



Dawn

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

SEPTEMBER, 1957





Our Cover . . .

These four lovely little aboriginal lasses have a grand future ahead of them in a grand country. Today, with a definite emphasis on better education, better hygiene, and better living conditions, our children have untold opportunities opening up before them.



“DAWN”

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

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

In this Issue . . .

	Page.
Farewell to Mrs. English	1
Lords of the Wild	2
Burnt Bridge Improvements ..	3
Our Roving Cameraman	4
Namitja (Our Serial Story) ..	6
They Say	9
Mr. Pettit Retires	10
A Message from the Board ..	11
Health Hints	12
Now You Know (Feature)	13
Home Hints	14
Meet Some Tabulam Folk	15
Along the Mail Route	16
Help Yourself	17
Nowra Aboriginal Honoured ..	18
Burnt Bridge School	19
Show Business	20
Pete's Page	Inside Back Cover
In the Garden	Back Cover

Farewell to Mrs. I. M. English

As most of *Dawn* readers and her friends probably now know, Mrs. Inspector English has been obliged to retire from the Board's service owing to her continued ill-health.

Mrs. English first joined the service of the Aborigines Protection Board, as it was then known, in 1931. She would be remembered by the people of Box Bridge Reserve, Coraki, as Matron, and by the younger ones who now are grown up and have their own families, as their Teacher. Upon the retirement of Miss A. Lowe—1936, she was appointed to Head Office where she took up duty as Welfare Officer. The following year she was designated Inspector and in this capacity she visited every Station and most of the Reserves in the State, advising the women folk in those particular problems which arise from time to time. Her particular interest, however, was the welfare of the younger children and adolescent girls, and her work in this direction has over the years been marked with singular success. Many a young woman with a family of her own has good reason to thank Mrs. English for the help and guidance she received in those years when the help and guidance of an experienced woman can be of most benefit.

Cootamundra Girls' Home was her particular interest. She was a frequent visitor to the "Home on the Hill", and she says the happiest days of her service were those she spent amongst the girls there.

On Monday morning, 2nd September, Mrs. English was the principal figure in a very pleasant little function which took place at La Perouse Reserve, when Mr. Bob Simms, on behalf of the residents, presented her with a beautifully decorated Shield as a token of the esteem in which she was held. Being attached to Head Office, her contact with La Perouse was almost a constant one, and the people turned out in force to bid her farewell.

After a few well-chosen words, Mr. Simms asked little Brenda Ardler to present the Shield, and on behalf of the children of the Reserve, who formed a large part of the audience, Beryl Munday presented Mrs. English with a beautiful bouquet of flowers from the garden of Mrs. Olly Simms, who is one of the oldest residents of La Perouse. When she rose to thank the people for their gifts, Mrs. English was visibly affected, but assured the La Perouse people that, although officially she was severing her connection with the Board, she would not fail to visit them when the opportunity presented itself. "My work amongst

you," said Mrs. English, "has been a labour of love" and I will never forget your kindness and the help you have given me in my work over the years. The readiness with which you have accepted my advice when necessary, and your loyalty, and the friendships I have made, have been enough reward for the work I have done."

After the presentation, Mrs. English moved amongst the people and the children.

During the same afternoon the staff of the Chief Secretary's Department—which of course, includes the Aborigines Welfare Board—gathered in the Executive Council room to say an Official Farewell to Mrs. English, when she was the recipient of a wallet of notes as a token of the esteem of her fellow officers. The Under Secretary of the Department and Chairman of the Board, Mr. C. J. Buttsworth, in making the presentation, spoke of the work of the Aborigines Welfare Board, and the extent to which Mrs. English had contributed to the success of the Board's welfare activities. He spoke of her career in the Service, and concluded his remarks by commenting on the standard she had set for those who follow her. The Superintendent, Mr. M. H. Saxby, and the Secretary, Mr. J. R. Mullins, also spoke in high terms of the regard in which she was held as an officer and friend. Mr. A. C. Pettitt, who was Secretary of the Board from 1931 to 1941, when Mrs. English was appointed both to Coraki and to Head Office, was also present, and added a few remarks, congratulating her on a job well done.

The Board's Welfare and Field Officers who had contributed very generously to the testimonial, were represented at the function by Mr. Briggs, formerly a Manager and now the Welfare Officer in Sydney, and Mr. H. W. Jeffery, Supervisor at La Perouse.

Mrs. English, in her response, thanked those present, and also those who naturally could not be present, for their gift, and said that she left the work with a great deal of sadness, but confident in the knowledge that whatever foundation she may have been credited with having laid, would be firmly built upon by her successor, in the person of Miss Fleming.

Mrs. English had the gathering amused with her stories of some of the more personal experiences she had had with the charges who had come under her notice, and those who had sought her guidance.

Following the function, she was entertained at afternoon tea by the Board's Head Office Staff.



Lords of the Wild . . .

by Peter Mitchell

Anyone who knows anything about the wild creatures of Africa will, without hesitation, confirm that the lords of the jungles and plains and grasslands are not fierce lions and formidable, tank-like rhinos, but small carnivorous insects known as Driver Ants. They are, in fact, driver ants, because they drive everything—absolutely everything—before them. No living creature—animal, reptile, insect or human—can survive the highly-organised regiments of these ants.

Drivers are peculiar to Africa, although most people from that continent have never seen them. There are males, females and three types of workers—two of the latter being the dangerous specimens. One of these is the “Soldier”, and is about half-an-inch long, possessing powerful and ugly pincers half the size of its body. It is these creatures that organise marches and control the discipline of the nomadic millions. They fasten their pincers into the flesh of their victims and do not let go until they tear out a chunk of meat.

Completely Blind

The second worker is also a “Soldier”, but is only half the size of the one already mentioned. They can tear out flesh with almost equal facility. The remarkable fact about these soldiers is, that like all Driver Ants (with the exception of the male, which is in fact, a large hornet), they are completely blind. However, this blindness makes them no less formidable when they are after food—which is almost all the time, for they are extremely voracious.

Always ahead of the army are the scouts who are constantly searching for food—and it has to be flesh. Driver ants won't touch anything but meat. When food is discovered, the news is reported back to the waiting hordes where they rest, hidden, in apparently deserted countryside.

Not many people have seen a Driver Ant army assemble, but the few accounts that do exist follow the same pattern. An apparently open stretch of land suddenly becomes alive with swarming blind millions, marching in almost regular formations of six abreast in long lines.

Carry Their Queens With Them

As they are nomadic creatures, they carry their large, cylindrical queen, nurses, and young with them in their tight formations. They always move under the cover of darkness or in the shade, because direct sunlight kills them very rapidly and even dull light

destroys them after a time. They therefore march only after the sun has set, or on dull days, and sometimes move forward in the branches of heavily-shaded trees.

J. B. C. Lamburn, the noted American expert on ants, says that once the columns have started moving forward their flanks are guarded by the large “Soldiers”. They face outwards and lift their pincers high into the air as they move up and down the columns. At times these “Soldiers” (“officers” would be a better term) come together as if they are discussing plans. Sometimes the column splits into two.

The column moves in a definite direction—there is nothing aimless about their movements in spite of their blindness. The whole horde has to be fed while it is marching, and any living or dead creature in their path is quickly torn to pieces by the “Soldiers” in the front. Workers can usually be seen running back along the lines carrying food and, perhaps information.

Forays are made to the left and right as the horde advances and everything from the smallest insects to horses are attacked and consumed. Not even hard-skinned reptiles can escape the Driver ants. There are many stories told of 25 foot pythons being attacked. These creatures are particularly prone to attack after they have just eaten, when they are distended and immobile after having swallowed a whole goat or an antelope.

Even crocodiles have been known to be attacked and picked bare to their skeletons. And what can be tougher than a crocodile hide? Even when these reptiles dive below water, the ants still cling on with their bulldog-like tenacity.

Blind Their Victims

When attacking, the ants make immediately for the eyes of their victims and blind them. They do this instinctively. This fact accounts for several stories of animals and even fast-moving snakes which, instead of running away from an advancing Driver army, move headlong into it and destruction. Such creatures have been blinded by advance “Soldiers”.

Driver ants do not often attack human dwellings—not because they have any respect or fear of man—but probably because there is not very much in human habitations for them to eat. But if a homestead happens to be in the line of their march, they will eat every piece of meat in the house, every sleeping animal and rodent, every bug, any vermin, and if there are any children, invalids, or sleeping humans, these, too, will suffer the same ghastly fate. The morning after their attack, every ant will have left, and the house will be completely clean, verminless, and rodentless.



A fine black and white sketch by Betty Black, who is a patient in Ward 3, Princess Juliana Hospital, Turramurra.

BURNT BRIDGE



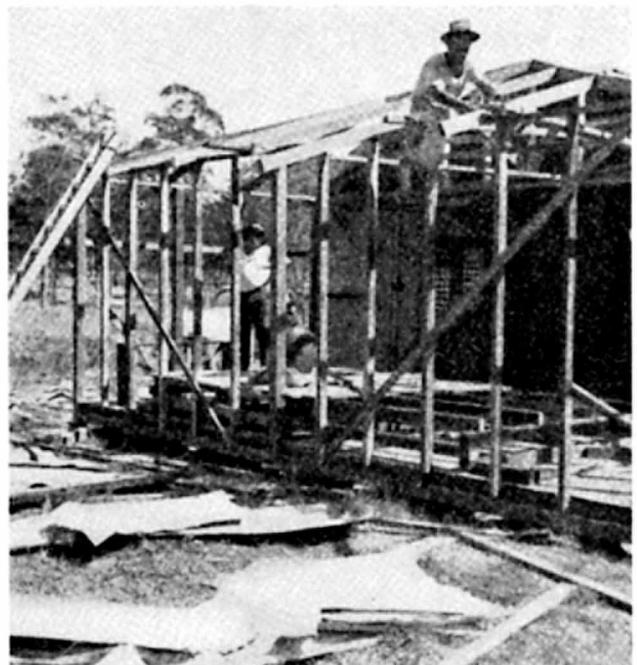
Sister Hack, Matron Mrs. M. Luschwitz and some of the mothers who attend fortnightly Baby Clinic at Burnt Bridge. An average of 20 babies per fortnight are given expert guidance and supplement diets. The clinic has been functioning successfully for over two years.

During an attack, the ants are always under complete control. There is no unplanned foraging, no looting. Every corner of the house is searched with military precision. If a large animal—or a human—is found sleeping, the ants creep silently into the room in their millions and cover the sleeping form. None attack or bite until the command is given. When the order does come, they all bite simultaneously, twisting up their bodies in their efforts to tear out a piece of flesh, which they always succeed in doing. These tactics have been reported by several men who, somehow or other, have managed to escape alive. Peculiarly enough, reports mention nostrils and eardrums being attacked, but no-one apparently, has lost his eyes.

Ghastly Death

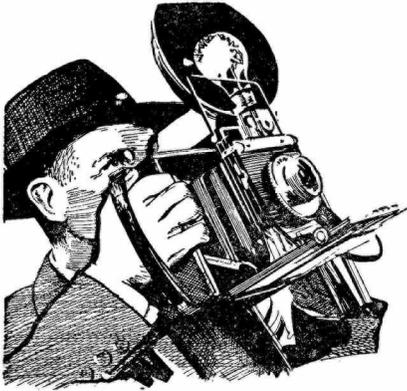
Horrible stories are told about how some primitive African tribes inflict the death penalty. Victims are spreadeagled on the ground, their limbs being bound to stakes. They are then left in this position and Driver ants are allowed to get at them. It is impossible to imagine a more grisly and ghastly death. Driver ants can pick a large animal down to the bones in a matter of hours.

More edifying and enterprising is the use to which Driver ants are put by other African tribes. They use them in place of a surgeon's stitches. A Driver ant is made to bite over the lips of a large wound. Then the body is cut off. This process is repeated with a sufficient number of ants to seal the wound effectively.



STATION IMPROVEMENTS HALL.

Handymen, Thomas Campbell, Alfred Drew and Edgar Bullock, erecting the extension to the Burnt Bridge Hall and building a new stage. The stage is now completely lined and painted.



OUR ROVING CAMERAMAN

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

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



Meet Kate and Lorraine Brown, of Texas, up on the Queensland border.



Introducing Brenda Heron and Dena Roberts, of Cubawee.



Cynthia Moran, of Cabbage Tree Island, does some early sunbaking.



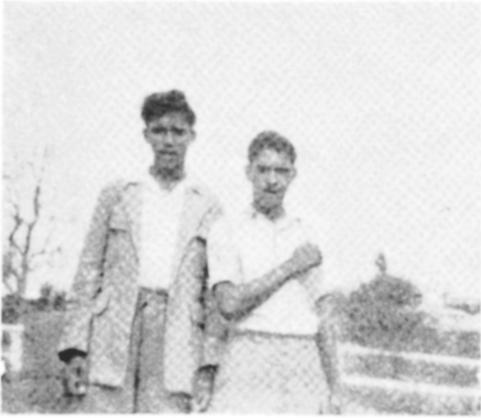
This young cowgirl is Marie Roberts, of Cubawee.



Iris, Shirley, Claire, and Arthur Trindal and Mavis Lean.



This lovely young lass is Leta Whitton.



Meet two young fellows from Tabulam, Billie Phillips and Norrie Williams.



This is Helen Swan of Moree.



Clem Penrith, Peter Williams, and Lawrence Bamblett of Brungle.



Meet Mrs. Helen Russell of Purfeet.



Some Narrabri menfolk . . . Malcolm Nean, Charles Trindall and Bernard Trindle.



This musical young fellow is Lester Torrens of Tabulam.



This is Nell Sands of far off Lightning Ridge.



Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls of Walgett.



All ready for a boat ride, Mrs. Vera Lang of Burnt Bridge.

This is the second instalment of:—



NAMITJA

Written and Illustrated by
MARGARET PAICE

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

The story so far:—

Namitja, our boy hero, who regards looking for witchetty-grubs as woman's work, has gone hunting with his new spear. Chasing a kangaroo he has fallen and broken his leg.

Now read on—

Painfully he dragged himself across the ground. The pain was so great that he almost cried, but he was a hunter, and hunters do not cry. Oh, why hadn't he gone looking for witchetty-grubs with the girls? Now he would never spear anything. He had even lost his beautiful spear. And how could he ever return to camp with his leg broken? It was such a long way, even to the pool.

At last his fingers could reach out and touch the water itself. How cool it was! He drank deep, letting the water cover his hot face. Then he lay in the shade of a rock and rested, for he was very tired.

Suddenly he heard a strange sound, a clip-clop, clattering sound. Round the edge of the cliff came something Namitja had never seen before, a waggon drawn by two mules; and seated up on the high seat was a white man. He didn't really look white because he had a red beard and his clothes were covered with red dust, but Namitja had heard the elders of the tribe talking about the white men who were venturing further and further into his people's tribal lands. Once the black men had speared the intruders, but that was long ago. Now they accepted the white men, and the wandering tribes drew back into the wild country, though many of them now lived on missions or worked for the white people on their cattle stations.

Namitja did not know whether to be curious or afraid. He lay very still and tried to keep himself hidden.



Namitja lay still and tried to keep himself hidden.

At the water's edge the man called out "Whoa Nellie! Whoa Princess!"

He climbed down from the waggon and stretched himself full length on the ground to drink. Then he splashed water over his face and hair. The mules waded in a little way to drink noisily. Suddenly one of them lifted her head and looked straight at Namitja.

The man wiped his mouth on his sleeve and then noticed the animal staring into the reeds. "Whatever are you looking at, Nellie? Snake?"

Namitja flattened himself, but the reeds didn't quite hide him.

The man exclaimed in surprise, "Well, what's this? A little aboriginal!"

He waded across the waterhole, but by the time he had reached the opposite bank Namitja had dragged himself deeper into the reeds.

"Where are you, young shaver? Come out!"

He saw the frightened face staring out at him. Namitja was terrified lest the man should touch him.

The man knew the boy would have run away had he been able to. It was very strange that he should be here alone. Was it a trap? Uneasily he looked up at the high cliff-tops. He knew there were still many wild blacks about who would spear a white man.

Then he noticed the twist of the boy's leg. "Ho! So you've a broken leg! How did that happen? Now! Hold still, I won't hurt you."

The aboriginal boy lay trembling while the man felt his leg, but the hands were very gentle. He did not understand the man's words, but he felt that he would come to no harm with this big white man.

"Have to make a splint somehow," the man was saying. "Though what I'm going to do with you is more than I can say. Wonder where your camp is."



He tied the reeds he had cut as a splint along Namitja's leg.

With his knife the white man cut a bundle of reeds. He took a dirty handkerchief from round his neck and another from his pocket, and with these he tied the reeds he had cut as a rough splint along Namitja's injured leg. Namitja watched with interest.

"Now," the man said when he had finished. "What am I going to do with you? I can't leave you here all night; that's certain. I'll have to take you back to camp with me. Maybe your tribe will come looking for you."

He picked Namitja up and carried him to the waggon. The boy struggled, but strong arms gripped him firmly. He was laid on some sacks in the back of the waggon.

The man filled the water drums, then he himself climbed up to the seat and flicked the long whip over the heads of the mules.

"Hi, there!" he called out.

They went swaying and jolting over the broken ground. Had Namitja had two good legs, he would have slipped over the tail-board of the waggon, but all he could do now was to lie there. Through the rising dust he could see Red Mountain dropping further behind. The blue sky was turning to pale gold along the horizon where the sun rested like a fiery disc before dipping below the rim of the world. A flight of wild ducks making for the paper-bark swamps formed an arrow above them. Night would come soon on swift wings like a great black bat covering the land.

"My, you've been a long time, Bluey."



Namitja peered over the side of the waggon.

It was another strange voice. Namitja peered over the side of the waggon to see another bearded white man standing before a canvas shelter which he had made among the gidyea trees. "Did you have to dig a well to get that water?"

"Look what I found," said Bluey. "A little myall with a broken leg."

"Ah, that's a fine tale," the cook growled. Gingerly he lifted the lid of his camp oven so that not a coal dropped into the meat that was roasting.

"No, fair dinkum."

The cook, whose name was Barney, walked over to the waggon. He didn't believe Bluey for one moment, but he wouldn't have been surprised to see some injured animal in the waggon. Bluey was always rescuing something. Once he had taken a joey all the way to Cloncurry in his saddle-bag to give it to his niece.

Barney was startled to see a small, frightened aboriginal boy staring at him over the tail-board of the waggon.

"You really have a boy there! Where did you pick him up?"

"At the water-hole. His leg's broken. He must have fallen down the cliff, I think."

"Well, what are you going to do with him?"

"I've been thinking about that. We should make Mingin by tomorrow night, all being well. If we took him to the homestead they could get the Flying Doctor out to patch him up."

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



Another fine sketch by Betty Black.



This young fellow is Colin Faulkner of Kempsey, who was recently a Cover Boy for *Dawn*. Colin, who is an excellent golfer, recently took part in the State schoolboy championships in Sydney. He didn't win, but he was certainly not disgraced and experts say he has the makings of a potential champion.

DEATH OF MR. ALF SHILLINGSWORTH

The sudden death occurred recently of Mr. Alf Shillingsworth, of Condobolin Reserve.

Alf was well known in this area and at Griffith and other centres of the State. He had been suffering from a weak heart for many months, and had not long been discharged from hospital when he died peacefully.

Our sympathies are extended to his widow, Mrs. Nina Shillingsworth, and his step-sons, Brian and Thomas.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johnson, of Condobolin, on the birth of a son, Stephen John.

Mr. Paul Dargin, of Condobolin, has returned to his family after his long stay in hospital. Paul looks very well, and everyone was pleased to see him back again.



They say



Werris Creek

SCHOOL BOYS' CARNIVAL

One Saturday recently the second annual school boys' carnival, sponsored by the Werris Creek Football Club, was held at David Taylor Park.

Despite the inclement weather, eight teams, representing six schools, participated.

The schools were Willow Tree, Quirindi Primary, Quirindi Convent, Werris Creek Public, Werris Creek Convent and Caroona Aboriginal.

The preliminary rounds saw some keenly-contested matches, with perhaps the one holding the most public interest being that between Caroona Aboriginal and Quirindi Primary. The plucky efforts of the Caroona boys, even though defeated, so won the admiration of the crowd that a collection was taken up to provide them with a feast of good things to eat and drink.

The finalists of the 6st. 7lb. division emerged as Quirindi Convent and Werris Creek Public. The Convent team proved far superior to the Werris Creek boys and ran out the winners by 12 to nil.

The 5st. 7lb. division final was fought out between Willow Tree and Quirindi Primary. This was a very evenly contested match, with Willow Tree hanging grimly to a 2-point lead, to win 8 to 6.

The presentation ceremony was marked by the inability of Mr. Jack Finn, President of Group 4, to attend. However, in his absence, Mr. J. Macauley, the local League secretary, presented the very handsome shields and pennants to the winners and runners-up in each division.

Mr. C. Porter, Headmaster of the local school, also spoke and called on the boys to express by three hearty cheers, their appreciation of the efforts of the carnival organisers.

The Werris Creek Football Club is to be commended on staging another excellent schoolboy carnival. A special word of praise is also due to Mr. P. Nelson, carnival secretary, for his enthusiastic work.

Susie McGrady, Hannah Whiteman and Grace Binge to name just a few have the insides of their houses sparkling with newly painted tables and chairs, etc.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Woodbridge on gaining the tenancy of a new house. Jack and Linda are a credit to the Station in the way they have furnished their home.

* * * * *

The Stork has had a busy time at Boggabilla, six babies in seven months and more to come.

* * * * *

Paint brushes have also been in full swing at Boggabilla.

* * * * *

Now that the fencing of cottages has reached almost every house, many Boggabilla residents are taking to gardening. Mrs. Evelyn Binge and Lloyd Dennison lead the way, their efforts are a sight to behold, and if only half the plants bear fruit, they should be able to supply the district with vegetables for months.

It's nice to see so many new curtains in the houses, too.



Its shopping day at Wilcannia. Here we see Gloria Quayle, Mary Ann Bates, Gloria Jones, Laura Jones, June Jones and Doreen Budney.

Mr. A. C. Pettit Retires . . .

OFFICE PRESENTATION

A representative gathering of all branches of the Chief Secretary's Department gathered in the Executive Council Chamber recently, to say farewell to Mr. A. C. (Charlie) Pettit, on his retirement from the Public Service after 48½ years service.

Mr. Pettit joined the staff of the Aborigines Protection Board, as it was then called, in January, 1909, as a Junior Clerk, and was appointed Secretary in 1915. He continued in that Office until February, 1941, with a break only during World War I when he was absent with the A.I.F. serving with the 2nd Div. Artillery from October, 1916, until the cessation of hostilities. In 1941, during World War II, he was

transferred for duty with the National Emergency Services, and as the War proceeded and the menace from Japan became a realisation, he did yeoman service, in fact on the occasion of the one and only general alarm in Sydney, his was the hand that sounded the alert and set the whole of the N.S.E. organisation into action.

Out picture shows Mr. Pettit receiving a wallet of notes from Mr. C. J. Buttsworth, Under Secretary of the Department, as a parting gift from his fellow officers by whom he was highly regarded, judging by the many complimentary speeches. In the other picture, Mr. Pettit is being farewelled by Mr. Mullins who succeeded him as Secretary of the Aborigines Welfare Board. Messrs. Pettit and Mullins have been associated since 1912, when Mr. Mullins joined the Service as a Junior Clerk with the Aborigines Protection Board.



Mr. Pettit and Mr. Buttsworth.



Mr. Mullins and Mr. Pettit.

BURNT BRIDGE MARCHING GIRLS

It is pleasing to report that £75 18s. 9d. to date has been raised towards equipping the Burnt Bridge Marching Girls Team.

Uniforms and caps have been procured for the senior team, the Waratahs.

An official presentation was made by Alderman Mr. Saul, together with a representative from N.S.W. Marching Association from Newcastle, on 24th August at the Station.

Successful Start

The teams are doing well, according to their chief instructor, Mr. Evans, and should account for themselves in the Spring Festival.

Ruth Campbell, captain and manager, recently made a broadcast over 2KP commenting on the progress of the team and conveying thanks to the people of Kempsey for supporting the project.



Bursary Winner Says "Thanks"

Miss Theresa Flanders

Miss Theresa Flanders, who was recently awarded a bursary donated by the Soroptimist Club of Canterbury, has written a nice letter of appreciation.

Theresa has passed her Intermediate Certificate Examination and is continuing her education to the Leaving Certificate. She hopes to follow a teaching career, and *Dawn* wishes her every success, and hopes she will attain her ambition.

The Superintendent, Mr. Saxby, informs *Dawn* that Theresa has given permission for her letter to be published in *Dawn* and at his request this is now done. What an inspiration it can be to those others who have been so fortunate as to receive one of the Board's bursaries

"Dear Mr. Saxby,

Just a few lines to express my thanks and gratitude in your award of a £50 Bursary to me.

The only thing I wasn't pleased with myself about was that I hadn't written sooner to you than I should have realised. But since I have found time to drop a few lines to you I had better finish this letter and don't leave off as I did the couple of others.

I have decided without hesitation to continue my education to my fifth year and try for my Leaving Certificate, which I hope I will also succeed in if I keep up the studying I'm now doing.

For a career I have found teaching as a satisfying work. To work not only for the sake of making a name for myself or being vain about my standards but to help my own citizens, like myself and others.

A while back I had thought of making my life with the medical wards and may still if I fail but a sudden changing of this leads me to try for teaching when I read how badly the Aboriginal children must learn to adopt the ways of the other Australians.

Besides these points of gratitude to you and Miss Pringle I would also like, with your permission, for us to obtain the *Dawn* Magazine monthly. This is a magazine which we recommend as one of the most interesting books which we have followed lately.

At the Coff's Harbour School when first starting there I had thought the girls as well as boys would shun me because of my colour welfare. But soon this thought was pushed back as far back as possible when I realised I was treated as one of their own. Therefore I had not only made the grade as being one of them and taking part in the school activities, but also went for my Half-Yearly Examination before the May holidays. But now that Exam is over I have to study much harder for my yearly exam.

As we live three miles out of town along the main Pacific Highway friends are not plentiful, but for some of my white girl-friends who live nearby. So I was considering if you can advertise in your next edition of *Dawn* that I would like pen-friends. Boy or girl between the age of 16-17 as I am nearly sixteen as it is. If you could do this for me I would be very grateful.

Well, Mr. Saxby, as there isn't more to write about but say once again—"Thank you for everything."

Obliging,
(Miss) Theresa Flanders,
C/o Post Office,
Coff's Harbour.

* * * * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Roberts have been appointed Assistant Manager and Assistant Matron of Moree Station.

* * * * *

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

Betty Black (16), c.o. Princess Juliana Hospital, Turrumurra.

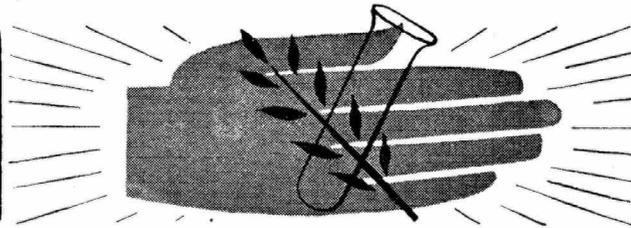
Eileen Button (42), Post Office, Walgett.

Alan Cutmore (18), Mann-street, West Armidale.

Henry Thomas Fox (46), Aborigines Reserve, Gulargambone.

Samuel James Hampton (30), Narromine.

Mrs. Emma Upright (49), "Daisy Bank", Bega.



SCARLET FEVER

A. NATURE OF THE DISEASE.

1. *Scarlet Fever is infectious (or "catching").*

Scarlet Fever or Scarlatina (for they are one and the same disease) is most common in children, though adults may also suffer from it. It is usually most fatal in children under the age of 5 years. It varies in severity but a mild case may convey as serious an attack to others as would a severe case.

2. *How infection is spread.*

The infection of Scarlet Fever is as a rule caught from the person suffering from the disease or from those who have recovered but continue to have sore throats, or running ears or noses. It may also be transmitted by an infected article of food, especially milk. The disease may, therefore, be spread through direct contact with a sufferer, or indirectly through the medium of an article infected by him.

3. *Time between infection and illness.*

After a person has been exposed to the infection of Scarlet Fever, from one to seven days may elapse before the disease shows itself.

4. *Signs of Scarlet Fever.*

The onset of the disease is usually sudden, and often marked by a feeling of chilliness. Vomiting is frequent in the case of children. The main features are feverishness and a dry sore throat shortly followed by the appearance of a fine red rash from which the disease takes its name. Usually this rash first shows itself on the upper part of chest and neck, where it should be looked for, and afterwards, it spreads to the face, belly, arms and legs.

5. *Isolation of the patient.*

Whenever Scarlet Fever is suspected steps should be taken to procure a definite diagnosis by a medical practitioner. Meanwhile, the patient should be separated as completely as possible from the rest of the household in order to prevent the spread of infection. The medical practitioner will decide whether the patient can be effectively isolated at home or whether he should be transferred to a hospital.

6. *Scarlet Fever is a serious disease.*

It is a mistake to regard Scarlet Fever as being merely a simple complaint of childhood. It is a serious disease which is liable to be followed by affections of various organs such as inflammation of the kidneys (Bright's disease), heart disease, or disease of the ears with consequent deafness. These conditions may cause death or they may leave the patient an invalid for life. Even mild attacks, if not properly attended to, may be followed by these damaging after-effects. The disease should, therefore, be regarded as serious, and carefully avoided. Many people go through life without suffering from Scarlet Fever. The longer it can be avoided the less likelihood is there for anyone either taking it or suffering from any of its serious after effects.

7. *Peeling of skin a sign of Scarlet Fever.*

Scarlet Fever is commonly followed by peeling of the skin in large or small pieces, or in quite fine scales. This is often seen plainly about the hands and feet. It may be the only sign of the disease owing to the attack having been mild and having caused nothing but a slight indisposition. The shedding of his skin by a child should always be suspected as suggestive of Scarlet Fever.

B. HOW TO AVOID SCARLET FEVER.

8. *Sore throats may be due to Scarlet Fever.*

Sore throats, whether due to Scarlet Fever or not, are often infectious; avoid therefore, close association with any person suffering therefrom. Do not kiss any one so affected; do not drink from the same cup or use any article—such as a towel or handkerchief—which has been near such a person's mouth, until it has been sterilised by boiling or other suitable method. Prevent flies gaining access to any of the secretions or discharges from the patient.

9. *Preventing the spread of the disease.*

Do not let a child go near a case of Scarlet Fever, nor enter a house, nor receive anything from a house, nor associate with persons belonging to a house in which there is a case of Scarlet Fever. Children who are in the same house as the patient and are, therefore, "contacts," should be kept at home, and not allowed to

NOW YOU KNOW!



HEALTH HINTS—Scarlet Fever—continued.

go messages, attend school, church, cinemas, or any other place where they may be brought into association with other children. Epidemics of the disease have been caused by infected milk. This can easily be avoided by scalding the milk before it is used.

10. Exclusion from school attendance.

A child suffering from Scarlet Fever must be excluded from school for at least four weeks from the date of onset of the disease and until a certificate is furnished by a medical practitioner that the patient is not liable to convey infection. Where no medical certificate is furnished he must be excluded from school for at least six weeks from the date of onset of the disease and until the patient is free from all traces of peeling of the skin and of discharge from the eyes, nose or ears. Contacts are excluded for seven days after last exposure to infected case.

REASONS WHY WE SHOULD TRY TO PREVENT SCARLET FEVER.

1. It is preventable ; it is unnecessary ; it is dangerous.
2. The longer an attack is deferred the less likely is it ever to occur, and the less likely are serious complications to arise.
3. It is more serious in children than in adults, hence in deferring the attack the danger to life is lessened.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The following incident, which happened on an Aboriginal Station (which shall be nameless), goes to show that though we Managers feel we are expected to know everything, we do get tripped up by the simple things of life.

The new station horse had arrived, and in these days of motor cars, they are hard to come by.

The question of a suitable name was being discussed. "What are we going to call it?" I asked Chunda, one of my handymen. He promptly passed the buck to George. George does the sanitary work and the horse will be in his care. George grins "Call it anything" and shrugs his shoulders. "You can't call it anything," I said at the same time humourously considering that as a name. Somebody was reciting the name of past horses who had been on the Station. "Can't have Violet or Jack." Another voice "Well it's a roan, how about Roannie?" Nobody agreed. "We want something short", I said, "how about Bill?"

There was a sudden silence followed by a very hearty laughter from Chunda. Chunda's quick to see the funny side of anything. "You can't Boss" he said, "it's a girl!"

Anyhow we've settled for Rosie, and I don't suppose the horse cares two hoots. They'll be telling me I don't know Marilyn Monroe from Yul Brunner. At least Marilyn has hair.

HOME HINTS

When your hotwater bag goes into storage for the summer, blow a little air into it and fit the stopper in firmly. This prevents rubber from sticking and keeps the bag in good condition.

* * * *

Home dressmakers will welcome this hint. Take an eighteen-inch rule, stick it upright into a lump of plasticine, and you'll find it a great help in measuring up the hem of a frock.

* * * *

A tidy well-stocked First Aid cupboard is really important. Periodically check the contents of your medicine chest so that in times of emergency you're fully prepared. Be quite firm about discarding disused half-empty bottles. Never run out of iodine for cuts, condy's crystals for disinfectant, bicarbonate of soda for burns, castor-oil for gastric troubles, band-aids, and your favourite headache tablets and pain killers. Clearly label your doctor's prescriptions and put them together in one large envelope. And do keep a cellophane bag of clean boiled white rags for emergency bandages.

* * * *

To re-roll used bandages, take an ordinary sardine tin opener and roll the end of the bandage around once or twice until it grips. Then place the whole bandage on a table and roll it up by simply twisting the handle round and round. When the bandage is completely rolled you can ease out the key very simply.

* * * *

Don't risk a nasty fall at spring cleaning time. Drill a hole in the top step of your ladder, push an old broom handle through the hole, and you'll find this an ingenious method of steadying yourself while you're working from the top step.

* * * *

To restore whiteness to clothes or linen, boil for twenty minutes in water to which one teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar per pint of water has been added. A paste of Fuller's earth and water will remove grease from wallpaper. Spread it thickly, leave it for several hours, then brush off. And a raincoat may be cleaned with hot salt applied with a flannel pad.

* * * *

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.

* * * *

Cleaning of glass bottles can be a problem, especially if the neck is narrow. Place a few crushed eggshells in the bottle, shake well, then rinse thoroughly.

* * * *

Now a few kitchen quickies! Never warm hard margarine for cakes—it makes the cake coarse. Warm the sugar or the bowl instead. Candied peel is more easily chopped if slightly warmed. And if a lemon is thoroughly warmed before using, more juice will be obtained. Put a spoon in a glass before pouring in hot liquids and this will prevent the glass from cracking.

* * * *

Plastic wood is a wonderful help for placing pictures on plaster, cement, or brick walls. Simply drill the hole, fill it with plastic wood and let dry. Then hang the picture as you would on any timber surface, attaching a crosspiece of cellophane tape to the wall before hammering in the nail.

* * * *

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.

MEET SOME TABULAM FOLK



This handsome young fellow is Jeff Phillips.



The young cyclist is Retta Phillips.



A sturdy young fellow . . . Greville Torrens.



Some of the "boys" . . . Norrie Williams, Greville Torrens and Lester Torrens.



These young locals have a lot of fun in the Rocky River.



Eadie Young and Bruce Walker.



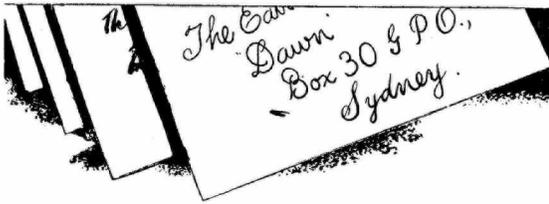
Meet Mr. and Mrs. Colin Hickling.



Susan and Colin Hickling.



ALONG THE MAIL ROUTE



Boggabilla has a regular "Bomb" Alley now. Among new vehicles to take pride of place are Stan McGrady's Vauxhall, Lloyd Dennison's Ponti, Rex McGrady's Model T (not so much of a model eh, Rex) and not forgetting Jack Woodbridge's Ute.

* * * * *

The Boggabilla C.W.A. ladies have been busy. Hannah Duncan the Librarian, has had to call for assistance to cover the many books sent in by branches from N.S.W. and Queensland. Toomelah Branch is to be honoured in September by a visit from the State President of the C.W.A., but meanwhile visitors come and go, one of the most welcome being Mrs. W. E. Armstrong, a Queensland woman, who made Toomelah possible, and who will always find a vacant chair at our meetings. We are sorry that our former Secretary, Mrs. Kenny, had to leave the Station and the Branch and the Matron, Mrs. McCutcheon, has taken the jobs of Secretary and Treasurer. Our thanks, too, to Mrs. Betty Bell of Goondiwindi, whose interest in the Branch never flags and whose keen publicity has been responsible for many of the donations of books and clothing.

Everyone was up well before dawn on the 7th August, and between shivers and sighs for the nice warm bed, somehow no one was left behind. It was the day of the Combined School Sports in Moree, and Boggabilla was determined to bring home the shield this year. Whether it was the cold weather or too much competition, we don't know, Warialda won the shield, but all the children acquitted themselves well, displayed good sportmanship, and came home very happy, which is more important. Walter Duncan won his high jump, and broke a record. Congratulations, Walter.

* * * * *

Toomelah Branch had a distinguished visitor in the person of Mrs. Hater, better known as Lorna Berne, of the A.B.C. Country Womens' Session. Mrs. Hater made herself thoroughly at home in the few hours she was here, as only a person of her wonderful personality can. Before the afternoon tea was over, everyone was singing merrily, and listening to Mrs. Hater's merry tales of her world travels, she also gave some very useful household hints, and left the members thinking about her Holiday Bank Account Plan. Perhaps Mrs. Hater doesn't know it, but she left behind her a feeling of happiness in our hearts, gratitude at having the opportunity of meeting such an unforgettable person, and many more listeners to the Country Womens' Session.



The young fellow on the right is George Murray of West End, Uralla. He and his friends shown in the picture want some pen friends interested in horses, tennis and hillbilly songs.



This young fellow (whose name we don't know) appears all set for a long drive.



Help Yourself




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.

* * * *

To remove unsightly cement which builders leave on tiles, use three parts water to one part spirits of salts. Apply with steel wool, taking care not to get the solution into the cracks between tiles as it eats away the cement.

* * * *

If a little salt is added to water in the outer pan of a double boiler, greater heat is produced as brine boils at a higher temperature than water. Salt will not affect the contents of the inner vessel nor harm the outer one if rinsed well after use.

Strong sunlight quickly rots casement curtains. To repair a straight split damp both edges with thin glue or home-made paste. Carefully iron with the split sides just overlapping. This is scarcely noticeable and will last until the next wash.

* * * *



An Interlude from Brewarrina

Recently a certain Supervisor went to Brewarrina as A/Manager and was very pleased to see that there was a boat. Being a keen fisherman he decided to give the fish a go. After putting the boat into the water he said to Chunda the handyman, "Go and get the 'OARS' Chunda". Looking bewildered, away went Chunda and later, much later, Chunda came back and standing on the bank said "Hey Boss, what do you want the ORSE for?" You can't win!

Nowra Aboriginal War Veteran Honoured By Ex-servicemen

The Nowra sub-branch of the R.S.L. recently paid their last respects to a veteran of World War I, in the person of Ernie Lacey, a member of the 17th Battalion, 1st A.I.F., who has been described as Nowra's best known and most respected aboriginal.

About 60 ex-servicemen attended the funeral in Nowra War Cemetery, which was carried out with full military honours, as was fitting. The casket was draped in a Union Jack on which was a Digger's hat and reversed spurs.

Mr. U. K. Walsh, who during the war was Major Walsh, M.C., E.D., who was asked by the President of the R.S.L., Mr. W. F. Robertson, to recite the Ritual at the graveside, said: "As the Chaplain has said, we would like to remember the deceased as a young man, forgetting all colour of skin; he offered his life for his country along with the rest of Australia."

Eric Baume's Comment

It is of interest to readers that Mr. Eric Baume, in his "Face the Facts" column in the "Sun" wrote:

"Moree can adopt the methods of Alabama. Keep aborigines out of public swimming pools. Treat them as some illiterate Kentucky hill-billy would treat a Negro.

But there is one town in N.S.W. which bears the hallmark of Australian worth and value.

That town is Nowra, on the South Coast, which recently paid a vivid tribute to an Australian of colour.

Men of two world wars gathered at his graveside. A minister of the gospel, naturally, conducted the funeral service.

But an ex-Major of the A.I.F., U. K. Walsh, read the R.S.L. ritual, and the bowed heads of scores of Diggers at the graveside were there to show the world what soldiers thought of an old Australian.

Sentimental? If you say so. But I can assure you that there is nothing sentimental in recording for a great city, and for the whole State, a little bit of Australian history.

The funeral of the aboriginal, Ernest Lacey, was a challenge to the hard core which would bring race hatred to this country.

Ernie Lacey was a blacktracker many years ago. He was born in Brewarrina. No one knew his right age. He didn't know much about himself.

So when World War I began, he became a gentleman of the Light Horse, and his dark face gave added pride to the uniform, and he was known as the great horseman of his regiment.

In the cavalry he served throughout the desert campaign. In 1916 he went to France. He was known wherever he lived as "The Diggers' Friend."

Those who knew him best said that any soldier in trouble, black or white, could turn to him.

The Diggers who were at his graveside at Nowra tell many stories about his fine character. Their wives repeat the sadness which Ernie Lacey's death has brought.

One of his comrades, who hides his identity under the nom-de-guerre of "Bert," has written of him in the newspaper of the district

Ullola, he sees through the rent of the Scattering fog,
The corroboree, war-like and grim,
And the lubra who sat by the fire on the log
To watch like a mourner, like a mother and mourner
for him.

Will he go in his sleep to those desolate lands
Like a chief, to the rest of his race,
Where the honey-voiced woman who beckons and
stands

And gleams like a dream in his face,

Like a wonderful dream in his face?

In Nowra—and they mean it as a compliment, however strange it may sound—Ernie Lacey is known as an aboriginal with a white man's heart."

SOME LOST PEN FRIENDS

Francis Cruse Writes

Dawn has had a letter from a very worried young man. His name is Francis A. Cruse, Ward 20, Randwick Auxiliary Hospital, Randwick.

Francis says, "Those pen friends who wrote to me (twenty-four to be exact) have not received a letter from me because I lost the two pages which contained their names and addresses. Do you think they would write to me again?"

So there you are. Francis is anxious to hear from those girls who wrote to him before. How about it, pen friends?

Burnt Bridge . . .

A FINE ABORIGINAL SCHOOL



This is the Burnt Bridge School Choir which won the Primary Schools Section of the Kempsey Eisteddford last year, and have brought a great deal of credit on themselves, their school and their people.



The girls' Captain Ball Team which won its event at the Macleay P.S.A.A.A. sports last year.



The 5 st. 7 lb. Rugby League team which won the Macleay Competition last year, the Group 3 Championship at Kempsey, and the Group 2 Championship at Coffs Harbour.



← This year's midget team which has proved itself a team of real champions. They certainly make some good footballers at Burnt Bridge School.



Promising girl athletes with prizes won at the Kempsey sports. They helped their school to win the Staffed Schools points score championship. They are C. Bradshaw, M. Quinlan, S. Smith, P. Mosely, E. Riley, N. Cochrane and A. Cochrane.

John Knox with his leg braces on and two good Samaritans Bob Lang and Bruce Morris, who render assistance when the way is rough. →



Show Business

by Jack Quayle

It has been some time since the Wilcannia folk have been able to provide any news for *Dawn*. This is not because they have been neglectful but because they have all been very busy in another important project, something that is of particular interest to them.

The Wilcannia people made history recently when they produced their own real Hillbilly show in the Wilcannia Memorial Hall. Every artist was a local aborigine of no uncertain talent and a considerable interest has been shown by the local people in their activities.

Many of the artists were at first very doubtful about appearing in public but as soon as they found how popular they were they had a world of confidence.

The proceeds of the Show will be used to build a childrens playground on the settlement, and it is proposed, once the acts have been polished up a little, to take the show to Broken Hill.

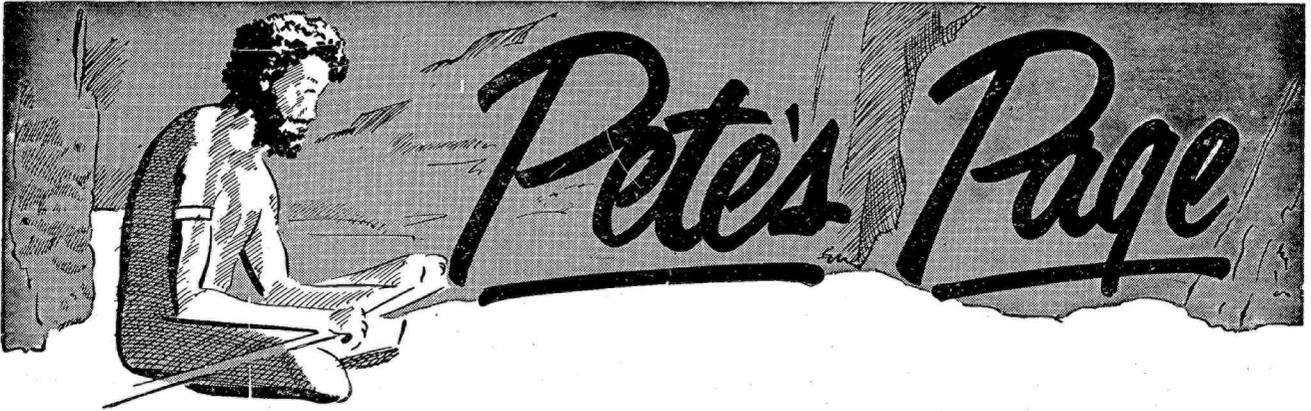
Parts of the show have been tape recorded and will be sent on to Sydney so the Board members can hear for themselves.

We are extremely grateful to Mr. Jerry Beckett for his very able assistance in getting the artists into shape and also to Mr. Max Saulisbury for his assistance with the tape recorder.

The artists included Bill Riley, Jimlo Wyman, Vincent Quayle, Bruce Hampton, Fred (Cody) Murray, Norma Dutton, Phyllis Wyman, Mavis Clarke, Priscilla Johnson, Evelyn O'Connell, Tom Pluto, Bob Hunter, Peter McFarlane, Dougall McFarlane, Jack Quayle, and Gus Dangar.

I must mention that a number of the songs introduced in this show were composed by Wilcannia aborigines. Bill Rilet composed four and Doug Young and Babs Vincent, one each.

We sincerely hope this first show will put many of our aboriginal artists into show business.



Hallo, Kids.

Well it won't be long now before we will be out of this cold weather once more and back in the lovely Spring and Summer days again. I guess that the swimming pool will be better than ever this year . . .

Adelaide Wenberg wrote me a very nice letter to-day, a letter full of praise for Cootamundra. Adelaide said, "Cootamundra is a place I shall never shut out of my dreams, because there I was brought up and taught the things a young girl needs to know when she goes out into the world to earn a living. Whatever she may turn out to be she will always think back on the wonderful Matron and staff and all the kind things they did for her." Thanks for that nice letter Adelaide.



A nice sketch by Kevin Boney.

I just found a nice sketch from Caroline Fox, of Gulgarambone, in the mail, and also a letter in which she told me about her dog who always wants to go to school with her. Perhaps he wants to learn arithmetic so he can count his bones and dog biscuits.

Some more very nice paintings from Betty Black.

We all hope you are getting better Betty and that you will soon be well enough to leave hospital.

A nice drawing from eleven year old Betty Kelly of Burnt Bridge. Just missed a prize this time Betty but try again.

Robyn Crowe, of 39 Gundagai Road, Cootamundra, who is 14 years of age, would like some pen friends. How about it kids. A lot of letters for Robyn.

Thanks to Eric Newman, of Condobolin, for a nice pencil sketch. Let's have some more Eric.

Congratulations to Harry Porter, Vice-Captain of the Carooka Aboriginal School football team.

A very interesting letter Henry and I'd like some more school news from you. How about it?

I was particularly pleased to get a very long and interesting letter from my old pal Elizabeth Loaf, of Shaftesbury, Cootamundra. Elizabeth told me all about a recent trip she had to Batlow, along through Gundagai (That's where the Dog sits on the Tucker Box) and other parts of the District.

Nice to hear from you, Elizabeth, and I will look forward to some more letters. By the way, be sure and keep that new kitchen looking spic and span, won't you. One day I might be up that way giving a lecture and I'll call out and have a look at it.

Well, kids, that's about all the news for this month. Let me have lots and lots of letters, will you?

You sincere Pal,

Pete



Should the gardener want dwarf bedding dahlias he can select from a family that rarely grows more than 15 to 18 in. tall. Charms are a middle class, varying from 2 ft. 6 in. to 4 ft., while hybrid cactus run from 4 to 5 ft. and show dahlias, collarettes, the old-type singles, paeony flowered and decoratives grow to 7 ft., according to the quality of the soil and treatment afforded them.

Whether the dahlias are to be grown for show purposes or not, depends upon the gardener's choice and his degree of skill. Normally, however, the clumps of tubers are taken out of storage in October and are placed under heaps of moist sawdust or soil, to encourage them to develop shoots. This should be done some time ahead of dividing the clumps, for one has to see the shoots before splitting up the tubers.

October usually warms up quite a bit toward the end of the month, and if the cover over the clumps of the previous year is kept moist for a few weeks, the plants soon awaken from their winter slumber and develop nice plump shoots or sprouts from the base of last season's old wood. That is when the gardener should divide them.

Use a strong-bladed, sharp knife or very small saw for the job. A small fret-saw which can be used in many angles, is ideal. Each tuber should, rightly, develop a shoot or two, but at times they are shy in this respect, and it then pays to remove two or three tubers in a bunch together, providing at least one has a shoot or two showing. Tubers without shoots are often blind and do not produce eyes or shoots until the following year. That is the reason for leaving them attached to tubers that have decided to grow up normally.

Being sun lovers the dahlias, as a family, require an open, sunny position and the best quality soil in the garden. They are often regarded as gross feeders but this is not so. They do require rich, fertile soil, but one thing above all others they demand is sound, good drainage. Any position that holds water for long periods after heavy rain should be avoided, for tubers standing in such a place for more than a few days will rot off, or mildew is likely to develop on the foliage.

Dig the soil thoroughly and to the full depth of the surface soil. Break up any hard pan or subsoil beneath with the mattock or spading fork, and manure this well. Then replace the soil and let it settle for a few days. When digging the holes for planting tubers make them large enough to take the biggest of your tubers when lying on their sides at the bottom. Do not plant tubers upright. Firm the bottom soil moderately and lay the sprouted tuber with the shoot upwards and as near to the base of the stake as possible.

Practically all dahlias need staking if the position is windswept. Tall varieties need in square stakes at least 6 ft. tall.

Stakes should be driven into the ground at least 6 in. in heavy soil and 9 in. in lighter ground, and these should always be put into position before the tubers are planted in order to avoid damage to the roots. One stake is usually sufficient, but times more may be needed. Much damage is done to tall, succulent dahlias by wind or rain, therefore the plants should be tied up securely at intervals as they grow upwards.

Pinching back of the plants when they are about 10 in. tall is also necessary if good thick stems that will later carry heavy crops of laterals, liage and flowers are required. For best results use a knife to remove more than two or three stems at most from each plant. Those who grow for exhibition rarely allow more than one or two stems to develop from a tuber, and they reduce lateral growths as well as the plants grow up. Big-bloom types cannot perfect an unlimited number of flowers, therefore the bud clusters should be reduced to one good bud. The number of laterals or side-growths should also be restricted. Smaller varieties such as bedding dahlias and single-flowered types do not, as a rule, call for such restriction.

Tubers are usually grown from the second week in October to the third week of November, but specialists who know how to force them often put their latest tubers or green plants out about mid-late December. Late plants, however, require ample feeding and watering or they may be caught by early frosts or run into very wet weather in autumn. Many gardeners leave their Dahlia clumps standing in the ground all winter and spring, thereby developing dense clumps of stems and foliage which are neither useful nor ornamental. In such cases, the gardener who suddenly remembers that he has not lifted his clumps, should do so as soon as the first shoots appear above ground. They should then be split up and the best tubers set out as previously described.

Summer treatment of dahlias consists mainly of giving a thorough watering whenever required, and fortnightly feeding with weak liquid manure. Blight, spotted wilt, mildew, and mosaic disease are the most frequent enemies of the Dahlia. Blight and mildew can be prevented by monthly sprays of Bordeaux mixture, but spotted wilt and mosaic are incurable viruses disease. Wilt usually appears in the form of yellow to dark spots on the foliage. While it does not seriously affect flowering, it often rots plants of much-needed foliage and carries over in the tubers from year to year. As wilt is communicable from plant to plant by vectors such as thrips, infected plants should, rightly, be removed and destroyed.