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Dawn



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

SEPTEMBER, 1956





Our Cover . . .

Patriotism knows no colour line!

This is truly expressed by the enthusiasm shown by our young aboriginal men in responding to their National Service Training call-up. In this picture we have Noel Yarran, Western Australia—Ken Williams, Lismore—John Brown, Darwin—Howard Bong, Brisbane—George Hill, Moree—at Kapooka Camp.



“D A W N”

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

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

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An Exchange of Viewpoints . . .

WE MUST FACE THE TRUTH

By **NORAH J. C. FOSTER** (*ex-Matron, Walgett Aboriginal Station,*)

Church Street, Kincumber, Gosford.

I was interested to read Mr. Tom McKenzie's article in the August copy of *Dawn*, for it is only by an exchange of viewpoints that we can make some headway in solving the problem of the colour bar, and making a happy united people.

Yes, I too, have read and heard how Aborigines are not permitted to use the public swimming baths in certain places, and I have seen my dark friends in some country towns, occupying a confined part of the picture theatres—usually in the front.

Believe me, I know only too well the hurt in their hearts over this discrimination, and that is why I say that the colour bar must be removed.

In a certain coastal town, a dark friend of ours—one of the cleanest and most courteous men I have ever met—told us how the proprietor of a certain restaurant refused to serve him because of his colour. Just imagine—his only crime against society was his skin was dark. Needless to say that restaurant no longer receives our custom!

However, I still maintain that our Aborigines have all the rights that white people enjoy.

That cafe proprietor had no legal right to refuse to serve a customer because of his colour, any more than picture theatre proprietors can force the dark people to be segregated and herded together like sheep. An evil and cruel custom seems to have grown up in this respect, but I doubt very much if a dark person could be forbidden to use the Public Baths if he sought legal opinion about the matter.

I know at one coastal picture show, many years ago, I took a young Aboriginal girl with me and we occupied seats upstairs and no comment was made.

I have listened to the points of view of both aborigines and whites, and my honest summing up is this—a few aborigines have at one time or another gone to restaurants or to the picture theatres the worse for drink, and there have been complaints, so those in charge have taken the easiest way out, and segregated the two races.

Their sole aim is to look for profit, mainly and as white patrons outnumber dark ones, it pays to please the latter.

In most towns, however, this sort of thing does not happen. For instance, a person, whatever his colour, can go into any theatre in Sydney and I know of no restaurant where he would not be served.

Mr. McKenzie mentions that the colour bar exists in many country towns. Quite true!

There are some fine folk, dark and white, in country towns where I have been, but regrettably some very narrow minded ones among the whites, and no effort made on either side to break down the barriers and live as friendly human beings.

I think the quickest way to solve the problems that beset us in this respect, is for more and better education of the dark children. I have taught them in the school for nearly thirteen years and it has always been a matter of regret with me that parents took their children away and sent them out to work as soon as they were fifteen.

These youngsters were deprived of their opportunities. They were bright children, some of whom could have gone on and become teachers, nurses, mechanics, etc.

In my own country, New Zealand, we have Maori doctors, lawyers, dentists, nurses, etc., and even members of Parliament. In November, I shall be flying over to New Zealand for a short holiday and I hope to be able on my return to tell you something about our Maoris . . . those dark folk of whom we are very proud, not ashamed or resentful.



Speaking of members of Parliament, I hope one day to see an aborigine representative, in Canberra!

Mr. McKenzie says that white people have been at war or in fear of war during the first half of this century. That is correct, but I seem to have heard that our dark people had a few good tribal wars in the old days, where a number were killed. Unfortunately, mankind does not seem to have progressed beyond settling differences by fighting, so it is a fault common to all.

In stating that the aborigines gave us Australia, Mr. McKenzie is kinder than most. I have heard that we stole it. Be that as it may, I do not think that any one receives a gift of any part of this country. If one wants a piece of land one has to pay for it.

Whether the Aborigines were better off living as did their forefathers is a moot point.

Times would be hard when the hunting was not so good, but perhaps the freedom was worth it—no trains or trams to catch, but no Holden cars either, Mr. McKenzie! In those days the Aborigine had to depend on his own good feet. The life span was short. Medical science has prolonged that!

There are times when the whites themselves wonder however, whether civilisation is all it might be. No doubt there is a bit of our caveman ancestors in all of us.



Despite all this, civilisation has brought many wonderful inventions and developments—take the radio for example, or television, cars, electricity, the better care of mothers and babies, treatment of diseases, to mention only a few.

It would seem from Mr. McKenzie's article, that some of the Aborigines resent having to get an Exemption Certificate if they want to go into hotels. My own view is that as a tax payer an Aborigine should have the same right to go into a hotel as his white brother, and here I agree with Mr. McKenzie, that it is a simple matter to prohibit people of any race or any colour from going in for a drink if they make themselves objectionable.

We must not lose sight of the fact however, that we have an earnest body of men in the Aborigines' Welfare Board, striving to do the best they can for the dark people, but they can move only step by step, for your advancement, and granting certificates of Exemption is a start.

Later, no doubt, will come a time when all are free to go into hotels. I can quite understand that it isn't the fact that many want to go in for a drink. It is just the feeling of being shut out.

Am I right?

Deep in his heart the Aborigine feels that he is being insulted and treated as an inferior being. I know the heart of my dark friends. They want equality and they have a right to it. That is why I stress again that this wretched colour bar must be removed. The dark children must be educated and the white children must be educated so that with enlightenment will come a better deal for all.

Talking of education reminds me of those one or two isolated cases where white people objected to the dark children attending the same school as their white children.

How can the colour bar ever be removed if this attitude is not altered. Fortunately, not many Australians believe in the segregation of the Aborigines.

Indeed they number really very few, and it is the mistake that many Aborigines make when they think that all white people are, if not their enemies, well certainly not their friends!

We must try to fathom out how every one ticks if we are to make any progress, and I think the main trouble with those whites who are prejudiced against the dark people, is that they have had perhaps one or two unhappy experiences of Aborigines the worse for drink. Not of course that white men the worse for liquor are any less objectionable than dark ones. However, the coloured people are fewer in number, and so more noticeable. For instance, suppose a few of us from Australia went to say, Italy, and became drunk, and made ourselves a nuisance, surely the people of that country would conclude that Australians were not very nice people to have around, and they wouldn't feel like having much to do with any of us.

That's the point. The many are judged by the conduct of the few, which is not fair, of course, but that's how people sum up.

I know many Aborigines—and whites too, for that matter—who could save and get the things they want, but instead the money is frittered away on gambling, drink, and entertainments, and I know that some Aborigines spend a startling amount on taxi fares, and, regrettably drink, gambling and pictures. Some of them were shearers who earned big wages and could have been well off to-day.

Yes, I know the same can be said of lots of whites. I am not trying to hit out at the dark people—never that, I assure you—but thrift is so very necessary. There are many ways in which you can put a sum away weekly and never miss it. You can buy Bonds which will earn money for you, or go to an Insurance Company and take out a Life Policy for whatever amount you can afford, to be made payable when you reach a certain age. There are all sorts of ways of saving, even the old one of burying a tin in your backyard, and digging it up at dead of night to put in a few more pounds, but here I must quote a warning. An old couple I knew were left a thousand pounds in the good old days, when instead of pound notes you could get nice golden sovereigns. Well the old man went out at night after his wife had gone to sleep and buried the bag full of sovereigns. The only trouble was, the old fellow's memory was not too good, and next morning he could not for the life of him, remember where he had hidden the bag and from that day until they died the poor old couple did not find their money. You know, that must have been a most terrible blow for them.



Well, here's hoping that Mr. McKenzie will soon have his Holden car, and will then not feel so badly about our poor old civilisation, and good luck to you all. Be proud of your race, and hold up your heads and let us all look forward to the day when not the colour of a person's skin counts, but what sort of man he is.



NEW TENANCIES.

Congratulations to Ron Flanders of Yass, and to Mrs. Robinson, Vince Cain, Louis Sutherland and George Cain of Coonabarabran, all of whom have completed Tenancy Agreements with the Board for the cottages they occupy. These people have been specially chosen to occupy these cottages because of their proved reliability and the dependence which the Board has on them to meet their financial obligations.

Tenancy Agreements have also been completed for two cottages, one at Taree Station and one at Caroona. These two centres, however, are Aboriginal Stations and the cottages are not in the town, as those above. There is a tendency on the part of tenants to shirk their responsibilities and not to pay their rent. This is a deplorable state of affairs and those tenants who accept cottages with promises which they do not intend to carry out, are not to be congratulated.

LATE THOMAS HENRY AUSTIN.

There are many *Dawn* readers who will remember Mr. Austin, who passed away on 27th August, at his home in Hornsby. The late Mr. Austin, was an Officer of the Board for many years, his last appointment being as Manager-Teacher, at Brungle Station, near Gundagai. Following this appointment, he was transferred to Cumerogunga on the Murray River, as Headmaster of the Aboriginal School, and he remained there until his retirement.

In the early days, Mr. Austin was Superintendent of the Aboriginal Boys' Home when it was located at Singleton—in the town. He carried out there, a very difficult job, rendered more so because of the proximity of the town and the fact that the boys did not find it at all difficult to break out at night. Boys who spent their early years at Singleton Home have, however, often in after-life come forward with praise for Mr. Austin, whose leadership and guiding hand in their adolescent years they had come to value highly.

In paying tribute to the late Mr. Austin, the Secretary of the Board (Mr. Mullins), who had known him during the whole of both their official lives, said, "Tom served the aborigines well, and the spiritual motive which actuated him in his work, yielded wonderful results. He was a loyal Officer and always gave of his best. It was an honour to have known and to have been associated with him."

CONDITIONS AT MUNGINDI.

The Board is attempting to meet the position of adversely housed aborigines at Mungindi, a position which has developed over the last few years. The Lands Department has been asked to set aside an area as a Reserve, as a preliminary step to the erection of homes when the necessary finance is available.

EXPULSION ORDERS.

It is very pleasing to note that last year there were only four Expulsion Orders issued, and each one of them was in an extreme case.

The Board is very tolerant in this matter, and as an example, a case recently came under notice from one Reserve where the behaviour of one particular resident merited expulsion without any question of doubt. Between the time the Board considered the case and before the Order was issued, the person concerned decided to reform and, having given a promise that there would not be any further trouble, the Order has not been issued.

Strangely enough, on another Station the position was just the opposite. Here, we have the case of a man against whom an Expulsion Order was issued two or three years ago. Since then he had conducted himself reasonably well, and the Manager of the Station was prepared to recommend to the Board that the Order be suspended. The Board considered the matter very carefully and was all ready to suspend the Order when the man concerned reverted to his previous misconduct and was just as bad as when the Order was originally issued. The consequence was, of course, that the Expulsion Order is still in existence.

SUCCESSFUL BURSAR.

Margaret Williams is a fifth year bursary student a Casino High School and the Board was pleased to receive a very good report from her Headmaster. She is a prefect, and this, as you know, is a very responsible position in a High School such as Casino. Everybody speaks highly of Margaret's pleasant manner.

She hopes to gain a scholarship next year under the Aboriginal Scholarship Scheme. If she does, she will be the first aboriginal child in New South Wales, if not in the whole of Australia, to proceed to the University.

THE APEX CLUB OF AUSTRALIA HELPS A BURNT BRIDGE BOY.

Zone 5 of the Association of Apex Clubs decided as one of their Zone Service Schemes, to offer a scholarship of £50 to an aboriginal boy or girl selected from Primary Schools throughout the North and North-west of New South Wales.

Lovely Lasses . . .



This lovely lass enjoying a seaside swim is Ida Dennison, an ex Cootamundra girl.



What a smile for such a small girl! Here we meet Margaret Lardner of Woodenbong.



This athletic looking young lady is Betty Munday, another former Cootamundra girl.

More Exemptions Granted

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

Name.	Age.	Address.
Amatto, Muriel	35	Greenwell Pt. Hotel, via Nowra.
Archibald, Frank	68	The Depot, East Armidale.
Campbell, Raymond Charles.....	31	Woolbrook.
Connolly, Linsey	24	Pollux Street, North Yass.
Cook, Sydney	56	60 Reservoir Street, Little Bay.
Cowan, George Ernest	33	C/o. Post Office, Coff's Harbour.
Duke, Stephen Edward (Jnr.)	22	Cleveland Station, Moree.
Hammond, Myra Josephine	39	Aborigines' Reserve, Gulargambone.
Harvey, Lucy	61	Aborigines' Reserve, Coff's Harbour.
Lee, Fred	65	Post Office, Quambone.
Meyers, Sarah Jane	48	C/o. Post Office, Binnaway.
Mumbler, Frederick Robert	33	Aborigines' Reserve, Greenhills.
Munro, Athol	36	Aboriginal Station, Moree.
Rhodes, Edgar	21	Cabbage Tree Is. Station, Ballina.
Taylor, Herbert	68	C/o. Post Office, West Kempsey.
Tighe, William	39	Kaleentha Loop, via Menindee.
Walford, Olga Elizabeth	41	Wilson's Creek, Uralla.
Whaddy, Lambert	76	Pacific Highway, Bellwood.
Yuke, Martha	55	Box Ridge Aboriginal Reserve, Coraki.



They say



DEFAULTERS.

It is very disappointing when, from time to time, the Board has before it the cases of aborigines who do not appear to appreciate what is being done for them. For instance, at a recent Meeting, two Exemption Certificates were cancelled, and two tenants of town houses were required to vacate the properties.

In both of the Exemption Certificate cases, the holders had abused the "right" which the Certificate gave them to be supplied with liquor; one of them had developed into a "stand-over" man, and the other had been supplying other aborigines, unexempted, with liquor.

In the case of the tenants, every opportunity had been given to them to pay their arrears of rent, but they just simply took no notice.

TENANCY OF HOMES.

Congratulations to the following who recently signed Tenancy Agreements with the Board:—

Cowra Aboriginal Station.

Eva May Moynihan	...	Cottage No. 18
Colleen Shirley Smith	...	Cottage No. 21

WOMEN OFFICERS.

Two Aboriginal women are officials of a unique Country Women's Association branch at the Boggabilla Aboriginal Station, N.S.W., 16 miles across the Queensland border from Goodiwindi.

The branch is the first to be formed with both white and aboriginal members.

President is 44 years old Leila Dennison, daughter of Charles Dennison, who died last year aged 110 and was one of the best known inhabitants of Boggabilla Station.

Vice-president is another aborigine, Mrs. Ivy Binge.

Mrs. McCutcheon, wife of the station manager, is treasurer and Mrs. Kenny, wife of the head teacher at Toomelah school is secretary.

The information of a C.W.A. branch at Boggabilla was the idea of Mrs. W. E. Armstrong Coomeron, of Goondiwindi, who wished to help the mission people broaden their interests and take their rightful place in the community.

DEATH OF NORMAN HYNCH.

The death occurred of Norman Hynch at the Goondiwindi District Hospital on the 20th August, 1956, at the age of eleven months. The child, who is the son of Alice Hynch, was buried at the Boggabilla Aboriginal Station Cemetery on the 21st August, 1956.

Death was due to pneumonia.



Meet Bill Ferguson and Ray Goolagong, of Bindara.



Just look at Bob Simms of La Perouse with all those beautiful girls. The girls were here in Australia from Hollywood to publicise the film "Guys and Dolls". Their tour was sponsored by Max Factor, of Hollywood.

The Fisheries

By G. D. MAYOH, H.D.A., Headmaster, Brewarrina Aboriginal School.

Near Brewarrina, on the Barwon River, is to be found one of the greatest early Aboriginal works in Australia. It is a fish trap that was built hundreds of years before the first white men ever set foot in Australia. It consists of a weir of rocks stretching across the river. The fisheries are built from this weir down and across the river for a distance of over 300 yards. They have been constructed in the form of "yards" with openings on their lower sides. Loose stones, piled one upon the other, were used to build the walls.

There is a legend attached to the building of these fisheries, that has been handed down by word of mouth by the countless generations of Aborigines who have lived on the banks of the Barwon.

The story tells us that there was once a little boy called Deenyi. His grandmother always said that Deenyi would one day save his people and grow up to be a mighty warrior and a great chief. He was only a tiny baby when his grandmother said this. As Deenyi grew to manhood he was always the one to lead the other boys in all the games that they played in those happy, far-off days. He was always very popular with his playmates and grew to be wise in the ways of the bush creatures that provided food for his people. He grew strong of arm and gradually learned to use the spear and the boomerang with keen sense of judgment.

Then came the time when the rains failed. The waters of the Barwon River gradually became lower and the current weaker. All the grass dried up and blew away in the fierce, hot gusts of wind, and a great drought was upon the land.

All the animals had moved to other places miles away where they could find good grass and plenty of drinking water. Barwon, the River, no longer provided the people with a plentiful supply of fish. Deenyi (named after the totem of his tribe, the Ironbark) was hungry like all of his people. He strolled along the river bank, rubbing his empty stomach and gazing up at the clear, cloudless sky. This prevented him from seeing where he was going, and ooch!!! he kicked his toe against a rock. How it hurt! In his pain and anger he stooped, picked up the rock and flung it into the river, at the same time calling on the Water Spirit of Great Barwon for help.

As he stood there nursing his toe and gazing at the rock in the clear water, he saw a fish, no doubt sent by the Water Spirit of Barwon, swim up to the rock, nose it and then swim away.

Gradually an idea began to take shape in his mind. Soon he was gathering every rock and stone that he could find. He rolled them into the water, piling them one on top of the other, until they formed a ring with a narrow opening facing downstream, for he knew that fish always swim upstream. Even as he worked he could hear Bungan Bungan, the frog, singing of the rains that were to come. Biggoon, the water rat, peeped on wonderingly, as Deenyi approached the completion of his labours.

At last, after many hours of hard work, the "pens" stretched almost across the river. Soon fish began to swim into the openings of the "pens". Barwon, the Water Spirit had heard and was good! Deenyi watched as whole schools of fish entered the yards. Then he raced to find his people, crying out as he ran, "Fish! fish! Bring many spears!"

At first the hunters and warriors looked doubtful, but as he persisted they at last followed him. To their amazement they found his words to be true, and soon the bank of Barwon, the River, was piled high with fish. The prophecy of Deenyi's grandmother had been fulfilled. Deenyi had saved his people!

When he became older he was made chief and many were the stories of his great and wonderful deeds. He sent message sticks to many other tribes telling them about this new way to catch fish, for as well as being brave and clever, he was always ready to share his good fortunes with others. The fisheries that he had commenced were enlarged and completed with the help of his grateful warriors.

Later, with the coming of the white men, this district became known as the Fisheries. The Lawson Brothers, who travelled from the Hunter District in 1840, acquired a grant of land where Brewarrina now stands and called it Walcha Hut. This name was subsequently changed to Brewarrina, and this has become known far and wide as plain abbreviated Bre.

But, although the name has been changed through the years, the Fisheries still remain, as a monument to the greatness of that Aboriginal warrior in the far, dim past.

MEET THE GUYRA FOLK!

This month we take pleasure in presenting some of the identities of Guyra.



This first young fellow with the happy smile is Les Madden.



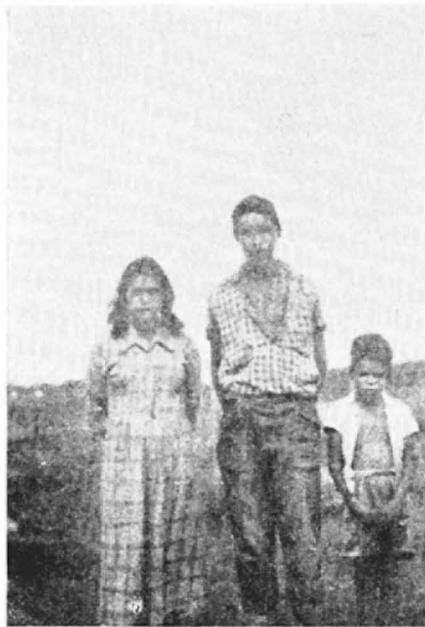
Mrs. T. C. Murray, poses in the garden with Vaughan and Elaine Livermore.



A man of brawn and muscle! Keith Connors.



Meet Mrs. Dorothy Wilhams and her sturdy little son, Steven.



Three members of the Connors family, Ruth, Mervyn and Roy.



And the head of the Connors family ... Mr. Frank Connors.

THE BLACK BANDIT

The crow is the ghoul of the bird world—but bush men have trouble convincing the bird lover of the truth of this sleek bandit's long list of crimes.

He perched high in the tree. His head, bent slightly forward, moved quickly from left to right. The sleek body was black, like onyx, and his shrewd button-eyes looked intently at his prey—a lamb dozing under the tree. There was a flutter, black wings spread as the crow swooped at the eye of another victim. The lamb gave an agonised bleat and lay helpless. The crow flew off.

In Australia, the crow and the rabbit are the two animals most hated by the bushman. The farmer says loudly *damn the crow*, but his curses frequently fall on the deaf ears of misguided animal lovers who describe the crow as a much maligned friend of mankind.

Only in America have the experts succeeded in showing the crow up in his true light—as the ghoul of the bird world. There the Fisheries and Game Bureau carried out a long and careful investigation into the habits of this sleek black bird. The result was such a damning indictment that no voice was raised in protest when an extermination campaign was waged against the crow.

Such a campaign would be profitable in Australia where yearly the farmer loses hundreds of lambs and acres of newly sprouted wheat or barley to the sharp beaked crow.

Outdoors and Fishing outlines the case for and against the crow. It shows clearly the crimes and alleged virtues of the crow. His so-called intelligence is debunked as a myth.

One bushman, while lying in wait at a dam in the hope of shooting a sheep-worrying mongrel dog, saw a ewe give birth to a lamb. Suddenly a crow glided down, gripped the wool of her head and removed an eye with a single dart of its beak and flew away with it. About three minutes later another crow came down in the same way to remove the other eye.

When the stomach contents of a dead crow are examined they usually show signs of a recent meal of wheat or barley. He walks across paddocks of newly sprouted grain and pulls up hundreds of young plants to eat the half malted grain. The bird lover may say that this is merely satisfying his hunger but, to the farmer, the crow is a robber who takes money out of his pocket as surely as the burglar who breaks in and helps himself.

In the orchard the crow feasts on ripe fruit, particularly apricots. He picks the fruit off the tree, flies off with it to a feeding tree, takes one piece out of the fruit, lets it fall and flies back for another helping. The sceptic can find proof of this in any one of the Murray irrigation settlements when the apricots are ripe.

Even the most ardent bird lover acknowledges the fact that the crow likes nothing better than a meal of eggs—not only those of the domestic fowl, but also the eggs of game birds and birds on the protected list.

Always a master of strategy, he takes up his position close to where birds are nesting and, with monumental patience, waits his chance. When the parent bird leaves the nest to feed, the crow glides from its lofty perch, impales an egg on its beak and flies back to the tree where it eats the contents of the egg. Some birds seem to be instinctively aware that the crow is their enemy at nesting time. Soldier birds, magpies, peewees and fly-catchers make a massed attack on any crow that comes near them when there are eggs in the nest. Later, when the eggs hatch, the nestlings have to be guarded against the plundering raids of crows.

This is a formidable list of crimes but bird lovers say the crow can do service to mankind. One of the most frequent claims is that the crow has often helped search parties to locate children lost in the bush. Nobody denies this. Crows will follow any animal which acts strangely or seems sick and likely to die. Any bushman searching for a lost child takes notice of a gathering of crows. He heads towards them hoping that he won't arrive too late if the child has been injured and likely to tempt the ghoulish appetite of the crow.

Another virtue claimed for this crow is that a bushman, noting a crow flying slowly from tree to tree, may be able to locate and shoot a sheep-murdering dingo. This is true. Hawks act in the same way. They follow the dingo to join in the feast after he has made a kill.

Probably the most ludicrous contention of all is that the black bandit helps to keep a natural balance in the animal world. By stealing eggs, following sick or injured animals, the bird lover says that the crow is acting as nature intended. He sees that his victims don't become too numerous in the animal world. This claim is about as logical as saying that war among human beings is just another way to see that the world population problem is eased.

Although the so-called "intelligence" of the crow is a myth, their alertness and acuity of vision makes difficult the task of the gunman. The experienced gunman usually takes a note of the tree most favoured by his prey. From this tree, the crow observes what is going on in the surrounding countryside. After he selects his tree, the gunman takes up a position nearby just before daylight and keeps himself well hidden under the foliage of a fallen limb. There is a wait, the crow comes back to his observation post and, as the bullet whacks into him, the crow falls to the ground and the gunman can say to himself that "a few additional wild ducks and other birds will hatch this year."



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.

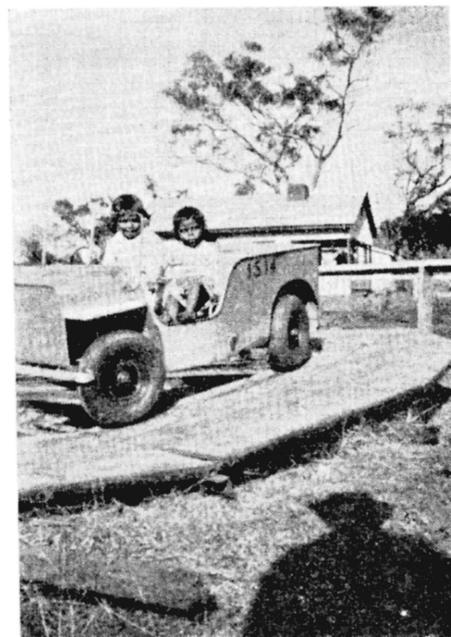
If you have photos at home, similar to those you see published in *Dawn*, send them along and thus add to, and maintain, the interest in your fellow men and women.



All dressed up for the School Party.
May Cochrane and Bonnie Carnage.



This old aboriginal woman lives far out
on the lonely Birdsville track.



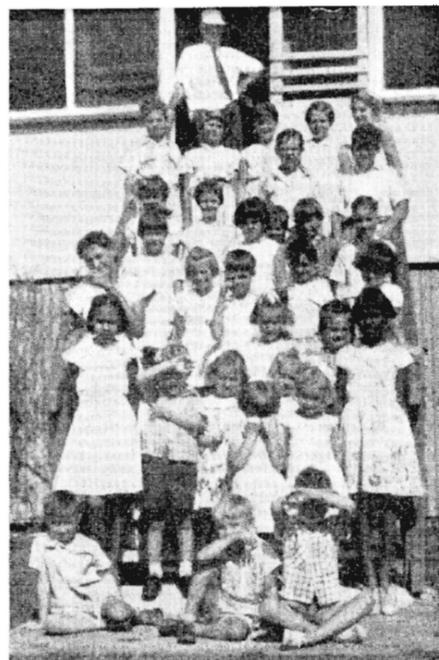
A couple of speedsters! Annie and
Marie Kirby of Murrin Bridge.



Marion Moran, Betty Munday and
Harriet Ellis, at Cootamundra.



Ray, Earl, Lily, Gloria and
Rose Gordon, of Capeen,
played a prominent part in
their school's success at
the recent sports meeting.



A group of children, from Maree, in
Central Australia. Board member,
Michael Sawtell, is in the background.



Mrs. Joan Williams, of Narrandera.



A man of the Plains. Harold Keed, of Peak Hill.



Mrs. Edgar Murray, of Deniliquin.



Yvonne Binge, Mrs. Grace Binge and Shirley Binge, of Boggabilla.



These Cootamundra girls just can't keep still.



Elaine Charles, of Griffith.



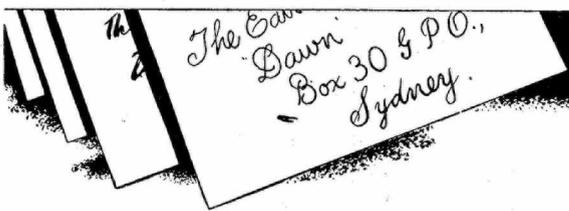
Meet Lambert Whaddy, of Belldoon.



Neville Naden, of Gilgandra.



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE



SCHOOL NOTES FROM BREWARRINA.

The school at the Aboriginal Station, Brewarrina, has had some very difficult times so far this year. It had only been open for about a fortnight, after the long Christmas vacation, when orders came to evacuate everybody into town because of flood dangers. A temporary school was set up in the pavilion at the racecourse, and although books and other materials were in very short supply, the children had to have their lessons under these very unsatisfactory conditions for about three months. Crowded conditions made it impossible for them to attend the Central School. However, this was better than no school at all.

The school had much pleasure in welcoming a new member to the staff, Mr. J. W. Seagrave, at the commencement of this year. This allows the headmaster, Mr. G. Mayoh, to devote more of his time to the older boys and girls, and the advantages are already noticeable.

Some good work has been carried out during the year in the Home Science Section of the school under the guidance of Mrs. Mayoh, but progress would have been even greater only for the interruptions caused by the floods.

After returning to the school this term the school garden was almost non-existent, but a good start has now been made in getting it going again.

In the half-yearly examinations this year, Joyce McHughes topped the school. She has been doing some really fine work and it is to be hoped that one of these not far distant days she will pass the Intermediate Examination. Good luck, Joyce! Other pupils worthy of special mention for good work are Maud McHughes, Blanche Ferguson, Charlie Wright and Dorothy Boney.

Much effort is being put in at the present moment in preparation for Education Week and it is hoped to make this an even greater success than it was last year, in spite of the fact that the school is again cut off from town by flood waters, thus excluding outside visitors.

“SPORT.”

Quiet a number of the Wilcannia boys have been in the Wilcannia Football team, playing in the Whyte Hall Cup Competition this season and it is expected that there will be a club formed among themselves next season as quite a few of them show good promise. A team of boxers is being trained to enter a boxing competition to be held at Wilcannia in October, and these boys are expected to give a pretty good account of themselves. A recreation hall is badly needed at this settlement and efforts are being made to have one erected, a progress Committee being formed to handle the matter.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

I was given *Dawn* to read recently and I was indeed very interested in it.

I was wondering if it would be possible to have this magazine sent to me, as shortly we are hoping to welcome into our home a little aboriginal girl. I have a great admiration for the darker people, having known many of them personally.

In one copy of *Dawn* there was a letter from Mrs. Kapeen, of Box Ridge, Coraki, suggesting that God's word is needed in this excellent book. As I expect you are printing it to suit everyone, why not an interdenominational space to be provided by the various ministers of religion. Perhaps one month by a Catholic Priest, then a Church of England Minister, then a Methodist, then a Baptist and so on, until everyone was catered for.

Religion has played a big part in the lives of Aborigines by improving their status, and they are proving worthy of it.

Mrs. B. Grigg,
47 Hoskins Avenue,
Bankstown.

A Boggabilla Wedding

A wedding always attracts a lot of attention and the recent wedding at Boggabilla, was certainly no exception.

The bride looked really lovely in her bridal gown and the bridegroom not to be outdone was immaculate.



The happy bride (formerly Livinia Binge), leaves the Church with her handsome husband, Tom Durouv.



The bride and her father, Mr. Walter Binge. This was a big occasion for Walter but he couldn't help feeling just a little camera shy.



The bridal group includes the newly married couple, the best man, George Binge; bridesmaids Valerie Binge and Dawn McIntosh and two little flower girls.

A wedding is always a big occasion in one's life and everyone likes to keep a permanent record of that happy moment.

Dawn is always pleased to publish wedding photos from the various stations so when the happy event comes to your station, make sure you send along some photos.

* * * *

APEX ASSISTS ANOTHER STUDENT

The Wagga Wagga Branch of Apex recently made the award of a Scholarship to Malvene Bamblett of the Brungle Reserve.

Malvene who previously attended the Brungle Public School is now a student at Tumut High School.

The latest report received by the Board is that in spite of a late enrolment she is doing very well and she is happy at her new school.

We are looking forward to more of these very pleasing reports.

BEAUTY COMPETITION

One of Sydney's leading newspapers has promised to conduct a Beauty Contest for Aboriginal girls, provided we can be assured of sufficient interest.

If you are an Aboriginal girl between the ages of 17 and 25 and you would like to enter this competition, send a good clear photograph of yourself to the Editor of *Dawn*, Box 30, G.P.O., Sydney. **Now.**



Tribute to Aboriginal Children

The floods in the Condobolin area created widespread havoc and forced many aboriginal families to be evacuated from the Reserve. The only safe place that could be found for them was on Hospital Hill, where they were housed in tents.

The Condobolin Rotary Club generously provided a quantity of floor boards and these were a tremendous help in combating the dampness.

* * * *

Condobolin residents were recently shocked by the death of Tommy Thomas. Tommy was drowned in the floodwaters near Borambil Station.

* * * *

The Condobolin aboriginal children have been holding school in a spare room at the Condobolin Intermediate High School and enjoying every minute of it.

* * * *

Condobolin residents seem to have been encountering a regular chapter of accidents and three have been admitted to hospital. They were John Moolabong (burns), Greg Ingram (appendicitis), and Fay Sloane (appendicitis).

Fortunately they are now all well on the way to complete recovery.

* * * *

The Burra Bee Dee boys and the Manager are getting together each Saturday afternoon and it is hoped soon to form the group into a Boys' Club. The boys are anxious to make their own sports area and some of their own equipment. Go to it boys!

The achievement of the children of Burnt Bridge Aboriginal School in the recent Eisteddfod and Football competitions is worthy of the highest commendation.

It is only two weeks since the 5st. 7lb. team of Burnt Bridge Aboriginal School emerged champion team in their grade from the school-boy knockout football competitions held in Coff's Harbour and Kempsey. They have not been defeated this season.

Now, to prove their abilities are not limited to one field, their choir won first prize in the Primary School Choir Section of the Kempsey Eisteddfod on Thursday night.

We must look on our aborigines without any degree of prejudice, and judge all people "as we find them."

In the case of these children, their record rates extremely high. These achievements have been made despite disadvantages and in competition with larger schools. Before competing the choir had only four practices with a piano, which is a recently acquired item at the school purchased by their P. and C. Association.

Burnt Bridge boasts an attractive school, with neatly kept gardens tended by the boys themselves, while on the reserve many of the houses have recently acquired new coats of paint.

The community hall, in its new colour scheme, would rate as the brightest painted hall in the district.

Their achievements are a great credit to the Aboriginal community, and it is a pleasure to say to these descendants of original Australians :

"Congratulations : keep up the good work."

The Word of God

Amidst the sandhills near the eastern side of the Nullabor plain sat a group of aboriginal men. These men of the desert were clothed in the cast-off rags of the white man—rags which, chameleon-like had taken upon them the colour of their background. Rags thickened with the blood which had dripped from kangaroos carried back from the hunt. The men sat close together, their long wiry legs crossed before them. Beneath bright red headbands, symbolical of manhood, and below those typical protruding foreheads, keen penetrating eyes were fixed on the two visitors.

The visitors, white men, squatting rather uncomfortably, were reading from a small book. They were reading and explaining their subject in the dialect of the dark group before them. Long and earnestly they sought to transfer the thoughts of the book to the minds of their listeners. Suddenly one of the elders interrupted and asked in sincere and amazed tones,

“Wati nganalu nyangatja alatjingu?”

“What man did these things?”

For the first time this man was hearing in his own tongue an account of the miracles of Jesus Christ.

“The Word of God is quick and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword.”

Mordoo was one of these same people. For fifteen years he lived in the spinifex country knowing none save his own native folk.

Then the old men took Mordoo away from his mother and family to complete his initiation rites. After some wandering in search of water they came upon a U.A.M. Mission Station and Mordoo had his first sight of houses, clothing, fowls and other sights connected with civilisation. Here he saw girls and boys of his own colour with bright, clean shining faces living on the mission. He liked what he saw of this new life and when offered a position as mission boy gladly consented—Mordoo was now Daniel.

He responded well to the new work but was moody, morose and vindictive, which could not be eradicated by a new mode of life, or by any other means save a new heart.

One day Daniel was missing. He had been seen chasing some women over the hills and had not come back. Before long a native woman ran up to say that Daniel was at the camp, burning the women's blankets and smashing up their billies. Right on her heels came another woman carrying a baby with a broken arm. Daniel had made a lunge to strike the woman and had hit the little one instead, injuring the tiny limb.

Shrill jabbering accompanied a group of lubras over the hill, one of their number having a spear through her arm. Whilst she was being treated the missionary went off to investigate and found a number of women ruefully rubbing their arms and back where Daniel's waddy had struck them. The missionary tried to speak to Daniel but he flung angrily away and before anyone was aware of his intention he had scooped up a shovel

full of burning coals and chased the screaming women with it.

Daniel was finally arrested and served a short sentence in gaol at Port Augusta. The experience did him good and when he returned the missionary had an earnest talk with him about his need of salvation and Daniel accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. The morose nature gave place to peace and joy as the dark lad entered into a new life in Christ. He refused to continue with the evil initiation practices and became a real stalwart for the Lord and a great help to the mission and other young Christian men. Mordoo had, in very truth, become Daniel.

These incidents are typical of the work of the United Aborigines Mission amongst the wild nomadic native people of Australia.

Turkey Nest Tanks for the Inland by Michael Sawtell.

For over 50 years, ever since I was a drover's boy on the hard dry Birdsville track and in other parts of the Inland, I have often wondered if we could not conserve and use that great volume of water that flows down to waste into Lake Eyre in flood time.

When Dr. Bradfield came forward with his great scheme in 1939, of diverting the flood waters of the North Queensland rivers down into the Lake Eyre basin, and also when just at about the same time Mr. Ion Idriess, wrote his great book “The Great Boomerang”, advocating much the same scheme, I was delighted, and I lost no time in going to visit these two good Australians and talking the schemes over with them. Since that time, I have gone out into the Inland to gather more first hand information for my numerous talks upon the wonderful scheme.

However, what I call the dry area irrigation technique has improved since 1939, and we find that it is no longer necessary to use those northern Queensland rivers, for there is enough water in the Lake Eyre basin, if we will only use it scientifically.

Mr. H. J. Geddes, Officer in charge of the McGarvie Smith Animal Husbandry Farm of the Sydney University at Badgery Creek, has shown us how to make and use the Turkey Nest Tanks. We could dam nearly all the coastal rivers of Australia, then weir the large sprawling shallow rivers that pour down into Lake Eyre from the east and north. Then out of the great stoney undulating downs country, that covers an enormous area of the Inland, we could make Turkey Nest Tanks. In the folds of the great “gibber” downs with modern earth moving equipment we could scoop out a circular bank, for nature has already provided three sides of a natural tank. This can be done very cheaply.

The vast “gibber” downs of the Inland are admirably suited for this form of water conservation. In many places the rain-fall is only 7 inches, but it does not fall in a drizzling shower, but in great down-pours of 3 or 4 inches in 24 hours. Then with numbers of these modern tanks and sprinkler irrigation, we could remake our Inland.

CUSTOMS AND NEW

An Old Timer writes as follows . . . "I feel sure it would be very interesting if aborigines who have had exciting experiences or know legends or customs of the olden days were to send them in to *Dawn*. I am sure many of the old folk living out Back would be able to think of something . . . for instance . . .

. . . . Some time ago when I was working on a Northern Territory Stock Station, I was returning home one evening after a long day's ride, when I was startled by the sound of a human voice, a voice that was raised in a chant that was new to me. As I listened I could distinguish the names of most of the billabongs in the district.

Wondering, I rode my horse nearer to the sound and presently came upon an old man dancing round an object on the ground. Having dismounted and tied my horse to a coolabah tree, I watched with interest the scene before me. For here before my very eyes was the performance of a tribal rite of which I had often heard but never seen.



The old man presently saw me and beckoned me forward. When I approached he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "No doubt, Son, you are wondering what I am doing". Pointing with his other hand to the object on the ground (which by this time I had recognised as a peculiarly shaped rock) he said, "That is the Spirit of the Water Lillies. Every year during the Wet Season, one of us is chosen by the West Wind Totem to come here and perform this ceremony and so please the Gods who will then send to us a rich harvest of Lillies."

I should explain here that Water Lily seeds are one of the main items of food in the Territory. It is gathered and after being dried in the sun, is stowed away until needed. When it is ground between two flat rocks a kind of flour is made which is used to make dampers.

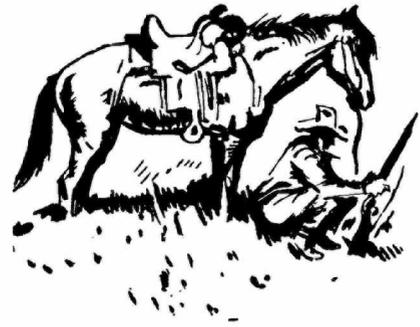
The old man then pointed to a range of hills in the distance and in the same serious tone said "Over there is a similar rock but it is the Spirit of the Barramundi,"

(a fish similar to the cod, and regarded by the Elders of the tribe as a delicacy).

"To it one of the other Totem must go and perform a similar ceremony." With those words he dropped his hand and with bowed head remained quite silent and deep in thought for a time.

I too, remained silent, waiting for him to dismiss me for he was one of the Elders of the Tribe and was respected.

Slowly he raised his head and looked at me. Then he said, "Son, I know that you, along with many others were taken away from our tribe and placed in a Mission Station, where you were taught differently. Many of



these customs of ours are strange to you now, and your outlook has changed since you attended the Mission schools. Your religion has also changed and you have one God instead of many.

"Go my son, Go. The time is drawing very near when ceremonies such as these will only be a memory of bygone days". With those words he turned once again to the rock, chanting as before.

With a final look I mounted my horse and rode away towards the Station, leaving behind me an old man still practicing the beliefs of his ancestors



POLIOMYELITIS *and the* **SALK VACCINE**

Poliomyelitis is a virus infection which can cause extensive and severe paralysis or even death. Those who do not die from an attack might become helpless cripples for the rest of their lives.

The only effective safeguard is vaccination, a new development with poliomyelitis, but one that has been in use for many years in preventing other diseases. Smallpox, diphtheria and tetanus are some of the diseases which can be prevented by vaccination. The effectiveness of vaccination in building up bodily resistance to these diseases has been demonstrated in millions of people.

In New South Wales, vaccination against poliomyelitis is being planned on a voluntary basis, first of all with children in the 0-14 age group, because poliomyelitis occurs most frequently in children within this age group. These children can be protected by vaccination only with the consent of the parents or guardians. This article is therefore primarily addressed to parents and guardians in order to gain their co-operation in this vaccination campaign and to answer some of the questions which no doubt are uppermost in their minds.

Is vaccination against poliomyelitis desirable?

Yes, undoubtedly yes! In theory the chance of a child suffering a severe attack of poliomyelitis is at present relatively remote. That estimate is based on the fairly low number of cases reported during the past year. That year however, was exceptional, and as the disease appears in epidemics in cycles, we must regard the next few years with anxiety and take precautions now. Vaccination during a widespread epidemic would probably be of little use because it takes time for the vaccine to build up immunity in the body.

Is the vaccination effective?

Yes. Only time will tell just how long protection will last. Extensive laboratory and field tests have indicated that its effectiveness is of a high degree, and the results of the mass vaccination campaigns which have been carried out and are being continued in the U.S.A. and Canada are most encouraging.

Is the vaccine safe?

The most stringent safeguards are observed during production of the vaccine and, after production, the vaccine is subjected to further tests by the makers and by independent authorities. In U.S.A. and Canada, following the adoption of additional safety measures, more than eleven million vaccinations have been given without ill consequences.

Is the vaccine effective immediately?

No. It takes time for the vaccine to act in the body. This time varies with the individual but the vaccine will not stop an attack of poliomyelitis which was incubating when the vaccination took place.

What is the vaccination procedure?

The injection is given intramuscularly in the upper arm and the vaccine itself will not cause any irritation following injection. The first injection is followed by another after four weeks and with a third some months after the second injection. The vaccine is of the consistency of water and consequently very fine needles can be used.

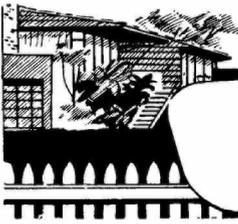
How to apply for vaccination.

If you have not already received an application card and wish to make an application on behalf of your child, please inquire at the nearest council chambers.

CORRECTION

In the June issue of *Dawn*, there appeared a photograph of June Roberts (12), taken with the Headmaster of Lismore High School (Mr. Jenkins).

Owing to a typographical error, it was stated that June came from Coff's Harbour instead of Cubawee and *Dawn* takes the opportunity of correcting the error.



HOME HINTS



Time now to look over your children's summer clothes. Try this trick for the worn seat of a little girl's gingham sunsuit. Reinforce the worn part with a sturdy patch, then sew over some decorative ruffles in a coarse cotton lace or plain white material. Can look cute on the very young.

* * * *

When the top of your nail polish bottle stubbornly refuses to turn because it's stuck with polish, turn the bottle over and put a few drops of polish remover around the edge of the cap. Let it stand for a minute, then turn the bottle right side up and try again to loosen it. The top will turn easily. And here's another use for natural nail polish. A thin layer over a luggage tag which is in for a lot of handling will ensure that the name and address remains permanently legible.

* * * *

Missing shirt buttons have the irritating habit of being neglected, then cropping up at the most inconvenient moment. For a simple reminder to do the job at the right time, attach a small envelope-shaped bag to the ironing board. Put in it a needle, thread and shirt buttons. Simple repair jobs can be tackled as the ironing is done without wear and tear on the nerves. It is one habit well worth developing.

* * * *

A nylon blouse slipped on to a hanger while still dripping will dry safely and without wrinkles. And if you cover a wire or wooden hanger with a plastic shoulder cover there is no risk of rust or other stains. No points on the shoulders or sharp creases there either.

* * * *

Laundering fine or fragile lace is simple when you know how. Tack the lace flat on a piece of muslin. Tack another piece of muslin on top. Holding both ends of the cloth, toss the lace up and down in soapy water, then rinse, but do not wring as lace threads are easily broken. Fold in a towel to remove surplus moisture and dry away from direct heat.

Life of a doormat can be doubled by simple repairing. When edges begin to wear, blanket stitch them all around with string or cord. And another mat trick—if you're ironing or doing any other standing job, keep your feet on a soft thick mat and they will not get tired.

* * * *

Mint is scarce at certain seasons and while it is in good supply, provide yourself with a mint sauce that will keep indefinitely—and need not be kept as cool as mint jelly should be. Half fill a smallish bowl with golden syrup and leave for a few hours to thin in a warm place. Chop clean dry mint leaves and fold into the syrup to make a thick paste. Transfer to screw-topped jars. To serve, take a small quantity and thin down with vinegar.

* * * *

Another small tin to remember . . . When taking the children bathing, don't forget a tin of talcum powder. Clothes are inclined to stick on small bodies dried quickly after salt water—and a dusting of talcum powder here is a great help.

* * * *

Chutney should be bottled while hot and the bottles sealed immediately. But never put a cover over anything fried while it is still hot or it becomes flabby and greasy.

* * * *

A little petroleum jelly gently worked in around finger nails keeps the cuticles in good condition. And another softener—leather straps, when not in use tend to become brittle and crack, so before putting them away rub with olive oil. You'll find they last much longer.

* * * *

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

* * * *

Glycerine will not damage clothes so when clothing is stained with tea, cocoa, or coffee, rub it into the fabric, leave for a few minutes, and then rinse with water.

A Peep at Wodenbong



This beautiful young lady, from Wodenbong, is Christine Cromelin.



Erky Green is one of the Station's husky young fellows.



A couple of young musicians, Trevor Ord and Harry Cromelin and their canine audience.

Country Girl Wins Essay

Carol Donovan's Success

Carol Donovan, one of our youngsters from Bowraville, recently won a newspaper essay competition. Here is Carol's essay :—

Our Country

(By Carol Donovan.)

Some strangers say Australia is ugly ; but I think it most beautiful.

It is full of breath-taking glorious sights. Go out to the bushland, where the golden wattles sway in the breeze. You'll find ferns and wild flowers in abundance.

Bright yellow flowers cover stretches of land down to the banks of creeks and streams.

High in the tall, slender boughs of Australian gum trees koala bears, with their young, may be seen feeding on the juicy leaves. The kookaburra's laugh rings out merrily any time from dawn to dusk.

And near running streams, bell birds pour out their notes. In season, waratahs, flannel flowers, and boronias glow in the warm sunshine.

Farms may be seen all over the countryside, and tall green corn stalks and sugar-cane rustling in the breeze. Tourists may catch a glimpse of a kangaroo hopping along with either a small one beside it or a joey in its pouch.

Birds, large and small, plain and coloured, perch in the trees or fly above or below them.

Our picture ends with one that shows a glorious splash of many colours in the sky, as the sun sinks.

A pale mist then falls over the distant mountains and dusk comes.

✱—————✱

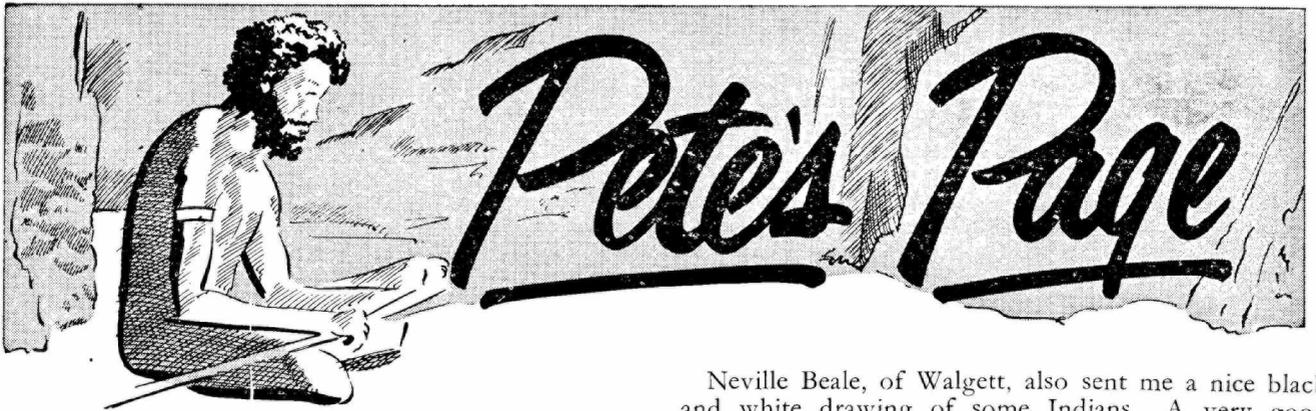
Carol Donovan, the winning story-teller, comes from "The Racecourse", Bowraville.

✱—————✱

High School readers of *Dawn* are advised that a scholarship is available to any student who matriculates and desires to proceed to a University Education.

This is a wonderful opportunity, and any student who contemplates sitting for the Leaving Certificate Examination this year, and who desires to proceed to the University next year, should get in touch with the Secretary, Aborigines Welfare Board, immediately.

Managers, Welfare Officers or teachers will be ready to help in submitting applications.



Hallo, Kids!

And how are all my young pals this month? Some of you are very lucky enjoying your holidays (or just finishing them) whilst some of the older ones, of course, have left school and gone past the days of holidays. One thing of which I do feel sure though and that is that you are all looking forward to the Summer Time. I know I am. I'm just sick and tired of this miserable cold wet weather.

Jean Flanders, who lives at Bowraville has written me asking if I can find some pen friends for her. Jean's hobbies are swimming, bike riding and collecting photos of film stars. When she gets older she would like to become a singer. With her long and interesting letter Jean also sent me a nice drawing. Well now, kids, how about some letters for Jean.

I also had a good drawing of a ship from Pete McKenzie, of La Perouse. Another nice letter and a drawing came from Richard Ballangarry of Auburn.

Sister Angela Ballangarry also sent in a nice drawing. Angela said she bet her brother 2s. she could win a prize (just missed out this time Angela, perhaps next time). Angela suggests we should have more painting competitions. What do you think?

Do you think these floods are going to leave us alone at last? Despite all the wet weather I had quite a big mail from Condobolin. It included some excellent drawings from Robert Reid, Alice Briar, Fay Sloane, Ernest Dargin and Merle Cummings. Thanks a lot, kids, they were all very nice, but just missed out on a prize. Send along some more and have another try.

Lloyd Nolan, of West Dubbo, also sent me some nice coloured drawings (have to brush up on your spelling, Lloyd). Lloyd is in 5th class at school and tells me he likes reading *Dawn*. He is also a keen gardener, so I wouldn't be surprised any day now to receive a nice big cabbage or a bunch of carrots.

And now I am really blushing. I just opened a very nice letter from Irene Roberts, of Cubawee, and found she had added a couple of kisses for me. Just the thing to make a real old fellow like me very happy. Thanks, Irene, for the nice letter and the nice drawing.

Irene tells me she has a very nice draught horse but he makes her very annoyed sometimes (not very often though) when he gets in the garden and eats the vegetables.

Neville Beale, of Walgett, also sent me a nice black and white drawing of some Indians. A very good effort Neville, but it just missed a prize this time. Have another try.

One letter, this time from Dawn Morris, of Bourke, had to come all the way through the floods. It eventually reached me, a little late and somewhat bedraggled, but intact all the same. Poor Dawn has had such a terrible time in the floods and even had to leave her home. Let's hope it's all over by this time...

Seventeen years old Gertie French, of Mallanganee, New South Wales, wants some pen friends, either sex, between 17 and 20. She promises to answer all her letters, so how about it, Pals? It does get very lonely in the country sometimes.

Pete



ROBIN HOOD.

A special prize to Mervyn Boney, of Urunga, for this fine black and white sketch.



KORKY THE CAT

POOR KORKY'S FEELING FURIOUS ABOUT HIS WATCH-DETECTING TRICK. FOR THE "WATCH" THAT HE FOUND IN THE SAND WENT *BANG!* - NOT TICK-TOCK-TICK!



WE'RE SEARCHING FOR A LOST GOLD WATCH. THERE'S A BIG REWARD FOR THE FINDER



THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT THAT WAY. ME FOR THE REWARD!



BE A PAL SERGEANT AND LEND ME A MINE-DETECTOR



THIS IS THE THING FOR DETECTING BURIED METAL



BUZZ-Z-Z BUZZ-Z-Z BUZZ-Z-Z

AH! THERE'S SOMETHING MADE OF METAL JUST HERE!



FOUND!
ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS DIG IT UP



BUT WHAT KORKY HAD FOUND WAS A WAR-TIME LAND-MINE - AND IT EXPLODED!



THE WATCH

PASS IT ON

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

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

Address all letters to: THE EDITOR, DAWN, Box 30, G.P.O. Sydney.



SOME HANDY HINTS



Birds.—Black cotton stretched near plants keeps away birds; mystery touch on wings scares them.



Hose.—To coil hose, take one turn, tie end, roll this hoop the length of the hose, makes neat job.



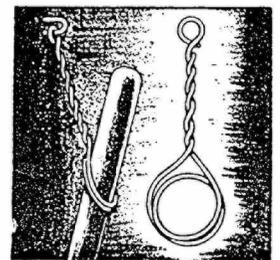
Slasher.—Shallow notches filed into hoe-edge will cut weeds with side-action. Sharpen like saw.



Pot.—To get liquid manure to roots of plants attach length of garden hose to spout of old teapot.



Bearer.—To take hose over garden beds make bearer of forked stick, with stout wire run through old hose.



Holder.—Wire twisted as shown will hold up tools thrust through the loop and suspended in shed.