton says:

"It was interesting to me to learn of the transfer of some of the houses from Cumeroongunga to Moama (N.S.W.) because during 1907-1908, when I was the Minister of the Echuca Baptist Church, I conducted divine services at that station.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris, assisted by their able daughter, supervised that large station, and helped me to arrange social and other functions.

Cumeroongunga then was laid out as an excellent township, with an overhead water supply, a store, a post office, and other amenities.

A medical officer was in weekly attendance, but the health of the residents, who kept their homes in a clean condition, was of a high standard.

I can never forget the happy times experienced with the aborigines who took an intelligent and enthusiastic interest in church services and concerts."

A message

from the Board



Professor A. P. Elkin has been unanimously appointed as Vice-Chairman of the Board for the twelve months ending 30th June, 1956. Professor Elkin has held this position continuously since the Board was re-constituted in its present form in 1940.

Murrin Bridge Home Science Accommodation.

When Murrin Bridge Station was built, provision was made for a building to be used as quarters for single men, the need for the use of the building in this manner has never arisen, and it has now been handed over to the Education Department for use as a Home Science School.

The Education Department will now make provision for the equipment of the school, and it is hoped that classes will soon be in operation. The Board regards this as a very desirable innovation.

The Board has now concluded agreements for the tenancy of some of its cottages, and the Board's Seal has been now affixed to the necessary documents. The fortunate tenants to whom the Board offers its congratulations are—

Moama—Mrs. Norah M. Charles.

Wilcannia—Mr. H. T. Martin.

Cabbage Tree Island—Mr. Harold Kelly.

Cowra—Mr. Alexander Williams.

Expulsion Order.

The Board is averse at any time to issue an Expulsion Order, and takes this drastic step only if all other efforts have failed to reform the Station resident, who is guilty of misbehaviour.

An order was recently issued against a young man at Yass, he made quite a nuisance of himself at his parents' residence. He had been warned repeatedly of the consequences of his misconduct, but took no notice.

The Board took a very serious view of the circumstances in this case, particularly as the parents are living within the town boundaries, and, together with other residents of that locality, are endeavouring to completely assimilate themselves into the general town life.

In another instance, the expulsion of three men was recommended by the Officer-in-Charge of the Station, but leniency was extended in two of the cases to give the men concerned an opportunity to reform.

The third case was that of a single man, who in addition to his bad character and continual misbehaviour, completely disregarded a Maintenance Order

against him, which was in existence. Further this man was guilty of assault against the Manager, conduct which the Board will not tolerate.

Chance for a Young Man to Make Good.

Henry Murray, a young man who lives at Boggabilla Station, has been given the opportunity to become a professional boxer. At a recent meeting, the Board gave permission for him to leave New South Wales and to go to Brisbane, where he will be trained under Mr. Pat Farrell. Mr. Farrell, in addition to preparing him for contests, has accepted responsibility for his welfare, and so long as Henry behaves himself, he can be assured of his future as a boxer being safeguarded. Good luck, Harry.

A South Coast Girl Makes Good.

The Board offers its congratulations to Patricia Chapman who has now commenced nursing training at the Wollongong District Hospital. She is very keen on her new career, and has expressed her determination to do her utmost to succeed. The Nowra Rotary Club have been very good to Patricia, and before she took up her duties, presented her with a beautiful watch which will, undoubtedly, be of great use to her. Local residents of Wollongong, and the Wollongong Baptist Church, have interested themselves in Patricia, and will see that she has a happy time at the Hospital and does not become homesick.

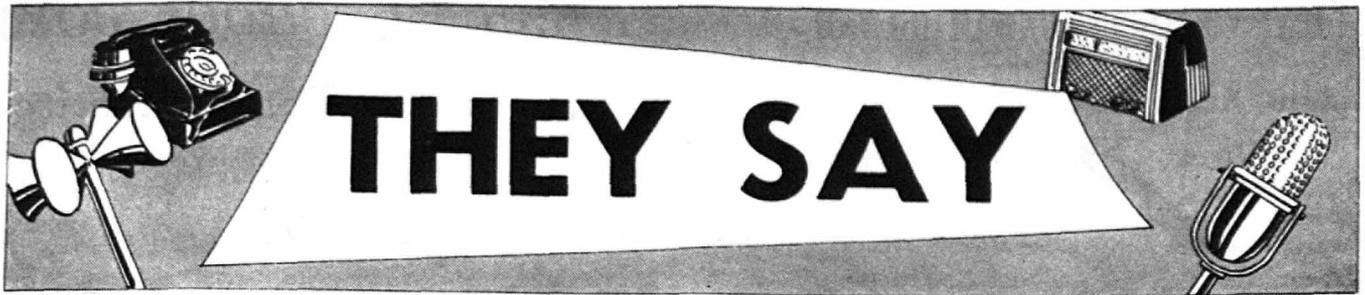
The Board is always very pleased to hear of willing women and men who are ambitious, and who want to do something for themselves in their future lives.

Terry-Hie-Hie.

The Board has recommended to the Lands Department that the old Reserve at Terry-Hie-Hie be leased. It has not been used as an Aborigines Reserve for many years, but there is a building on the area which belongs to an aborigine named Jenkins. The Board is anxious to get in touch with Mr. Jenkins, and anybody who knows of his whereabouts is requested to write to the Secretary of the Board.

Walcha: Transport of Children to School.

The Education Department has accepted a Tender for the conveyance of children in the Summervale Aborigines Reserve to the Walcha School. The total cost of the subsidy, in this case, will be made by the Education Department, as a special case, thus relieving the parents of the children, and the Board, of any contributions towards the service.



Condolences are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Rex Morgan and family of Cobargo in the recent sad loss of their son Rex, as a result of a bus accident. Rex was well liked by all and his family are held in esteem by white folk at Cobargo.

—◆—

Congratulations to Patricia Chapman of Falls Creek in her commencement of a nursing career. She is finding the work very interesting though the study is exacting. Nowra Rotary Club presented her with a beautiful wristlet watch.

—◆—

Congratulations to Lou Davis of Bega who commenced his fourth year apprenticeship as a printer at Bega last month. Lou is admired by all for his perseverance.

—◆—

Sympathy extended to the relatives and friends of the late Miles (Smiler) Walker, of Nowra. Miles suffered a long and painful illness but was cheerful and brave at all times.

—◆—

Sympathy is also extended to the relatives of William Amatto of Nowra who died recently in the Nowra district.

—◆—

Congratulations to David Brown of Nowra who recently secured an appointment as a Technician's assistant with the P.M.G. Dept. Vic was trained in in Sydney for a while and then was despatched to Coff's Harbour (we believe) where he is no doubt forestalling blackouts. Nowra misses you, Vic.

—◆—

As *Dawn* goes to press, we learned of what might have been a very serious accident.

The popular Welfare Officer for the North-West District, Mr. H. J. Green, was returning to Armidale on Wednesday afternoon, August 3rd, when his utility truck turned over following a blow-out in a back tyre. Fortunately Mr. Green was unhurt and crawled out of the wreckage without a scratch.

Beware of the Dog!

(MR. COWLEY'S DOG.)

The relieving Manager and Matron, Mr. and Mrs. L. Cowley, recently took over for a while at Wreck Bay while the Aboriginal Manager and Matron, Mr. and Mrs. R. Brown, had a well-earned holiday. On the Brown's return to the Station they were discussing various Station matters in the Manager's residence when suddenly the peace was shattered by juvenile cries for help. Running to the back door Mr. Brown was astonished to see his son young son, Bob, on the top of the fowl-house. Mr. Cowley's black dog (probably named Butch) was at the base of the fowl-house obviously thirsting for young Robert's blood. And where was Mr. Brown's other son, Ambrose? Where do you think? He was wrapped round the roof of the toilet. What a dog.

Kinchela boy, Gerald Ellis, had the misfortune to suffer a fractured right leg whilst playing football for the "Under Eighteens" Smithtown Rugby League Club in a league game versus Port Macquarie on the 12th June last, and had to be admitted to the Macleay District Hospital.

Whilst in hospital Gerald has been visited regularly by Mr. White, Manager of Kinchela Home, and members of the Kempsey High School Hospital Auxiliary; also the Country Women's Association and the Quota Club who have provided him with many small comforts.

Arrangements were also made for him to be given special study work whilst in hospital, and it was also possible, through the co-operation of Mr. White and the Headmaster of Kempsey High School, for Gerald to sit for his half-yearly term examination. Mr. White arranged for the delivery and collection of the examination papers to Gerald at the hospital.

Gerald is making good progress and it is hoped that he will soon be back amongst his mates at Kinchela.

—◆—

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Anderson of Cabbage Tree Island on the birth of a daughter, Diane.

M.L.A. VISITS ULGUNDAH ISLAND

Radio Recording Made

Mr. W. R. Weiley, M.L.A. member for the Clarence Electorate, paid a visit to "Ulgundah Island" recently, accompanied by Mr. Raymond Atchison, news compiler for Station 2NR, the Supervisor and Mrs. E. Cameron.

They were met by Mr. Dick Randall, a well-known and highly respected aborigine, who introduced the visitors to the residents of the island.

Mr. Weiley saw the crops and vegetables the men had planted but the majority of the men were away cane cutting, their gang operating on "Warregah Island" on the north arm of the Clarence River. The children who attend school at Maclean were also away and Mr. Weiley hopes to meet them in the near future.

While there Mr. Atchison arranged with the 77-year-old Mr. Randall to make a tape recording of his early life and Aboriginal customs. This recording will be broadcast in the near future and should be a very interesting one.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

Had Tabulam won the recent Musical Festival in Lismore they would have established a record that possibly would never have been equalled.

Already this school possessed the champion small school football team on the North Coast and had won convincingly the small school athletic title at Casino. A win at Lismore would have made this school the champion small school on the North Coast in football, athletics and singing.

But unfortunately Tabulam was unlucky to oppose one of the finest choirs ever heard in this festival and was beaten into second place by a narrow margin.

One of the highlights of the afternoon's performance was the appearance of the Tabulam Aboriginal School Choir in the one teacher school section.

The choir gave a delightful rendition of the set piece "The Little Spinner" (Mozart), but it was in "The Happy Wanderer" that the youngsters excelled.

They gave all they had to this rollicking number and were unfortunate to be beaten into second place. They not only sang well but appeared to thoroughly enjoy the singing. The judge awarded first prize with 85 points to Kerrong whose rendition of "Silent Night" was one of the best heard at a school Festival for many years. Their win was thoroughly deserved and full credit is due to Mr. C. J. Renner for his fine interpretation of this splendid number.

The adjudicator congratulated both Tabulam and Kerrong. He said that for a while he thought the former choir under the able baton of Mr. A. Soorley, was going to win but he had no hesitation after hearing "Silent Night" in awarding the prize to Kerrong.

TABULAM SCHOOL BOY

Was Outstanding Competitor

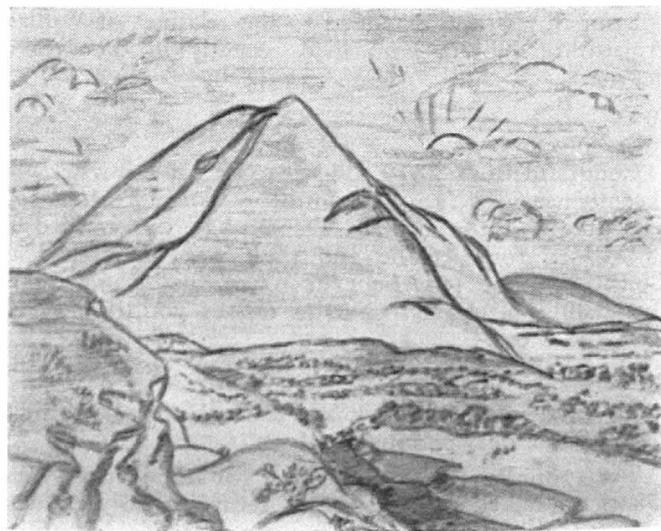
A thirteen year old aboriginal boy was the outstanding competitor at the 23rd Annual Casino District P.S.A.A.A. Sports last Monday.

He is Eddie Phillips who tallied 26½ points in a total of 32 points scored by the Tabulam Aboriginal School.

The school in a fine performance won the Small School's Webster points score cup and finished third in the overall aggregate, embracing 32 district centres and more than 1,000 competitors. Phillips set new records in the senior 100 yards championship, high jump and broad jump and equalled the 220 sprint mark. He lowered the 100 yards figure from 12.2 to 12 seconds, cleared 4 ft. 7½ in. in the high jump to beat the existing mark by 1½ inches, increased the broad jump figure by an inch to 15 ft. 4½ in. and ran the 220 yards sprint in 27 seconds.

For the greatest points score he received the Sloane Cup and his 100 yards win carried the Linz Trophy. These trophies will be retained in the school, but Eddie received six special certificates, six silver medals and a gold medal.

Eddie has proved himself by his performance one of the finest schoolboy athletes that the North Coast has ever produced and his performance will be watched by his many North Coast friends when he competes in the State titles at Sydney.



This fine sketch comes from Georgina Saunders, now working at Branxton Private Hospital, Ashfield.
A prize to Georgina.

Bits From Here and There

Caroona Station has been saddened by two deaths in quick succession. Maurice, the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Elvin Tighe, was taken ill and after being rushed to Quirindi Hospital by the Matron died two days later. The funeral was held at Caroona.

One of the Station's old timers, Paddy Clarke, was found dead in his bed. It is believed he suffered heart failure. His good temper and generosity had made him many friends in the community and his loss will be felt.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Nean of Caroona are being congratulated on the birth of a son.

In spite of the bitterly cold weather of the last month, the painting of the Caroona cottages is going ahead in good style. A start has been made on twenty-one of the thirty cottages, and the brightly coloured roofs look very attractive.

The football season is drawing to a close. The Caroona League team reached the semi-finals, and then lost their game. The juniors are having plenty of sport in friendly matches with the surrounding towns and villages.

A very pleased reader for *Dawn* was Mrs. Rita Stapleton of Nerringundah.

We were very pleased to see the dog "Spot" on the May cover as we reared him from a pup until he was about 18 months old. Then we left him with Les Stewart and lost track of him until we saw his photo. We were pleased to learn he was O.K. ! Good old Spot.

At the recent Secondary School Sports Carnival held at Mullumbimby, five boys and girls from Cabbage Tree Island represented their school, Ballina Intermediate High. They were Mary McGrath, Gloria Kapeen, Barry Marlowe, Walter Kelly, and Brian Caldwell.

Now that the cane-season has started and every able-bodied man is employed, the residents of Cabbage Tree Island are enjoying a bright social life. Every fortnight organized dances are held in the Recreation Hall, in aid of the Younger Set and Progress Association. The Island Dance Band really goes to town and keeps the music going non-stop. The profits from these dances average £10 a dance.

Pictures have also arrived on the Cabbage Tree Island. Every Monday night young and old go along to the Recreation Hall to cheer their favourite movie heroes.

A Simple Crossword



CLUES

ACROSS: 1, Not a woman; 3, The sun and the . . ; 7, To; 8, Ma is short for her?; 10, For happiness; 11, A thief named Baba?; 13, About; 14, Cut Don off a large city; 15, There's no place like it; 19, Emad back; 20, Some do on horses.

DOWN: 1, A man is one; 2, Nil; 4, Herot is mixed up; 5, At once; 9, Rubbish; 12, Burden; 16, Short poem; 17, They wrestle on it; 18, Anno Domini.

TRANSFER OF OFFICERS

The following appointments have been effected since 21st February, 1955.

MOREE.—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Nicholls have been appointed Assistant Manager and Assistant Matron at Moree Station.

TABULAM.—Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Levin have been appointed Manager and Matron at Tabulam.

WELFARE OFFICER, MOREE.—Mr. H. J. Green, who previously had his headquarters at Walgett, has now moved to Moree.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

TRUTH IS STRANGER
THAN FICTION!

The human heart is amazingly tough, and nowadays with proper treatment, a person with formerly hopeless conditions like congenital heart disease has a fairly good chance of a long and useful life. When heart disease deforms the valves and impedes the flow of blood, the heart gradually thickens and strengthens its own muscle so that it can overcome the block of closed valves. Such a case is that of the American six-day champion bike rider, Joe Fogler. At 20, he had an enormous muscular heart, which beat only 42 times a minute, whereas the usual rate is 70. Yet, 40 years later, Fogler at 60, was still hale and hearty.

In the Pacific kingdom of Tonga, which consists of some 150 islands with a land area of 269 square miles, the first laws were compiled by missionaries. One law requires a preacher to wear white trousers, though he may conduct religious services barefoot.

Rivals were originally "persons dwelling on opposite sides of a river".

In walking, the weight of the body should fall on the front half of the foot. Experts say that if a person holds himself perpendicular, or even leans a little backwards, he has abnormal feet. But one with a springy push to the steps and with a slight lean forward in walking probably has normal feet. Orthopaedic surgeons say that if a person has perfect feet he seldom, if ever, develops a pot-belly. A man who walks with a slight lean forward automatically maintains a tension of the abdominal muscles to keep his balance, and that in turn holds his stomach where it should be.

The wind blows so hard in the Batanese group of islands in the north-eastern Philippines, that in some parts stalks of sugarcane have to be pegged to the ground to keep from being blown over.

World's fattest man was believed to be Daniel Lambert, born in 1770, in Leicester, England. At the age of 13 he weighed 32 stone. When he died aged 39, he weighed 52 stone. His waistcoat measuring 102 inches around the waist is on display at the King's Lynn Museum.

People have been riding motor-cycles since 1885, when Gottlieb Daimler invented the machine.

A strange feature of the Arctic coast of Labrador is the presence of innumerable streams of fresh flowing water on the beaches even when the air temperature is well below freezing. The water is known as "quor" water and it apparently seeps from considerable depth below the level of frozen ground, where circulation of water is possible. Yet geologists can find no explanation as to why the water should collect in streams and flow out of the accumulated ice from such depths, when the temperature is around 30 degrees below zero.

The word "kangaroo" is said to have been used first in Captain Cook's journal on Endeavour. A landing party from the ship killed an animal, which resembled nothing they had ever seen before. They asked the natives in sign language, what the animal was. Their reply was "kangaroo", which was entered in Cook's record as the name of the animal. It was not discovered for some time that the natives had replied in their own, "I don't understand you!"

Coney Island, the famous beach and amusement park near New York, was once inhabited only by rabbits. Its name is believed to be a derivation of "konijn," the Dutch word for rabbits, by which it was called on early maps.

"Shoddy" was originally a cheap cloth made from old garments shredded and mixed with new wool.

Banks are often asked to take into safe-keeping all sorts of strange objects, but a Liverpool (England) branch bank believes that it received the strangest request on record, when a man arrived one day with an Egyptian mummy and a box of snakes' eggs, which he asked to be placed into custody! The mummy was reluctantly accepted, but the snakes' eggs were rejected, for fear that the temperature in the strong-room might result in an unwelcome hatch.

One of the world's strangest schools is at Yile Krobo, in the Gold Coast of Africa, where youths are taught drumming! Chieftains in the area, state that an understanding of ancient traditions and customs, including drumming, is an important part of African life, and that such an understanding means study under expert tuition. The young students are taught how to send and receive messages with drums, and the meaning of the various figures made by a dancer.

WHY DID MY TRUMPETER DIE ?

A Special Feature by C. F. HARRISON, Manager, Boggabilla Station.

SOME of you good people do not know me, some of you, possibly, do not even know of my existence. If, however, you can risk being bored, read on :—

I was born of English parents in India in the year 1914. My father was then in the Civil Service and in fact, retired in India. Every child reaches the school going age, but Mum did not wait for me to reach that age! Off I was sent to school at four. I must have been a little horror! However, I soon passed the kindergarten stage and was then sent to College as a boarder. My college, named after its founder, Sir Henry Lawrence, is situated in the north of India in the hills at a height of 7,000 ft. A beautiful college built of solid granite rock, which could accommodate 350 students. All our teachers and professors were highly qualified men from England, who were in turn a very fine body of sports. I was quite prominent in college because my best subject was Sport! However, I passed all my examinations and excelled in hockey, cricket, tennis, and soccer, representing the college in all these. Having passed the examinations, I was on the brink of starting a career.



The Author, Mr. C. F. Harrison, when he was a member of the Police in India.

“What Career”, I used to say to myself. It had to be one that would encumber sport as well as shooting. I had become an ardent shooter, a legacy passed down to me and my five brothers, by Dad. I finally decided that the police force would give me a career and the sport I talk about. Upon being selected for the Indian Police, I really cursed myself. I had to go back to school!—Police School. This school was totally different. All the teachers and professors were great big bullies! For a whole year I went through the mill learning investigation methods, horse riding, drills, gas, unarmed combat, physical training and law etc., and having passed out of Police School, I was posted to a district but, still an understudy. Life as a police officer had begun. Away I went in to the out back and through all the walks of life. Everything was very interesting. I learned to know the Indian, his ways, language and dialects. India's four hundred million is sub-divided into many classes, castes and creeds. Here came the complications. We in the police weathered the storms! The Second World War had started, we were not allowed to leave the police to offer our services as the Police Force was considered essential for the internal security and tranquility of the country. So, onward I went in the police through some very troublesome times. In the course of my tours I visited many places in north India and at the same time, had time off for shooting. While at Headquarters, I indulged in the games in vogue. Hockey is the Indian's main game and so, I had a lot of hockey. I was a playing member of the Punjab Police Hockey XI, and was also selected to play for the Punjab Province in the Inter-Provincial Hockey Tournament of India. We were the champions that year.

For 14 years I was in the Police in India. When Great Britain granted India its “Home Rule” and India was divided into Pakistan and Hindustan, I decided to work in the Pakistan Police. Therefore, from August 1947, to June 1952, I was an officer of the Pakistan Police. Times had changed and I, imbued with a feeling “the British are not wanted any more”, resigned my post in June 1952. In September of the same year with my wife and three children on board the S.S. “Strathaird,” I was bound for Australia.

On board ship we had a wonderful time. So many Australians were returning home after the Olympic Meeting. We made their early acquaintance and had a good idea of your country before we even arrived. We first touched Australian soil at Fremantle (Perth). What a glorious introduction Perth is for any one coming to Australia. We finally arrived at Sydney,

on 3rd October, 1952. Two months later I was selected to be a Manager of an Aboriginal Station, and my wife, Matron. Our first posting was to Cabbage Tree Island, where we spent five happy months. We were then transferred to Boggabilla, where we have been residents for the past two years. Boggabilla is a good station and its residents equally as good. The residents sometimes do play a few pranks!

And now folks, before I conclude my introduction, would you like to hear some yarns of my experiences? O.K., then here's one about a leopard I shot. Later, in a different edition, I'll tell you some more (If Mr. Editor permits).

One morning I was brought information by a headman of a village, that a leopard was playing havoc with cattle, sheep and other animals in a particular area. However, due to pressure of work, I could not attend to the shooting of this leopard immediately. I therefore advised the headman to report to me the moment the leopard killed again. In fact, I paid him a sum of money to purchase a few goats to tie up as bait in suitable localities.

Four days later, I received a note phrased like this "Kind sir, leppard has killed my dunky its fine corcus half way eaten only. Come immediately. Sd. Sham Singh headman". This note was from the headman and I translated it to be the information relating to the Leopard. No date on the note made me debate in my mind. Did the leopard kill yesterday or the day before? It would be futile sitting up for the leopard if it had killed the day before? Any way I had promised to help whenever I got information of a kill, and I therefore, took a chance. It was three in the afternoon and I'd have to hurry. So collecting my rifle and shot

gun and some sandwiches, which my wife hurriedly prepared, I set off for the village as fast as my car could carry me. At the village, I was met by the headman and a throng of others. All tried to tell me what had happened. Their stories were confusing and conflicting. I therefore had to draw my own conclusions.



Off we set on foot for the spot where the kill was. The crowd, which followed was politely told to remain at the village, while the headman and two others accompanied me. On arrival at the spot, a careful examination of the kill told me all I wanted to know. The leopard had killed the evening previous, had eaten only a portion of the donkey, the buttocks, and it would certainly return tonight to polish off the rest. My men dragged the kill to a place under a mango tree. On this tree a machan was built (a machan is a concealed place from which a hunter can shoot). My machan consisted of a seat, comprised of several strands of rope tied between two upright branches. I climbed the tree and soon settled down comfortably (So I thought.) The men returned to the village, except the headman, who was determined to keep a night's vigil with me! There was yet sufficient daylight, so I instructed the headman to flash a torch on

to the kill whenever I touched him. A bit of practice made the headman very efficient. All was now set for the battle. While we sat silently, and the sounds of the jungle died, other familiar sounds began to reach us; jackals in the distance, the occasional bark of the Barking Deer, etc. After, sitting for several hours, sleep began to overcome both of us. To sleep now would ruin all our plans and preparations. Sham Singh, the headman was already asleep. I let him do so. Luckily he did not snore! I do not know what time it was, but I do know it was after midnight, when I heard and sensed something at the kill. Peering down through the darkness I could make out a whitish blurr. This surely was the leopard. It had come up from behind us and was already at the kill. I was about to awake our friend the headman, when I decided not to. I was positive he would awaken with a fright and do the wrong thing. I'd take a chance and shoot without a light. So slowly raising my gun I brought it to bear on the leopard which, was now enjoying a bit of Donkey Steak. When I thought my sights were dead on the shoulder of the leopard, I fired. Bedlam was let loose. The leopard let out a roar, Sham Singh let out a terrifying scream and began flashing the torch straight into my face and eyes, and finally he fell from the tree. Luckily the tree was not very high, and the leopard, now mortally wounded was not there to receive and break his fall!

Sham Singh, however, must have been an excellent tree climber (maybe Darwin was right after all) for he was up that tree again in a split second, and beside me shivering like an aspen! The report of the gun, the roar of the leopard and the screaming of Sham Singh having died down, silence reigned again. I did not know which way the leopard had gone. Getting down from the machan in the tree was dangerous, so we elected to remain up there till dawn, when the men from the village would come and we could follow the trail left by the wounded leopard.

With the arrival of daylight came voices from the village end. The other men were already some hundred yards from us. The headman called a warning to them to approach carefully as the leopard was wounded. We now got down from the tree. It was good to be down and to stretch our legs. I examined the spot near the kill. No mark in the earth showing where a bullet could have entered. This was good. The leopard was most certainly carrying a .375 Magnum bullet. We followed the trail for about twenty yards, when we came across blood spoor, and after following this for another fifty yards or so, the rear portion of the leopard was seen partly hidden by a tree and heavy undergrowth. With my rifle aimed at the leopard I directed a man to pitch stones at it. Not a move or sound. Yes there was "Mr. Spots" lying stone cold. Sham Singh and his villagers had been relieved of the anxieties caused by this marauding cattle killer.

Look out for the next instalment folks, I promise an interesting yarn.

TORTOISE BEATS MAN IN LIFE SPAN

Cats Do Not Live Long

Turtles and tortoises are man's only serious rivals for length of life span. Discovery of an authentic 129-year-old tortoise on Rhode Island (U.S.A.) confirms this fact.

Next to man's 70 to 100 years or more the elephant has the greatest longevity among mammals—45 to 70 years. A poor third is the rhinoceros, with an average 36 to 50 years of life.

Gorillas and other large apes may live to 35 years. Whales, largest of the many mammals, have been known to live for more than 30 years, but positive figures on their life expectancy are lacking.

The lion, long hailed as the king of beasts, has a comparatively short reign of 20 to 30 years, says the National Geographic Society.

Greatest span of positive record is 152 years for a turtle captured on the Indian Ocean island of Mauritius in 1766. St. Helena Island, in the South Atlantic, claims a 178 year-old land tortoise, reputedly the only living link with Napoleon, who lived there in exile from 1815 to 1821.

Definite proof of its age is lacking, however. Giant tortoises of the Galapagos Islands are known to live for more than a century.

Among domesticated animals, the horse holds age honors. It lives from 20 to 35 years. Cows rarely live beyond 25. Dogs live five to 15 years, occasionally 20. Cats—ones that live well—have a span of only seven to 15 years, despite their mythical nine lives.

Patriarch of the fish family is the carp, some of which have been known to frequent quiet ponds for 60 to 75 years. Trout, bass and perch rarely reach 15 years of age, minnows less than five.

Parrots share with ostriches, eagles and vultures the longevity record among birds—up to 60 years. Canaries rarely exceed 25, robins 12, and starlings eight.

Adult life of many insects is reckoned merely in hours. Most durable are queen ants, which may reach 16, and queen bees, which sometimes live five or more years. Part of the secret of a queen bee's long life seems to be a jelly, rich in special nutrients, which is secreted from the glands of worker bees and fed to the queen.

A mouse can exist for as long as five years if it stays out of feline reach. The maximum age for a fox is about 12; deer and beavers may live 15 years. Span of squirrels and rabbits is eight to 12 years. Pigs and sheep can reach 20.

Other reptiles are babies compared to the tortoise. Record for the alligator is 43. Snakes are even shorter lived; their record is 21 years.

Young Ladies From Coota.

Cootamundra Girls' Home is a very happy place and is justly proud of the splendid girls it has trained to take their place in the world.



Here we have Edna King, Nada Ward and Betty Munday, all ex-Coota. girls.



Priscilla Dennison is one of the younger girls now at Coota.



Rosaline Waters, another present day student at the Cootamundra Girls' Home.



HELLO KIDS,

I have had a nice long letter from twelve-year-old Eileen Donovan of Bowraville. Eileen, who is a sister of one of my regular pals, Carol, is a real *Dawn* fan. In one of her usual interesting letters, sister Carol said:—

“I am writing to tell you that I received the prize. When I opened it up I was so surprised I couldn't wait until I got home. I started a banking account for myself with the money, and I thank you very much for this prize. I am sending in a photo of myself. My Auntie Julie took this of me before she went back to Forster and I also want to know do you send the photos back again. I asked in the other letter that I wanted pen-friends, from anywhere, as long as I have some pen-friends it won't be so dull. Everybody is so excited up here, they are all planning the evening frocks and ballerinas for the dance at Nambucca Heads. One afternoon when I was coming home from school, I trod on a sharp bottle which cut through the side of my shoe and a deep cut is on the side of my foot. Robyn, my little sister, is cutting her first two teeth, and she can almost crawl and it will be good when she can walk because she gets tired of sitting down. Lots of the people who went to Sydney for the test said it was too cold for them, that they were glad when they were home again. Well I am afraid there is no more news, because I am getting sleepy, I always write letters in the night, mostly than in the day.

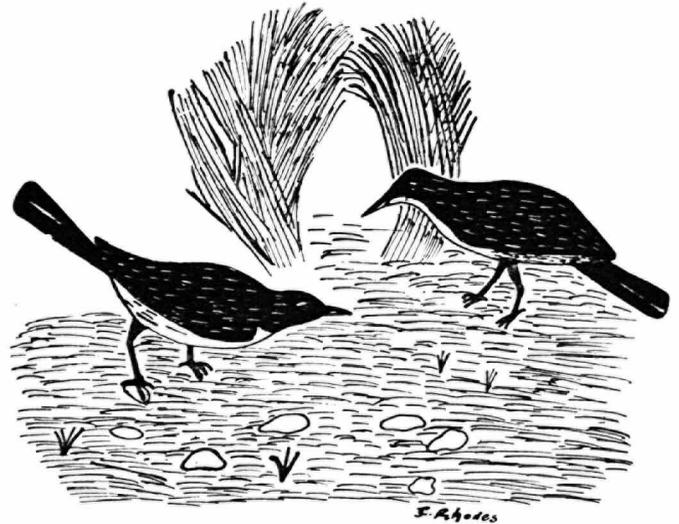
Well that was quite a letter, wasn't it? And now until next month, I'll say Cheerio to all my pals.

Sincerely,

PEN FRIENDS WANTED.

Joan Kelly, whose address is Box 89, P.O., Balranald, would like some pen friends from Burnt Bridge, Murrin Bridge, Dubbo, Kempsey or Wilcannia, between the ages of 15 and 18.

Joan's interests are hill-billy music, horse riding, basket ball, collecting film stars' pictures and sport.



J. Rhodes, of Cabbage Tree Island, wins a special prize for his excellent black and white drawing.

Richard Ballangarry, of Auburn, wins a special prize for his letter. Richard said—

“Dear Pete,

I am just writing to let you know how I'm getting on, because it is so long since I last wrote to you. Last month forty-seven boys from Granville Secondary Technical School made the trip to Newcastle. We met at Central Railway Station and then boarded the “Newcastle Flyer.”

On our way we saw the orange orchards at Gosford. We saw a sulphur mine and passed a coal mine not very far from the sulphur mine.

We arrived at Newcastle at 11.40 a.m.

When we were on the train we saw Bud Abbott and Lou Costello and some of the boys managed to get their autographs.

After driving round for half an hour we went to see the steel works.

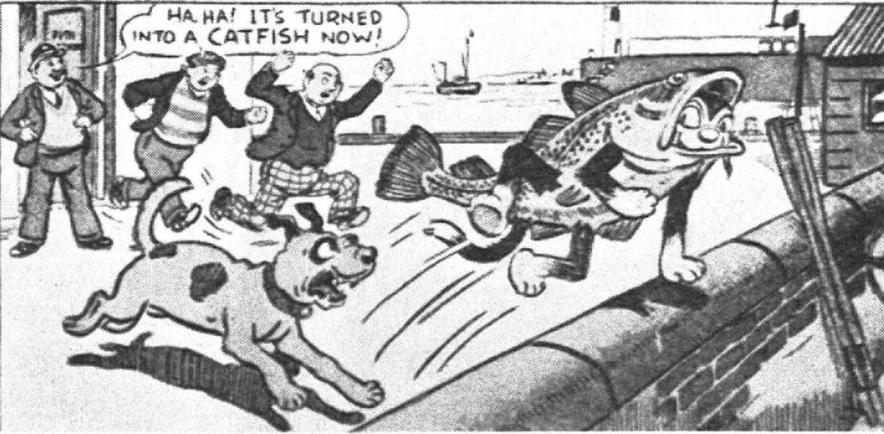
After we were shown through the works we returned to the bus.

It was soon dark and nothing could be seen on the way home.

It was a wonderful trip and we all enjoyed it very much.”

KORKY THE CAT

WATCH KORKY FOIL THREE ANGRY MEN; JUST WHERE HE'S GONE, THEY CANNOT TELL. BUT SOON THE CHASE IS ON AGAIN, FOR KORKY'S NOW A CATFISH SWELL!



Pass "DAWN" on!
 When you have finished reading "Dawn," pass it on to one of your friends. Better still ask him to send his name and address to the Editor, and he will be placed on the mailing list.



CLIMBERS AND CREEPERS.

Climbers may be used to mask ugliness ; to give privacy and shade ; to frame a garden picture ; and to add beauty to bare walls and fences.

Two considerations are important—whether to choose an evergreen, which will shut out the sun all year round, or something deciduous, which will admit the winter sun ; and whether the chosen item will have enough room in the spot selected for it.

For instance, a rampant bougainvillea or wistaria, will not be confined in a small corner ; and vigorous growers like those need to be placed with care.

Third, and important, point, is to see that every climbing thing is given a solid footing in plant food—old manure or compost, with complete fertiliser—to give it the root run it requires. Dig it in wide and deep, so that the young roots will find it as they spread.

There is one don't ; don't train a climber directly on a fence. A smothered paling fence will rot, quickly—avoid this by running wires, on studs of some kind, a few inches out from the fence, and train the climber on the wires.

Treat a wall in the same way—plug in half a dozen solid hardwood studs, wire them, and make the climber fast to the wires.

Away from walls and fences, garden frames for climbers can take any form, from an arch to a wall and roof for a shade nook. Metal posts are preferable always to wooden ones ; and if timber is used, set each post in concrete to above ground level, to avoid rotting. Naked timber will always rot at ground level ; and in a strong wind, with rotten posts, you could lose your climber, completely.

Consider, finally, what each plant will give you in return for its keep. Wistaria is a lovely thing—for a few days, and maybe (if there's no wind) for a week or two ; but for the rest of the year it is only a green climber. Other things will give a small garden much better value in their flowering seasons.

STERILISE SOIL.

The safe way to control it is to sterilise the infected soil. Saturate the ground with a solution of one part of formalin in fifty parts of water, one gallon to the square foot ; and cover the soil for twelve hours with boards or bagging, to hold the fumes.

Stir the soil after the covers are removed ; repeat the stirring several times over the next two weeks—and the ground will then be safe for re-planting.

Remember, however, that the formalin may be dangerous to anything growing in the same ground ; and, if possible, lift anything in the danger area, store it safely in temporary ground elsewhere ; and replace it after three weeks.

ROOT ROT, STEM ROT, AND CROWN ROT, all of which cause wilting of the affected plant, are caused by parasitical fungus organisms which enter the soil.

Stem rot is likely to affect snapdragons, carnations, chrysanthemums, daphne, hydrangeas, and violets ; and beans, beet, carrots, cauliflowers, potatoes, rhubarb, melons, sweet potatoes and tomatoes.

In its most common form, the disease appears in rotting of the stem at ground level, accompanied by the development of white cotton-wool-like growth on the outer layers of the stem ; and the plant wilts quickly from what is actually a ring-barking of the main stem.

There is no cure ; and infected plants should be burned.

Root rot and crown rot can cause havoc among Iceland poppies, carnations, delphiniums, zinnias, and other crops.

It appears as yellowing of the leaves, followed by the stunting of plants, and the appearance of areas of rotting in the crown and on the roots.

There is no cure for fusarium wilt. Infected plants should be removed immediately and burned.